

Mar. 3, 1975

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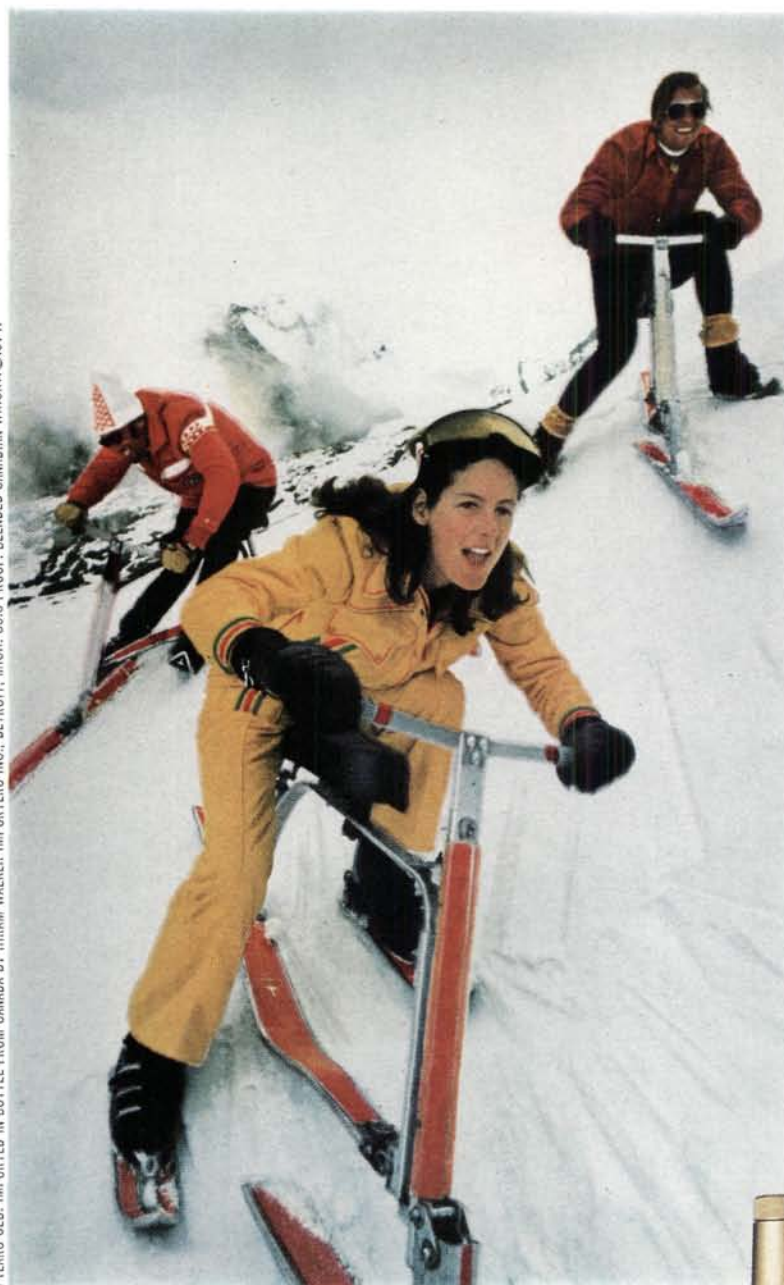


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSDUR PERSON SINGULAR—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL OVER TOWN—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BONE ROOM—A three-character musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. Opens Friday, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, March 23. (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8.)

CLARENCE DARROW—A five-week return engagement of Henry Fonda's one-man play by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." Opens Monday, March 3, and will run through Saturday, April 5. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.)

DANCE WITH ME—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston in a new version, by Christopher Hampton, of Ibsen's play. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Tuesday, March 4. Opens officially with a benefit performance on Wednesday, March 5, and will run through Sunday, April 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

EQUUS—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FISHING—A weekend with some peyote heads at a cabin in the Pacific Northwest. Michael Weller's play could be considered a sequel to, and in some ways an improvement on, his "Moonchildren." The script is stronger and more sharply focussed, but the characters—now long out of college—are as whimsical and wistful as ever and just as hard to take. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—Neil Simon's repulsive retelling, in contemporary urban-Jewish patois, of the Book of Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOODTIME CHARLEY—A musical with a book by Sidney Michaels, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Hal Hackaday, and a cast headed by

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Joel Grey. Peter H. Hunt directed. Previews through Saturday, March 1. Opens officially on Monday, March 3. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HUGHIE AND DUET—Two one-act plays, very capably acted by Ben Gazzara. "Hughie" is one of O'Neill's comparatively late works and amounts to a fascinating gloss on "The Iceman Cometh." The author of the nerve-racking comic trifle "Duet" is David Scott Milton. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwrighting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

KID CHAMPION—The stale, tawdry rock-drug scene of today is embodied in the title character of this melodrama about the misadventures of a rock star. Christopher Walken gives a fine performance in the complex leading role; the script is by Thomas Babe; and the multimedia production is very well directed by John Pasquin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MADHOUSE COMPANY OF LONDON—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

THE MOUND BUILDERS—An insignificant little play about the misadventures of a group of archeologists investigating some ancient Indian mounds. The elaborate production is occasionally enlightening, but more often it is

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COVER: Niculae Asciu

DRAWINGS: Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Addams, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, James Mulligan, Everett Opie, Mischa Richter, Charles Saxon, William Hamilton, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, Nurit Karlin, Lou Myers, Dean Vietor, Eldon Dedini

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Dooley, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2075 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LI, No. 2, March 3, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1975 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$18.00; two years, \$30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, \$20.00. Other foreign, \$22.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

simply distracting. Lantern slides abound. The dramatist, Lanford Wilson, has supplied a number of good lines and good scenes for the actors, who do well. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

THE NIGHT THAT MADE AMERICA FAMOUS—A musical starring Harry Chapin, who also wrote the music and lyrics. Directed by Gene Frankel. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

PRETZELS—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Maggie Smith and John Standing in Noël Coward's well-nigh perfect comedy of fidelity and infidelity—the infidelity being a consequence of the fidelity. That's Coward for you. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE RITZ—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY—A seven-week engagement that will end Sunday, April 6. Maxim Gorky's **SUMMERFOLK**, translated by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter Blair, will play through Sunday, March 2, after which there will be a hiatus until the company resumes the repertory on Tuesday, March 18. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 26-March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 2, at 2 and 7:30.)

SANTA ANITA '42—A play by Allan Knee. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Feb. 26, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

SCAPINO—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

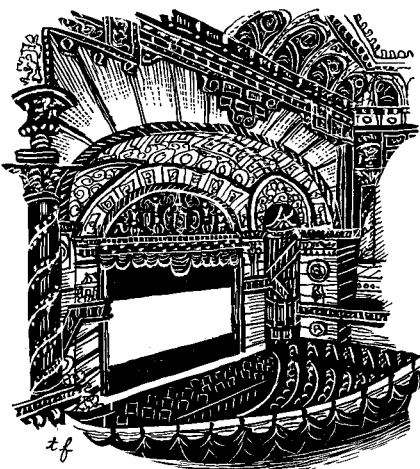
THE SEAGULL AND OUR LATE NIGHT—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **OUR LATE NIGHT**: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 26-27, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 7:30 and 9:30. **THE SEAGULL**: Tuesday through Saturday, March 4-8, at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

SEASCAPE—Two primordial lizards emerge from the sea and strike up a conversation with a wealthy, middle-aged couple picnicking among the dunes at, say, East Hampton. Edward Albee makes this unlikely encounter an instructive and often witty one. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD and THE ISLAND—John Kani



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and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

STRAWS IN THE WIND: A THEATRICAL LOOK AHEAD—A revue, with script contributions by, among others, Donald Barthelme and Peter Stone, plus songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, and others. Directed by Phyllis Newman. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

THE WIZ—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—CANDIDE: A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,177 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE HOT L

BALTIMORE: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) **PIPPIN**: A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **RAISIN**: A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, March 23—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Monotones I and II," and "Deuce Coupe II" (New York premiere). **Thursday**, Feb. 27, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Pas des Déesses," and "Trinity." **Friday**, Feb. 28, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Big City" (company premiere), and "The Green Table." **Saturday**, March 1, at 2: "Pulcinella," "Monotones I and II," and "Viva Vivaldi!" **Saturday**, March 1, at 8: "The Big City," "Pas des Déesses," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Deuce Coupe II." **Sunday**, March 2, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!" "Deuce Coupe II," and "The Green Table." **Sunday**, March 2, at 7:30: "The Big City," "Pas des Déesses," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Viva Vivaldi!" **Tuesday**, March 4, at 8: "Parade," "Valentine," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns." **Wednesday**, March 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II." **Thursday**, March 6, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes" (company premiere), "Monotones I and II," "The Big City," and "Viva Vivaldi!" **Friday**, March 7, at 8: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Trinity." **Saturday**, March 8, at 2: "Pulcinella," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Kettentanz." **Saturday**, March 8, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

RASHIED ALI—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

DAVID AMRAM—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a combo. Mondays at ten.

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Tuesday, March 4, from nine-thirty to two.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, with the current messengers. From nine-thirty to two, except Mondays.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Electric piano, leading a fifteen-piece band. Monday, March 3, from ten.

SONNY GREER, RUSSELL PROCOPE, AND BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

BOBBY HACKETT—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Trumpet, with Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 27-March 1, from ten to three.

ROY HAYNES—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, March 1.

TRAVIS HUDSON AND RONNY WHYTE—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Songs. At nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, through Saturday, March 1.

HELEN HUMES AND ELLIS LARKINS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a combo nightly at ten. Beginning Tuesday, March 4.

LEE KONITZ—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. ... Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

DAVE MATTHEWS—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

JOHN MAYALL—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, harmonica, and keyboards, backed by a blues band. Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MABEL MERCER—Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Through Saturday, March 1, at ten and midnight.

HELEN MERRILL—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Jazz singer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven.

ANITA O'DAY—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Jazz singer, at nine and midnight, through Saturday, March 1.

SAMMY PRICE—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

ROSWELL RUDD—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Trombone and French horn, leading a quartet, Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five, beginning Tuesday, March 4.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays, from nine until two.

ATTILA ZOLLER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar, leading a trio Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, from nine-thirty to two.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Pianist Cedar Walton is playing with bassist Sam Jones and drummer Billy Higgins on Fridays and Saturdays at this Chelsea pub, which occupies the ground floor of a newly and artlessly renovated apartment house and remains unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. English soul food:

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fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and to listen to some reliable, vigorously amplified music. Roy Haynes, an energetic drummer, takes his youthful quintet, the Hip Ensemble, over some familiar but still very arresting territory; through Saturday, March 1. Mickey Bass heads up a quartet Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, and Wednesday through Saturday, March 5-8, alto saxophonist Charles McPherson will be on hand with his quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Despite increasing rumors about impending rock-and-roll doom—concert promoters have lately admitted to being in the financial dumps and record sales have subsided a bit—the Bottom Line, a scaled-down vision of a concert arena, is doing fairly healthy business. On Wednesday, Feb. 26, Bonnie Bramlett, a soul-shaking singer, finishes her stint. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 2, Leo Sayer, an English rock singer, trades sets with a vigorous band led by Daryl Hall and John Oates. English blues pioneer John Mayall, now over forty, presents his current group for Monday- and Tuesday-night shows (March 3-4). On Thursday, March 6, Manhattan Transfer and Peter Allen make camp. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The canny patrons used to select a seat at the end of the bar, nearest the music corner, but lately the place has become so crowded that any unclaimed chair or stool has its appeal. Pianist Al Haig works with bassist Bill Takas through Saturday, March 1. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte, in the **CAFÉ CARLYLE** through Saturday, March 1, sing duets at the keyboard in unison or in smart counterpoint, often digging deep into the past of musical comedy for their material. On Tuesday, March 4, Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, comes back from a mid-winter break, and takes up where he left off—vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as al-

ways, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. ...

Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **BEMELMANS BAR**, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began when Duke Ellington still wore plus fours, is singing better than ever. Her accompanist is Mr. Subtle—Ellis Larkins. Benny Moten plays bass. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hymn, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Teddy Weatherford to Herbie Nichols, takes over. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—In its latest incarnation—over the last decade this address became the site of such multifarious operations as world-famous jazz club, discotheque, and neighborhood bar-and-grill—the Five Spot has renewed its interest in jazz and contemporary music. Currently featured is the music of Art Blakey and the latest version of his twenty-year-old musical collective, the Jazz Messengers. Pianist Dave Matthews pilots a twelve-piece band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty to two.

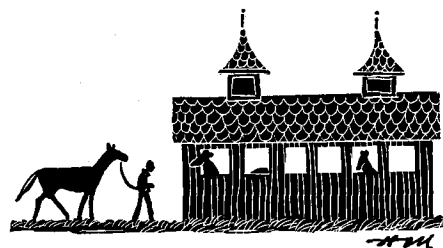
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps solos with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane takes time out from her proprietary duties to sing along with the trio on a couple of tunes per set. Vibraharpist Warren Chasson solos every night from six to nine. Snacks.

JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. The signs outside still proclaim the name, Village Corner, but the musical cast inside is strictly from Jacques: pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky leads a Dixieland band from eight to two.

MABEL MERCER ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She radiates—which is what she really does now—at ten and midnight. Through Saturday, March 1.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The mysterious and marvellous resurgence in New York of high-style popular singers continues. In the past six months, Sylvia Syms, Hudson and Whyte, Anita Ellis, and Helen Humes have surfaced, and now, in the **BIRD CAGE**, we have the remarkable Helen Merrill. She started out in New York in the late forties and made some brilliant recordings in the mid-fifties, but before much of anything fell into place, she had gone abroad, where, for most of the past fifteen years, she has been busy growing famous, particularly in Italy and Japan. She has a singular style. Her voice is soft and gentle and smoky—a shy voice that keeps trying to turn away. But it has surprising strength. Now and then, it





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bellies like a spinnaker, or it settles into sustained notes that, riffed by a perfectly controlled vibrato, sometimes rise to near shouts. She likes odd notes and will end one of her long-held phrases by landing abruptly on a flattened chord. She likes, too, to play at putting a "sob" in her voice, although she never quite does, and to place certain notes so that they seem to surprise the melody. She is small and blond and works very hard—to the point where her hurrying, hoarse, ingenious voice becomes hypnotic. Her repertory is handsome and varied, and it includes Rodgers and Hart ("It Never Entered My Mind," "Falling in Love with Love"), Oscar Levant ("Blame It on My Youth"), Alec Wilder ("Winter of My Discontent"), Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, and such beguiling and out-of-the-way songwriters as Buffy Sainte-Marie ("Until It Is Time for You to Go") and John Latouche ("Lilac Wine"). She also sings Italian and Japanese folk songs in Italian and Japanese. Her accompanists are John Bunch, an able and delicate pianist, and Richard Davis, who thinks the bass violin is an orchestra. The room itself, with its myriad hanging plants, attractive intimacy, and great New York-at-night view, provides supportive poetry. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven... Bobby Hackett is playing in the main room with strong, supportive accompaniment—Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band that features Woody Allen on clarinet breaks loose from nine-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same type of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Joe Beck, a subtle, adroit wawa-peddalling guitarist, performs with jazz-rock alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne on Wednesday, Feb. 26, and Sunday through Wednesday, March 2-5. Wily drummer Chico Hamilton inspires his quintet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 27-March 1. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

MUSIC ROOM, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays), makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually amenable to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Anita O'Day, a highly theatrical singer whose every inflection and gesture has been thought through, comes on at nine and midnight through Saturday, March 1. On Tuesday, March 4, Novella Nelson, a striking young performer who is also an actress, director, and Public Theatre consultant, returns with a program of often heavily dramatic vocals. Usually perched on a stool, Miss Nelson forcefully, and sometimes gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs a variety of songs, from "Happy Talk" to "Why Don't You Do Right?" On Sunday, March 2, Judith Cohen sings at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Trombonist Roswell Rudd, of the nineteen-sixties jazz avant-garde, is breaking in this new and pleasant enough cellar club, playing in a new style. Dressed in modern harmony and rhythms, the ghosts of Higginbotham and Wells, and even Bobby Byrne and Jack Jenney, move ceaselessly and beautifully past in his playing. With Hod O'Brian on piano, Cameron Brown on bass, and Beaver Harris on drums. Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays are given over to David Amram, who seems to enjoy playing his many different kinds of

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music as much as his audiences enjoy listening to them. The music is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, and the street. Some of his compositions are "Horn & Hardart Succotash Blues," an Eastern European twelve-bar dirge; "Tomkins Square Park Consciousness Expander," the theme from "Pull My Daisy" (an underground film classic); and the waltz written for Arthur Miller's "After the Fall." Music from ten to three.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Chet Baker—thin as a pole, his face all cheekbones and shadows—has lost none of the lilt and flow he displayed as a member of Gerry Mulligan's famous quartet. His cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat. Tuesday, March 4, from nine-thirty to two. Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, and another old-time coolnik, is on hand Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, Attila Zoller, a lyrical, smooth-as-silk, and altogether satisfying guitarist, leads a trio. Vibraharpist David Samuels' quartet comes in on Friday and Saturday, March 7-8. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Snacks.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-0042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrant, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-paneled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, and a black-marble-topped bar. The musicians play in an acoustically perfect corner—so good, in fact, that recently a quiet, well-mannered crowd (every table was taken) was treated to a twenty-minute classical guitar—no amplifiers—solo by Bucky Pizzarelli. Pizzarelli, who also remembers to bring along his electric seven-string guitar, is present from nine to one on Wednesdays. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, from ten to two, guitarist Ted Dunbar and bassist Buster Williams are the performers. Dinner.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with the obligatory exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when the music commences and when the crush of assorted musicians, local loft dwellers, and a smattering of students and uptown observers beset the place in the tradition of resigned rush-hour commuters. Tuesdays through Thursdays, Tristão, a Brazilian guitarist and vocalist, leads a quintet of young Brazilian, Cuban, and American musicians, which plays lilting works by Antonio Carlos Jobim and their own compositions. Fridays and Saturdays are claimed by flutist Lloyd McNeill and his quartet. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. Alto saxophonist and flutist Joe Farrell and his spirited quartet sound better—looser yet more decisive—than ever. They'll be here through Sunday, March 2. On Tues-

day, March 4, thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones arrives with a quintet. Monday, March 3, will be turned over to Gil Evans, who looks more like an aging rock star in his boots, jeans, T-shirt, tinted glasses, and shag-cut white hair than the sixty-two-year-old jazz patriarch he really is. He sits at a small electric keyboard, with his back to the audience, and directs a powerhouse of imaginative musical whiz kids; some of them—most notably Lew Soloff and Hannibal Marvin Peterson—are among the best soloists around. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Nat Jones on piano and a bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays, and David Lahm and Lyn Christie trade ideas Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFE, 2011 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here and away from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Monday and Tuesday, March 3-4, a quartet known as the Warren Court is in session. Reedman Earle Warren, who played with Basie in the thirties and forties, presides over the group, which comprises drummer Oliver Jackson, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, and pianist Dill Jones. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Ted Cromwell, and his drummer, Ronnie Cole. Fridays are turned over to five pop-oriented musicians. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works with drummer Jo Jones and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFE**, pianist Herb Winner plays Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight to midnight, and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A brace of singers—Donna Harris and Margie Carr—operates in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays... The **PLAZA RESTAURANT** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays... Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **PALM COURT**, from five to one. Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Vocalist Lana Cantrell is holding forth on this sixty-fifth-floor height at dinner and supper. Dancing from seven-forty-five to two. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE**, at dinner and supper, there are songs by Billy Eckstine. A Lester Lanin band attends to the wants of the dancing customers. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RICHARD HAAS—This exhibition of etchings, lithographs, watercolors, and oils of (with two exceptions) New York buildings is remarkable for its veracity of detail and evocativeness of atmosphere. The old Custom House, the Jefferson Market, the Chanin Building, the Missions Building, the Washington Heights Terrace, and the mysterious gray buildings along the F.D.R. Drive in the Sixties are among the landmarks Haas treats

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a style reminiscent of old architectural prints, but sees from the point of view of today's architectural-preservation movement—a combination that gives them a peculiar poignancy and air of unreality. One out-of-town exception is Olana, the crazy Victorian-Moorish pile on the Hudson that the painter Frederic Edwin Church built for himself and his Middle Eastern trophies in 1874, and that Haas tenderly portrays in two lithographs. Through March 15. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Through March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BYRON BURFORD—Acrylics on paper, some portraying carnival and circus life. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—Drawings (portraits, interiors, landscapes) by the celebrated photographer. Through Saturday, March 8. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.; opens at noon.)

FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lives. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GEORGE DEEM—Fifteen reinterpretations of the work of Vermeer. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

CHARLES DEMUTH (1883-1935)—A small loan exhibition of work done between 1909 and 1918: watercolor flower studies, landscapes, and figure compositions; an early oil landscape; and some photographs of flower pictures from the artist's childhood drawing books. Through Saturday, March 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

KHOREN DER HAROOTIAN—Figurative sculptures in marble, granite, sandstone, wood, and bronze. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)/ROBERT ANDREW PARKER—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and collages by this pioneer American abstractionist. Watercolors and prints. Through Saturday, March 8. (Dintenfuss, 18 E. 67th St.)

RUTH ECKSTEIN—Collages and prints. Through Saturday, March 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

LYNN FOLKES—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 15. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Recent abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Miyoko Ito—Paintings. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

ALEXEI VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through March 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DANIEL LARUE JOHNSON—Abstract paintings. Through March 22. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ROBERT LA HOTAN—Maine landscapes, plus some still-lives. Through March 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—The fine, peculiarly Italian hand of this master sculptor is evident in all these pieces, whether sacred or profane—well, earthy, at any rate. Through Friday, March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—Portraits and urban landscapes. Through March 15. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

JACK NELSON—Free-flowing line drawings of birds, insects, fish, and celestial symbols. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTHONY PADOVANO—Sculptures in bronze, steel, wood, and cast stone. Through Saturday, March 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Paintings, many of them figurative and having their roots in Nordic folk tradition, by a member of the Cobra group. Through March 22. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

MARY PETTY—Fifty cartoons from the twenties, thirties, and forties, in addition to four watercolors. Through Saturday, March 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

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Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

SAM RICHARDSON—Paintings and sculptures inspired by the snow-covered Sierra Mountains. Through Saturday, March 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

DAVID ROTH—Paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARBARA SANDLER—Portraits of American Indians based on turn-of-the-century photographs. Through Saturday, March 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

YOSHIO SEKINE—Geometric paintings suggested by the abacus. Through Saturday, March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

NICHOLAS SPERAKIS—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts. Through Saturday, March 8. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

BOB THOMPSON (1937-66)—Small works on paper: drawings in mixed mediums and gouaches. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CHI WATTS—Paintings of Chinese calligraphic forms. Through Saturday, March 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Twenty-seven works on paper completed in the fifties and never shown before. Through Friday, March 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract paintings by a Korean-born artist. Through Saturday, March 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Anthony Caro, Mark Rothko, and Jules Olitski. Through March 15. (Open Mondays.)... **AULT**, 25 E. 77th St.: Collages by Kosta Alex; paintings by Antonio Amaral and Armando Morales; and wall reliefs, paintings, and sculptures by Will Horwitt. Through March 15.... **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Klee, Matisse, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through March 15.... **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: One work each by ten artists, among them Botero and Jorn. Through Saturday, March 1....

KNOEDLER, 21 E. 70th St.: An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Surrealist movement and containing paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Arp, Dali, Miró, Tanguy, and others. Through Thursday, March 6.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through March 15....

RAYDON, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 29.... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Altarpieces of the Second World War, commissioned from various artists by the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy. Through Saturday, March 1.... **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by, among others, Willem de Kooning, Gorky, and Jay Rosenblum. Through Friday, Feb. 28.

SCULPTURE—Soapstone carvings by contemporary Eskimo artists. Through Saturday, March 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—The seven works in this exhibition include a terra-cotta bust of the bearded, cigar-smoking artist set on a pedestal from which his genitals depend and from under which his toes peep; two floor pieces showing Arneson swimming in glazed ce-

ramic waves; and a glazed ceramic replica of Arneson's pink ranch house at 1303 Alice Street, in Davis, California, replete with TV antenna, two-car garage, outbuildings, shrubbery, dog, and wife. Back in the sixties, Arneson was a leading figure in the Funk Art movement, and did things like dirty sinks and teapots with penises for spouts, but now that he's found himself, he does little else in his medium but preen. Through March 15. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

TOM BLACKWELL—A Photo-Realist's cold views of motorcycles, drive-in hamburger joints, reflections of traffic in sleazy store windows, and other examples of today's motor-centered society. Through Saturday, March 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Sculptures. Through Thursday, March 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Works by a color-field painter. Through March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES DENES—X-rays of paintings (Picasso, Rembrandt, van Gogh) and of other subjects. Through Saturday, March 8. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM FARES—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Recent paintings of the Watermill, Long Island, countryside and several still-lives, some involving freshly cleaned fish and unbelievably self-disciplined house cats. Through Saturday, March 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES HINMAN—Shaped canvases, all of them painted white. Through March 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

JEFF HOARE—Abstract landscapes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 8. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN LORBER—Super-realistic still-lives of arrangements of raw lumber, baskets, cloth, and so on. Through March 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Fabric collages on canvas. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN—Recent paintings. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, March 8. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—A retrospective show of the explosive oils, watercolors, and drawings that have been erupting unabated from this humanist painter for half a century. Through Saturday, March 1. (Kennedy, in a new location, at 40 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM SCHWEDLER—Paintings and drawings. Through March 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Watercolors, many of the Maine coast. Through March 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A one-man show of his familiar optical sculptures and wall pieces, plus a six-ring circus of works by other artists—notably, a flight of funny sewed-cloth dolls by Leslie Jean Goldberg and some startling wall hangings of rope and raw-looking fabrics by Grau-Garriga. Through March 29. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

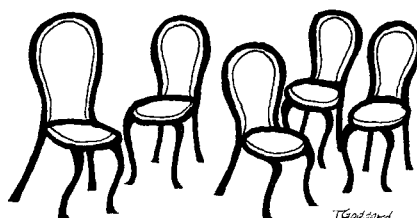
GROUP SHOW—Pencil drawings by Gaston Lachaise and twentieth-century American sculptures by, among others, Elie Nadelman and William Zorach. Through March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

NOAH BAEN AND CLAIRE MOORE—Paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, March 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ALIGHIERO E. BOETTI/ROBERTA ALLEN—Drawings on graph paper. Through March 12./Ink drawings. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

RUSS BRAMI/LARRY BLIZARD—Wooden sculptures that look like outside toys, one of them a conscience-stricken, bloodstained bulldozer, who is haunted in his heart of hearts by the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ghost of a tree, done in clear plastic./Skillfully drawn aspects of the banana, including some erotic ones. Through Thursday, March 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—An enormous (nine and a half by eighty-six and a half feet) geometric painting. Through Saturday, March 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

TIM DEVERELL/CRISTOS GIANAKOS—Acrylic paintings./Sculptures and drawings. Through March 12. (55 Mercer Street.)

DOMINICK DI MEO/ROBERT LEYDENFROST—Reliefs made of liquid vinyl and other materials, plus works on paper./Paintings and drawings. Through March 13. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

RICHARD FISHMAN—Polychrome aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

MICHAEL HOWARD—Cheerfully slapdash oils of ferocious bears and hooked fish, inspired by covers and illustrations from sporting magazines. Through March 12. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

LAURACE JAMES—Sculptures and drawings. Through Wednesday, March 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

BILL JENSEN—Oil and charcoal on irregularly shaped linen wall panels. Through Saturday, March 1. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

CHRISTINE JORDAN—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 8. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

EDWARD KIENHOLZ—Watercolors. Through Saturday, March 8. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

DAPHNE MUMFORD—Paintings (figures and still-lives) and silkscreen prints. Through March 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

TOM PALMORE—Photo-Realist paintings of huge, impassive gorillas in unusual settings; for instance, standing cross-armed in front of a flowery papered wall. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

PETER PLAGENS/NATALIE BIESER—Paintings of geometric forms done in mixed mediums on paper./Wall sculptures of wood, thread, and beads. Through Thursday, March 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

PAUL ROTTERDAM—Paintings. Through March 12. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

MORGAN SANDERS/SUSAN HOELTZEL—Paintings and photographs, mostly of New York apartment-building lobbies./Pencil and acrylic on canvas. Through March 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

OLEG SOHANEVICH—Metal sculptures stressing tension. Through Wednesday, March 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SYLVIA STONE—Abstract geometric sculptures of glass and Plexiglas. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

FRANCESC TORRES—Slide projections and tapes. Through Thursday, March 6. (112 Greene Street.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Pigmented fibre-glass wall and floor pieces. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

SCULPTURE—Kinetic works by Rockne Krebs, Remo Sarceni, Takis, and others. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

FRANKLIN PERRELL—Paintings and drawings of the Long Beach, Long Island, boardwalk and its environs. Starts Saturday, March 1. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Drawings from the late nineteen-fifties to the present. Through April 2. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

DAVID SLIVKA—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through March 13. (Hammarckjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.... Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.:

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Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Saturday, March 1.... **DORSKY**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings by, among others, Allan D'Arcangelo, Bob Thompson, and Willem de Kooning. Through Saturday, March 1.... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of this artists' cooperative, among them Pedro Silva, E. Sumiye Okoshi, Camilla Chambers, and Margaret Cassidy. Through Sunday, March 2. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRASSAI—In an essay about this photographer (who was born in Transylvania as Gyula Halász and has lived in Paris since the twenties), Lawrence Durrell records these comments, made during a sitting: "I only take one or two or three pictures of a subject, unless I get carried away; I find it concentrates one more to shoot less. Of course it's chancy; when you shoot a lot you stand a better chance, but then you are subjecting yourself to the law of accident—if accident has a law. I prefer to try and if necessary fail. When I succeed, however, I am much happier than I would be if I shot a million pictures on the off-chance. I feel that I have really made it myself, that picture, not won it in a lottery." The seventy-eight pictures in this exhibition, taken between 1931 and 1959, have the "made it myself" look that forms the unmistakable difference between art photography and photojournalism. Each of the photographs—whether a portrait of Maillol, a scene in a Montmartre dance hall, a study of a sleeping derelict—has a lucidity and concinnity of form that only a handful of photographers have contrived to wrest from the mess of reality (André Kertész and Henri Cartier-Bresson are Brassaï's two living peers) and that, wisely or foolishly, today's young photographers are determinedly repudiating, as a dead end for photography. Through Thursday, March 6. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7.)

SID KAPLAN/IRÈNE STERN—Black-and-white prints./Color photographs of nudes. Starts Thursday, Feb. 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

JOSEF KOUDELKA—Works by a young Czech photographer, including prints from his series on European gypsies. Through April 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

STEPHEN SHORE/FRANK GOHLKE—Color photographs./Black-and-white prints, many of grain elevators and midwestern landscapes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays,

noon to 6.)... A complementary retrospective of a hundred and thirty-five images. Through Saturday, March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: William Henry Fox Talbot and Julia Margaret Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through Saturday, March 1.... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works done during the last twenty years by the French photojournalist Marc Riboud.... Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Both through April 5. (Open Sundays.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by Walker Evans, Jean Claude Gautrand, and Russell Drisch. Through Sunday, March 2. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) that begins with the first little shirt and a letter to his mother written at the age of nine (it contains a Gilbertian bit about how "You ought to give me the old piano now you are so grand in your pianos") and ends with documents pertaining to Sullivan's funeral, including his own (ignored) instructions for it. An excellent recorded musical tour is available for \$1.25; it features selections from little-known works (such as "The Prodigal Son," the "Irish" Symphony, "Haddon Hall," music for "The Tempest," and "Idyll for Cello and Piano") and makes Sullivan's surly and dismissive attitude toward the G. and S. operas understandable, if not defensible. Through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

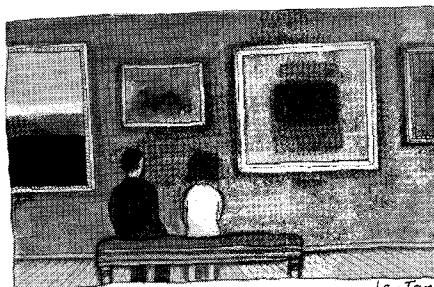
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11.... The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, no costumes, gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6.... Approximately thirty bronze sculptures, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia. Through May 31.... "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 6.... American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through Monday, March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Leonard Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two



Le-Tan



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\$348 lower maintenance costs.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings by Ivan Albright, Ben Shahn, Andrew Wyeth, Kay Sage, and others. Through Wednesday, March 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of twenty-four contemporary seating elements, mainly chairs and mainly designed in the past few years. Aalto's scroll chair (1934) and Eames' lounge chair (1956) are exceptions. Through March 16. . . . About a hundred and fifty photographs of Art Deco architecture in New York City by Cervin Robinson. Through Sunday, March 2. . . . A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties by American metalsmiths (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold) is part of a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Through Sunday, March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROlier CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, books that saw first light here, irascible correspondence signed "Harold Ross," and other odds and ends, in an exhibition marking the Grolier Club's ninety-first year, or this magazine's ninety-st year, or something or other. Through April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—About two hundred examples of *tsutsumi*, the art of Japanese packaging, in which simple materials as bamboo and paper are used to create ingenious wrappings for everyday articles. Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 6; Fridays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ART OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and watercolor spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural metal pieces made in this country from 1940 to the present. . . . A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through Sunday, March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through March 23. . . . An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth

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century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through Sunday, March 2. . . . A small retrospective of the work of the abstract painter Syd Solomon. Through March 16. . . . A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Through March 30. . . . Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Starts Thursday, Feb. 27. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Brightly colored, African-inspired weavings, done in a variety of yarns, by Napoleon Henderson. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Robert Schorr, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; conducted by Thomas Schippers. . . . Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and Bengt Rundgren; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance. . . .) Saturday, March 1, at 9: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-7500)—The first scene from Act II of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris. Act IV of "La Favorita," with Mignon Dunn, Luciano Pavarotti, and James Morris. Act I of "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Luciano Pavarotti, Robert Goodloe, Paul Plishka, Gene Boucher, and Richard Best. Henry Lewis will conduct. . . . Monday, March 3, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . Tuesday, March 4, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Montserrat Caballé, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . Wednesday, March 5, at 7: "Siegfried," with Berit Lindholm, Betsy Norden, Maureen Forrester, Jess Thomas, Ragnar Ulfung, Thomas Stewart, Marius Rintzler, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . Thursday, March 6, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . Friday, March 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Montserrat Caballé, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . Saturday, March 8, at 7:30: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at

8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Carlo Bini, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Louis Quilico; Imre Pallo. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 2: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Pablo Elvira; Christopher Keene. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Luciano Rampaso, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Luigi Martelli. . . . Sunday, March 2, at 1: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . Sunday, March 2, at 7:30: A new production of Richard Strauss's "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Alan Crofoot, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . Tuesday, March 4, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Roger Patterson; Julius Rudel. . . . Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Richard Kness, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . Thursday, March 6, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; Christopher Keene. . . . Friday, March 7, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Roger Patterson; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Alan Crofoot, and Joseph Blanton; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, March 8, at 8: "I Puritani," with Arlene Randazzo, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2; Saturday, March 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30.)

MINI-FESTIVAL AROUND SCHUBERT—The New York Philharmonic in collaboration with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in the second of two series of concerts, this one devoted to music by Schubert, composers who influenced him, and composers whom he influenced, and presented by soloists and ensembles of varied sizes. Pierre Boulez will conduct an orchestra of seventy in Avery Fisher Hall on Tuesday, March 4, and Thursday, March 6, at 8:30; an orchestra of thirty-five in Alice Tully Hall on Wednesday, March 5, and Friday, March 7, at 8:30; and the full orchestra, with Jorge Bolet, piano, in Avery Fisher Hall on Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.

STRASBOURG PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Alain Lombard conducting a program of French music, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler directing a performance of Donizetti's "La Favorita" in concert form, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Alfredo Kraus, tenor; Pablo Elvira, baritone; James Morris, bass; and the Brooklyn College Chorus. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Julius Grossman conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

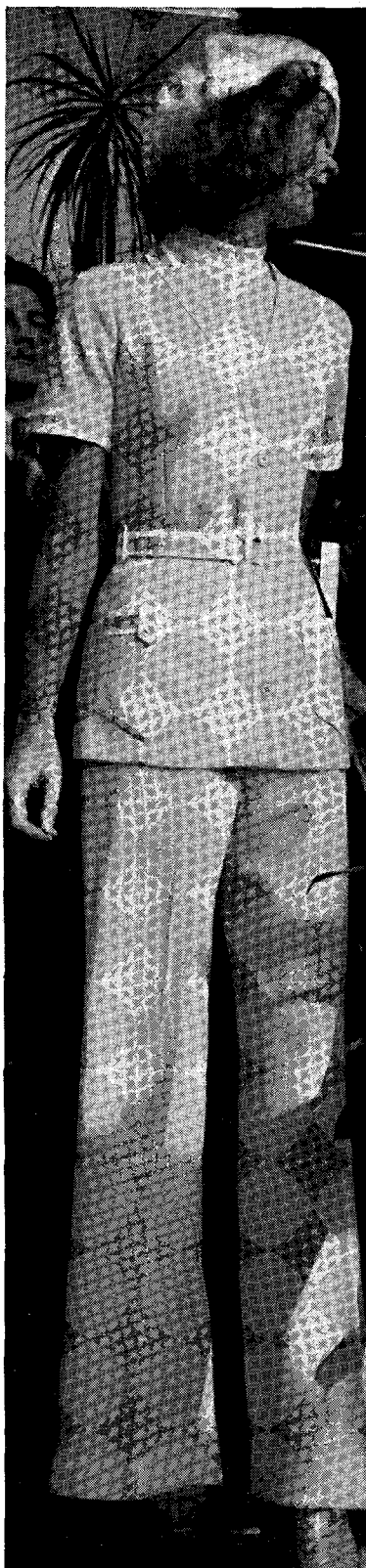
MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting a program of French music, with Lorin Hollander, piano; Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; the Boehm Quintette; and Yehudi Wyner, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, March 4, from 7 to 11.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, March 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," in a new English version by Jane May, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

HERITAGE SOCIETY CHORUS—Dorothy Maynor directing an a-cappella choir in a benefit concert of Negro spirituals, with Betty Lane, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; George Shirley, tenor; and McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8. For tickets, call 288-8948.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Robert Shiesley, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

VOYTEK MATUSHEVSKI—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and Leonard Rose, cello. . . . Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

ANDRÉ MICHEL SCHUB—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

BETTY ALLEN—Mezzo-soprano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 7. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND ROBERT VEYRON-LACROIX—Flute and keyboard, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

JANOS STARKER AND GYÖRGY SEBOK—Cello and piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—A program played by the Quartetto Italiano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 2, at 5.)

VAGHY STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 2:30.)

JOSÉ ITURBI—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 2, at 3.)

PIERRE FEIT—Oboe, with the Slovenian String Trio. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 2, at 5.)

MARNI NIXON AND PHILLIPS AND RENZULLI—Soprano and duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—The third in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8:30.)

STUTTGART PIANO TRIO—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

SYLVIA MARLOWE—Harpsichord, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

GÉRARD SOUZAY—Baritone, in an all-Ravel recital postponed from Feb. 21. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

PHILIPPE ENTREMONT—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

SHIRLEY VERRETT—Mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—An all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

TARACK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Octets by Schubert and Mendelssohn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

INGRID DINGFELDER—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 3.)

ELLY AMELING—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

HAMAO FUJIWARA—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

QAWWALI MUSIC FROM PAKISTAN—A program of devotional music, performed by two singers, a chorus, and four singing instrumentalists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 5:45; **MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY**. . . . Wednesday, March 5, at 5:45; **GRETA KELLER**.

NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

AHMAD JAMAL—"Jamal Plays Jamal," with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and his own group. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

SONNY GREER QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 2, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

KEITH JARRETT—With Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden, and Paul Motian. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 2, at 8.)

AVERAGE WHITE BAND—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 3, at 8.

BILLY COBHAM AND THE ELEVENTH HOUSE (WITH LARRY CORVELL)—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.

BYRDIE GREEN SINGS THE BLUES—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8.

MICHEL LEGRAND AND FRIENDS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8.

JETHRO TULL—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, and Monday, March 10, at 8.

ENTWISTLE'S OX (WITH JOHN ENTWISTLE)—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—The music of George Russell. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 1, at 8. . . . Knicks vs. Boston, Sunday, March 4, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 8, at 8. . . . **COLISEUM**: Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, March 28, at 8:05. . . . Nets vs. St. Louis, Saturday, March 7, at 8:05.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 2, at 7:05. . . . **COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Saturday, March 1, at 8:05.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Swift, Saturday, March 1, and the Rosebend Handicap, Saturday, March 8. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 8.

TRACK MEET—National A.A.U. Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 28, at 7.)

TROTTLING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 1. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, March 3, through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus. The final children's con-

certs of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Saturday, March 1, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)... **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 4.... **"The Mikado,"** Saturday, March 8, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 697-0730.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"The Absent-Minded Professor," with Fred MacMurray and Nancy Olson. (Park East Synagogue, 163 E. 67th St. Sunday, March 2, at 2. For tickets, call RE 7-6900.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

CRAFTS EXHIBITION—A show of contemporary work in fabric, ceramic, metal, and wood which is either directly imitative of or inspired by nineteenth-century American folk art. (Fairtree Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 26-March 1, from 10:30 to 5.)

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—Helen Chasin and Donald Justice reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30. Admission is free.)... **Nikki Giovanni,** Marian Seldes, Alice Walker, Eve Merriam, Sandra Hochman, and Helen Adam reading excerpts of poetry and drama. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday, March 7, at 3:30.)... **George Starbuck** and **David McElroy** reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, March 7, at 7:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from various owners.... Thursday and Friday, Feb. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, March 1, at 2: Continental faience; European ceramics, glass, drawings, and paintings; French and English furniture; decorations; and carpets. From a private collection.... Wednesday, March 5, at 10:15 and 2: A collection of botanical books. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 28.... Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—First league games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Philadelphia, April 8 and 10 (both day games).... Yankees vs. Detroit, April 11-12 (both day games) and April 13 (day doubleheader).

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** March 11 (Phoenix), March 13 (Portland), March 22 (Boston), March 30 (Milwaukee), April 1 (Philadelphia), and April 6 (Buffalo).... The Nets at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** March 9 (Virginia), March 14 (Denver), March 16 (Utah), March 17 (Indiana), March 21 (Kentucky), March 23 (Denver), March 26 (Kentucky), March 30 (San Antonio), and April 2 (Memphis).

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden, March 21.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 10-13.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Ranger games on March 9, 12, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and April 6.... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islander games on March 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, and 29, and April 1 and 5.

RACING—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 5.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 19.... **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17.... **Claudio Arrau,** piano, March 9.... **Philadelphia Orchestra,** March 10 and 21.... **Boston Symphony,** March 12 and 14.... **Andres Segovia,** classical guitarist, March 15.... **Bert Luccarelli,** oboe, and the **Orpheus Chamber Ensemble,** March 15.... **Alexander Schneider,** violin; **Peter Serkin,** piano; and the **Brandenburg Ensemble,** March 16.... **Little Orchestra Society,** March 19.... **National Chorale,** March 28.... **Jessye Norman,** soprano, April 6.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): **Alfred Brendel,** piano, March 9 and 23 and April 6.... **Musica Aeterna Orchestra,** March 9.... **Galina Vishnevskaya,** soprano, and **Mstislav Rostropovich,** piano, March 11.... **Jean-Pierre Rampal,** flute, and **I Solisti Veneti,** March 14.... **Boston Symphony,** March 15.... **Alicia de Larrocha,** piano, March 16.... **Earl Wild,** piano, March 17.... **Montserrat Caballé,** soprano, March 18.... **William Warfield,** bass-baritone, March 24.... **Jean-Pierre Rampal,** flute, and the **Guarneri Quartet,** March 28.... **Collegiate Chorale,** March 29.... **American Symphony Orchestra,** March 30.... **Mstislav Rostropovich,** cello, March 30.... **Marilyn Horne,** soprano, March 31.... **Madrid RTV Symphony,** April 2.... **Hudson Valley Philharmonic,** April 4.... **Misha Dichter,** piano, April 9.... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): **Anthony Newman,** harpsichord, March 9.... **Bach Aria Group,** March 12.... **Waverly Consort,** March 15.... **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center,** March 16 and 18 and April 4 and 6.... **Clarion Concert,** March 19.... **Jorge Morel,** classical guitarist, March 20.... **New and Newer Music,** March 23.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): **Betty Allen,** mezzo-soprano, and the **New York Chamber Soloists,** March 14.... **New York Chamber Soloists,** March 15.... **Alexander Schneider,** violin, and **Lee Luvisi,** piano, March 20.... **Janos Starker,** cello, and **Alain Planes,** piano, April 4.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): **I Solisti Veneti,** March 15.... **Benita Valente,** soprano, and **Lee Luvisi,** piano, March 23.... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): **Speculum Musicae,** March 15.... **James Kreger,** cello, and **Garrick Ohlsson,** piano, March 16.... **Cathy Berberian,** soprano, March 21.... **Boston Symphony Chamber Players,** March 22.... **Gary Graffman,** piano, April 6.

DANCE—José Limón Dance Company, at the Harkness Theatre, March 31-April 12.

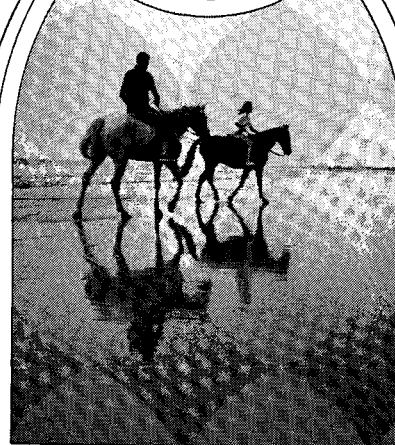
THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A modern adaptation, by Tony Harrison, of Molière's "The Misanthrope," produced by the National Theatre of Great Britain and starring Diana Rigg and Alec McCowen.... A comedy by Bernard Slade, "Same Time, Next Year," with Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin.... A musical, "Doctor Jazz"—Paul Carter Harrison and Buster Davis wrote the book. Mr. Davis is responsible for most of the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Lola Falana, Lillian Hayman, and Joan Copeland.... **Arlene Francis** in a thriller, "Don't Call Back," by Russell O'Neil.... "The Lieutenant," a rock opera with book, music, and lyrics by Gene Curty, Nitra Scharfman, and Chuck Strand; **Eddie Mekka** plays the title role.... A revival of Eugene O'Neill's 1924 play, "All God's Chillun Got Wings," in which Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian will appear.... **Marcel Marceau,** the French mime, in a three-week engagement at the City Center.... A thriller, "We Interrupt This Program...." by Norman Krasna, with Melvin Van Peebles.... A play by James Kirkwood, "P. S. Your Cat Is Dead," based on his novel of the same name. **Keir Dullea** and **Tony Musante** head the cast.

OTHER DATES—Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 8-16.... St. Patrick's Day is Monday, March 17.... The first day of spring is March 21.... The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 25-May 26.... Easter Sunday is March 30.... Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1974 and estimates for 1975 are due Tuesday, April 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 4: "Going Places," "Trash," and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
From March 5: "Steppenwolf."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 1: "In Name Only" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."
March 2-4: "Seventh Heaven" and "A Star Is Born."
From March 5: "That Night in Rio" and "Weekend in Havana."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1935)
Through March 4: "Macon County Line" and "The Long Goodbye."
From March 5: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-660)
Through March 4: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 5: "Lacombe, Lucien."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Lenny."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Andy Warhol's Dracula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Female Trouble."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Lenny."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Feb. 26: "Orphans of the Storm."
From Feb. 27: "Les Enfants Terribles."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Janis."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Little Big Man" and "A Man Called Horse."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Love at the Top."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Stepford Wives."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 4: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 5: "The Clowns."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Lenny."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 4: "The Front Page."
From March 5: "Steppenwolf."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Young Frankenstein."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Report to the Commissioner."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Bogard."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
Feb. 26: "A Voyage to Italy" / "La Salamandre" / "Au Hasard, Balthazar."
Feb. 27: "Warrendale" / "A Voyage to Italy" / "La Salamandre."
Feb. 28: "Death in Venice" / "The Seven Samurai."
March 1: "Juliet of the Spirits" / "Judith of Bethulia" / "Death in Venice" / "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
March 2: "Payday" / "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" / "The Birth of a Nation" / "Death in Venice."
March 3: "The Collector" / "Get to Know Your Rabbit" / "Payday."
March 4: "The Girls" / "A program of Milena Jelinek films" / "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
March 5: "The Soft Skin" / "The Girls" / "The Collector."
March 6: "The Naked Kiss" / "The Soft Skin" / "The Girls."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Andy Warhol's Dracula."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 4: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 5: "Lacombe, Lucien."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Lenny."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 4 at one or another of the theatres: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge" / "Lacombe, Lucien" and "Chloé in the Afternoon" / "Harry & Tonio" and "Claudine"...
March 1: "Rififi" and "Sabotage"...
March 2-4: "Stagecoach" and "Our Town."
From March 5: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 26: "Design for Living" and "Trouble in Paradise."
Feb. 27-March 1: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Take the Money and Run."
March 2: One performance, at noon, of "The Killing of Sister George."
March 2-3: "Don't Look Now" and "Something for Everyone."
March 4: "Day for Night" and "Murmur of the Heart."
March 5: "The Awful Truth" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
From March 6: "O Lucky Man!" and "Performance."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment!"

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Sesso in Testa."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 26: "Olympia, Parts I and II."
Feb. 27: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Our Daily Bread."
Feb. 28: "La Strada" and "The Clowns."
March 1: "The Ruling Class" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
March 2: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Androcles and the Lion."
March 3: A program of films by André Delvaux.
March 4: "Brink of Life" and "The Magician."
March 5: "Knife in the Water" and "Re-pulsion."
March 6: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 4: "The Odessa File" and "California Split."
From March 5: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 4: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From March 5: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Steppenwolf."

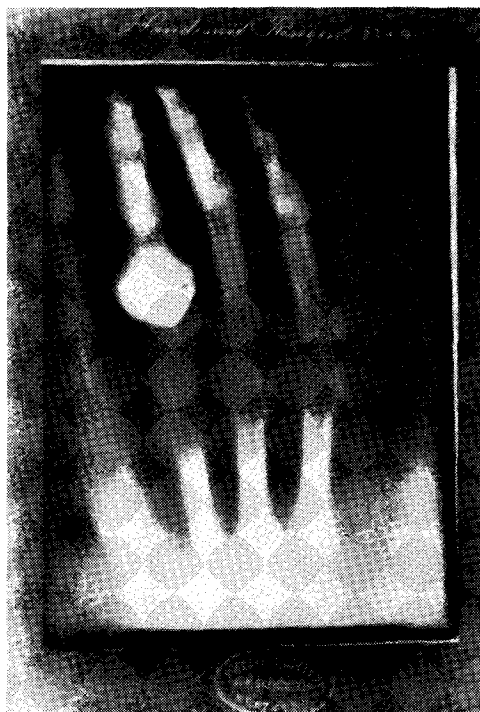
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 4: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 5: "The Gambler" and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Lenny."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 4: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
From March 5: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Mr. Majestyk."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 26 at 5:30: "Volpone" (1939), in French, directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles...
Feb. 27 at 5:30: "Hands Over the City" (1963), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Rod Steiger and Salvo Randone; English subtitles...
Feb. 27 at 8: "Salvatore Giuliano" (1961), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Frank Wolf and Salvo Randone; English subtitles...
Feb. 28 at 2: "The Challenge" (1958), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with José Suárez and Rossana Schiaffino; no English titles...
Feb. 28 at 5:30 and March 1 at noon: "The Dance of Life" (1929), directed by A. Edward Sutherland and John Cromwell, with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll...
March 1 at 3: "Salvatore Giuliano"...
March 1 at 5:30: "Hands Over the City"...
March 2 at 12:30 and 3: "Run Wild, Run Free" (1969), directed by Richard C. Sarafian, with John Mills and Sylvia Sims...
March 2 at 5:30: "The Moment of Truth" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Miguel Mateo Miguelin;



Not for fun

On November 8, 1895, W. C. Röntgen, a German physicist, took this picture of his wife's hand. It was done by means of electrically generated invisible radiation capable of passing through opaque substances to form a shadow image on a photographic plate. For his discovery he received the first Nobel Prize ever awarded in physics. His mysterious rays became widely known by the mysterious letter X, but some of their significant properties became known only later. Meanwhile, enterprising photographers established "Roentgen studios" and did a lively business in "x-ray sittings."

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English subtitles. . . . March 3 at 2: "The Swindlers" (1951), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Alberto Sordi and Belinda Lee; English subtitles. . . . March 3 at 5:30: "The Challenge." . . . March 4 at 2: "Voodoo Island" (1957), directed by Reginald LeBorg, with Boris Karloff and Beverly Tyler. . . . March 4 at 5:30: A program of films by Arthur and Corinne Cantrill. . . . March 5 at noon: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. . . . March 5 at 5:30: "Voodoo Island." . . . March 6 at 2: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman." . . . March 6 at 5:30: "The Swindlers." . . . March 6 at 8: "The Moment of Truth." (A limited number of tickets are available,

but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: Feb. 27-28 at 3 and 5:30: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952). . . . March 1-2 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Early Spring" (1956). . . . Starting March 6 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Tokyo Twilight" (1957). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 4: "Who Does She Think She Is?" directed by Patricia Lewis Jaffe and Gaby Rodgers, with Rosalyn Drexler. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evening). . . . Starting March 5: "The Text of Light," directed by Stan Brakhage. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Warhol, Serra, Rainer, Campus, Anger, Brakhage, Belson, and others. Feb. 26 at 6; Feb. 27 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Feb. 28 at 6, 8, and 10; March 1-2 at noon; and March 4-6 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton.)

AMARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Elgin; Feb. 27-March 1.)

ANDROCLES AND THE LION (1953)—After Shaw's death, Gabriel Pascal, who had produced Shaw adaptations in England with considerable success but had come a cropper with the lavish "Caesar and Cleopatra," produced his last Shaw work in Hollywood, at R.K.O. He hired Jean Simmons, who had had a small part in "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Robert Newton, who had attracted attention in "Major Barbara," and Maurice Evans, Elsa Lanchester, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Gardiner, and John Hoyt. The part of Androcles was assigned to the American comedian Alan Young, but since Victor Mature was put in as a Roman captain, opposite Jean Simmons, and his role beefed up to match his physique, Androcles dwindled in importance. Shaw's comedy of ancient Rome came to look much

like the Hollywood-Roman spectacles of the early-fifties period, but the film isn't a total travesty. Simmons is lovely to watch and to listen to, and portions of it have the Shaw charm. Chester Erskine directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Fine Arts, and Waverly.)

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN—LOVE OF LIFE (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Vivia Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Elgin; March 5.)

THE BIRTH OF A NATION (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2.)

BOGARD—With Richard Lawson, directed by Timothy Galfas. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

A BRIEF VACATION—With Florida Bolkan, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

BRINK OF LIFE (1937)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 2.)

CALIFORNIA SPLIT—Robert Altman's beautiful,

smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 4.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through March 4.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 4.)

CLAUDINE—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 4.)

THE CLOWNS (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28. . . . 72nd Street East; starting March 5.)

THE COLLECTOR (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3 and 5.)

DAY FOR NIGHT (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-

Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Elgin; March 4.)

DEATH IN VENICE (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hotel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 28-March 2.)

DEATH WISH—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 5.)

DESIGN FOR LIVING (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1.)

DON'T LOOK NOW (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Elgin; March 2-3.)

EARTHQUAKE—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Genevieve Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

EMMANUELLE—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES (1950); called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective

film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 27.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laugh gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer, Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (U. A. East; through March 4.)

THE GAMBLER—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Symphony; starting March 5.)

GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3-4.)

THE GIRLS (1968)—With Bibi Andersson and Harriet Andersson, directed by Mai Zetterling. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 4-6.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné.)

GOING PLACES—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Art; through March 4.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and

wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavysyet marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 4.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Renais' controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Rivà's splendid performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1-2.)

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Olympia; through March 4.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Slinko Kay Francis is the coldhearted wife in name only. All she wants of her husband, Cary Grant, is his wealth and social position, while he is so desperate for a divorce in order to marry the companionable Carole Lombard, a young widow with a small daughter, that he becomes ill. This is one of the rare movies in which the robust Grant actually has sick bed scenes. It's a soapy picture, but with unusually good performances. Charles Coburn plays Grant's father; the director is John Cromwell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 1.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 6.)

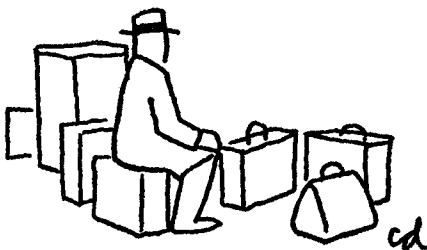
JANIS—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema 1.)

JEREMIAH JOHNSON (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony; through March 4.)

JUDITH OF BETHULIA (1913)—Seen now, this D. W. Griffith four-reeler (which was one of the first four-reel films made in America) appears to be a warmup for the splendors of his "Intolerance." "Judith of Bethulia" is not an altogether likable picture, but it has its heavy pseudo-Oriental charms. Blanche Sweet is the plump and pious Jewish widow who decks herself out as a courtesan and gains entrance to the camp of the Assyrian general, Holofernes (Henry B. Walthall). Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are young lovers, and Lillian Gish, in a grand coup of unlikely casting, plays a young Jewish mother. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 1.)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE (1968)—An Eng-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lish comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; March 2, one performance, at noon.)

KNIFE IN THE WATER (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

LACOMBE, LUCIEN—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through March 4.... Gramercy, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting March 5.)

LENNY—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's stiches you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Murray Hill, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

LITTLE BIG MAN (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Columbia II.)

THE LONG GOODBYE (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 4.)

LOVE AT THE TOP—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

MACON COUNTY LINE—With Alan Vint and Cheryl Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 4.)

THE MAGICIAN (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met..." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

A MAN CALLED HORSE (1970)—With Richard Harris and Judith Anderson, directed by Elliott Silverstein. (Columbia II.)

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN—The newest and most spirited of the Bond series. This one

is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 5.)

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 1.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—Folk humor, Frank Capra-style, is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Buddington Kelland *Satevepost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (Elgin; March 5.)

MR. MAJESTYK—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Olympia; starting March 5.)

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Elgin; March 4.)

THE NAKED KISS (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

THE NIGHT PORTER—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and venerated with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through March 4.)

THE ODESSA FILE—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 4.)

O LUCKY MAN! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondricek's ("If...," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; starting March 6.)

OLYMPIA, PARTS I AND II (1938)—Leni Riefenstahl's account of the Olympic Games held in Berlin in 1936. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

ORPHANS OF THE STORM (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (D. W. Griffith; Feb. 26.)

OUR DAILY BREAD (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage and manages to make a grand finale out of the cooperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stage techniques that don't really work on film—the movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Quad Cinema; March 2-4.)

PAYDAY (1973)—Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 2-3.)

PERFORMANCE (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; starting March 6.)

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. Dazed by his own sensitivity, he sweats, he twitches, he convulses. The movie features two big chase numbers, and a scene in an elevator at Saks, with the hero and a black militant (Tony King) holding guns on each other and then opting for brotherhood when it is too late. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

RIFI (1956)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and the director, Jules Dassin, who made this picture in France (and in French), eliminated all dialogue for a tense half hour as we watch how they do it. It is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. The film also provides nasty glimpses of underworld Parisian prostitutes and hopheads; Dassin keeps things actively vicious with the thrashing of a gangster's faithless mistress and the gaudily shot kidnapping of the young son of one of the quartet by another mob out to cut in on the swag. "Rifi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but it's not all that good. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohnner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, Magali Noel. (Quad Cinema; through March 1.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1.)

SABOTAGE (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sydney and Oscar Homolka are the married pair, the Verlooses, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloos' younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloos, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Quad Cinema; through March 1.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26-27.)

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beckman.)

SERPICO (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 5.)

SESSO IN TESTA—An Italian-language film with no English subtitles. (Playboy.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 28.)

SEVENTH HEAVEN (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-4.)

SHAMPOO—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause disension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

THE SOFT SKIN (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 5-6.)

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Elgin; March 2-3.)

STAGECOACH (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Quad Cinema; March 2-4.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phonicness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 2-4.)

STAVISKY—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against

art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

THE STEPFORD WIVES—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgrown deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Loews Tower East.)

STEPPENWOLF—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (New Yorker. . . . Art, and U.A. East; starting March 5.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zamparno is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

THE STREET FIGHTER—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English, X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Elgin; Feb. 27-March 1.)

THAT NIGHT IN RIO (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera," those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 5.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain," the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Guild.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

TRASH (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol pro-

duction, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art; through March 4.)

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Elgin; Feb. 26.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

A VOYAGE TO ITALY (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26-27.)

WARRENDALE (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 27.)

WEEKEND IN HAVANA (1941)—Probably the cheerfulest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 5.)

A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Cinema Studio.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Art; through March 4.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think: you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum.)

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Saks Fifth Avenue





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

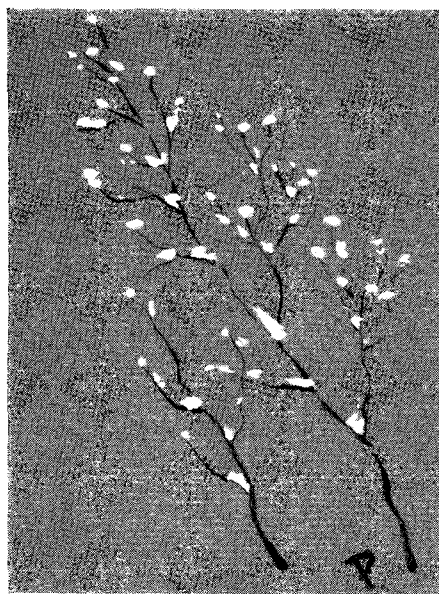
AS the Senate was voting to delay enactment of one of President Ford's energy proposals last week, we sat down to try to puzzle out the logic of the Administration's economic program as a whole. In purely economic terms, as many observers have argued, the policy cancels itself out, or even has harmful effects. On the one hand, the tax rebate of some billions of dollars would increase the public's spending power, while on the other hand the rise in oil prices caused by new taxes would decrease the public's spending power. The net result for the economy would be inflationary pressure without the stimulating effects of a rise in buying. The only beneficial aim is the conservation of energy: a reduction in the use of fuel, and a reduction in imports of oil. The President's "economic" policy seems to emerge as a conservation policy to be paid for with economic sacrifices. But that description, too, would be misleading. For, as many observers have also pointed out, the reduction attainable by the President's oil policy would fall far short of breaking America's dependency on imported oil. It is a long way from being anything like a Project Independence, or even the plausible beginning of one. In fact, government planners have yet to come up with any workable plan that would make the United States independent in energy in the near future. Pared down to its final consequences, then, the President's policy offers only a less tangible result: a display of resoluteness—the appearance, but not the substance, of effective conservationist action. As Secretary of State Henry Kissinger put it a few weeks ago in the course of arguing for an energy policy that would permanently prevent the price of imported oil from returning to its very low, pre-embargo level in order to encourage domestic investment in the search for alternative sources of energy, "It is the glory of our nation

that when challenged we have always stepped forward with spirit and a will to dare great things. It is now time to do so again, and in so doing to reaffirm to ourselves and to the world that this generation of Americans has the integrity of character to carry on the noble experiment that began two centuries ago." Mr. Kissinger has frequently been a strong advocate of actions and statements that, while perhaps not attaining any concrete ends in themselves, demonstrate America's resolute intentions to its adversaries. His Vietnam policy was rooted in calculations of this sort, and recently we have had his mention of the possibility of using force in the Middle East, and the dispatch of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* to the Indian Ocean. In a recent article in the *Washington Post*, titled "Force and Diplomacy," Barry Blechman, of the Brookings Institution, wrote, "Through an array of verbal, diplomatic, and military instruments, the United States sent a tough message to the Arab oil-producers: under certain circumstances, this nation would utilize its armed forces to end an oil-embargo." And he concluded, "By deterring a specific threat to the nation's security,

a minor military and diplomatic demonstration may have preserved progress toward peace in the Middle East, thus helping to avoid contingencies with real dangers for wider conflict." If the Kissinger threat of force was a military and diplomatic "demonstration" of resoluteness—aimed at the Arabs—then it stands to reason that the President's energy policy may well be an economic demonstration of resoluteness aimed in the same direction. It may have been decided that just as a demonstration of force might obviate the use of force, so a demonstration of economic sacrifice might obviate the need for a full-fledged Project Independence. If this is the logic of the policy, then the policy was misnamed. It is not an economic policy but a foreign policy. In fact, in terms of the foreign-policy objective of letting the oil producers know just how serious we are, the unfortunate economic consequences we endure may be helpful, since a demonstration is more convincing when it is backed by sacrifices. In Vietnam, the sacrifice was tens of thousands of men and the nation's political health; today, it is the nation's economic health. The people who are losing their jobs and paying higher prices don't know it, but the whole new system proposed by the Ford Administration, with its fees and its rebates and its circular flow of billions of dollars throughout the American economy, may be not a program at all but a message—a move in the diplomatic, not the economic, game.

Light-Consciousness

UP in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Henry Kloss is doing for television what his Brattle Street neighbor Edwin H. Land has done for photography. Every week, Kloss's factory, over in the M.I.T. area, produces a hundred VideoBeam 1000-A's. The VideoBeam 1000-A, his new invention, is a color-television set that





"Don't you love today's look? Everything goes with everything."

comes in two parts. One is a three-foot-high projection unit, with familiar TV knobs on its top—tint, brightness, contrast, horizontal hold, channel selector, on-off. The projection unit has a small fan in it, which makes a quiet whir, but you can hear the fan only when the high-fidelity speakers in the unit are turned way down low. The other part of 1000-A is a TV screen four and a quarter feet high and five and two-thirds feet wide. Just about the size of a hockey goal. Ordinary TV sets are sold in diagonal widths; that is, a twelve-inch screen measures twelve inches from the lower-left-hand corner of the screen to the upper-right-hand corner of the screen. By these measurements, the VideoBeam has an eighty-five-inch screen. That's just over seven feet. The VideoBeam screen is concave in two directions. All four corners, in other words, bend toward the viewer. The surface of the screen is made of aluminum foil that looks like the reverse side of broiler-grade aluminum foil. The back of the screen is made of molded foam plastic, and from behind the screen looks a little like a radar screen. The screen

sits eight feet away from the projection unit, which has three projectors—a red one, a blue one, and a green one. When the three images are superimposed on the screen, they produce a color picture of startling clarity and brightness. Henry Kloss says he could have made a black-and-white VideoBeam but that for his money black-and-white is like camping out. To operate the VideoBeam 1000-A, you hook it up to an aerial, plug it into the wall, and turn it on. It warms up in fifteen to twenty seconds, and operates on a hundred and sixty watts. It costs two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five dollars, and its two parts occupy about as much space as a grand piano or a Ping-Pong table.

Henry Kloss is forty-six years old. He is one of the Cambridge geniuses, a small but recognizable group. At his office, he dresses fifties casual—open-neck blue button-down shirt, chinos, narrow black belt, Hush Puppies. His gray hair is short in front, long in back—a *Kunstler* cut. He was born in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, a small town near Altoona; came to Cambridge to be an M.I.T. student; didn't graduate; became the K

in KLH, one of the first manufacturers of high-fidelity record-players; reluctantly went along when L and H wanted to sell the firm to the Singer Company; founded and is now president of Advent, a company that makes speakers, stereo-cassette decks, and external-noise-reduction units—known as Dolby boxes—for hi-fi sets. About eight years ago, it occurred to Kloss to investigate the subject of TV. He watched TV only a few hours a week, but he wanted to get as much out of those hours as possible. So he bought a Heathkit color-TV kit, put it together, bought some good TV-studio monitor equipment, and eventually said to himself: (A) it is technically possible to construct a TV that can produce a picture ten times the size of my set and still have an interesting brightness; (B) that's the kind of thing I'd like to have in my house. He spent the next six years, and two million dollars, developing the prototype of the VideoBeam 1000-A.

So far, not many homes have VideoBeams. A few Cambridge and near-Cambridge bars have purchased them. The other night, we stopped in at Studley's, a bar on Washington Street, for a look at their 1000-A. It was late, and the 1000-A sat by itself in a darkened corner screening an anti-smoking commercial. We plonked ourselves down in front of it. Commercials are amazing on a VideoBeam 1000-A, and very funny. Pitches designed to really do a job on you when viewed on a twelve-inch screen lose their punch on an eighty-five-inch screen. Too much reality. You can see that those people don't care whether you stop smoking or not.

The next day, we met Henry Kloss at his showroom, which is in back of the factory. Reached by an outside staircase. Invisible from the street. He ran a few video-cassette tapes on a display-model 1000-A. Microphotographs of unicellular creatures, taken from a *National Geographic* special, were breathtaking. You just sit and look at them. Thoughts seem to stop. Then Kloss tuned the set to regular programming. We saw a baby-lotion com-

mercial. "Look!" said Kloss. "Look, there's a fly in that commercial. A fly flying around one of the babies. You'd never see that on a conventional set."

Kloss said that the secret of his machine is a very effective use of light. This is how he gets a bright picture on less electricity than a two-hundred-watt bulb uses. And he said his product also happens to be the first hi-fi TV set. "KLH—the hi-fi industry, in fact—got started twenty years ago because the big manufacturers were making record-players that were worse than they had to be," Kloss said. "A lot of the information contained on records—a lot of the sound—was being lost. Small companies like KLH started the process of jarring up the business, and now it's not hard to get a good record-player. This process hasn't happened yet in TV. The same big companies that make TV sets today were making record-players twenty years ago. The quality of the picture transmitted by TV stations is far higher than what's picked up on the little screens made by conventional manufacturers. My machine is expensive, but it's designed for home use, even though it's helping bars a lot at the moment. Let's see what the next twenty years bring."

One thing that tickles Henry Kloss is that the security guards who watch over the home of his neighbor Edwin H. Land sometimes peer into Henry Kloss's living-room window to look at his VideoBeam 1000-A.

Entertainer

THERE are no slot machines in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, and that's probably bad news for Lovelace Watkins, since his act is apparently designed to be performed in close proximity to them. Out

in Vegas—or Las Vegas, as we prefer to call it—Lovelace Watkins is going to be big, really tremendous, if he isn't already. The Empire Room of the Waldorf is not un-Nevadan in the golden garishness of its décor, but it is physically part of New York, and New York simply is not Las Vegas. No getting around that.

Lovelace Watkins is a Tom Jones-Engelbert Humperdinck clone, a Donny Osmond surrogate for the biologically mature. In this connection, the fact that he is an American Creole is wholly irrelevant. He is one of those large-voiced singers of popular songs who always seem to have on a silk calypso shirt open to the navel, no matter what they are actually wearing. He has done very well on the other side of the Atlantic. He recently

completed an engagement at the crassest night club in London, a place called (we think we've got this right) The Talk of the Town, and the London *Sunday Mirror*, reviewing his performance, called him "the greatest cabaret entertainer in the world." For his opening at the Empire Room, the Waldorf management went to a certain amount of trouble—kliegs out front of the hotel, a purple "Lovelace Watkins" banner flying from the flag-staff, numerous flash-equipped photographers. The photographers took pictures mostly of Gina Lollobrigida, who contrived to make her entrance three times. When Lovelace Watkins made *his* entrance, on the Empire Room stage, he took immediate measures to establish himself as a great entertainer. He made eye contact with

several members of the audience, strode masterfully back and forth, and launched right into his first song ("What the World Needs Now Is Love") in a powerful baritone voice. He was wearing a double-breasted tuxedo, a tie-dyed orange-and-black scarf, and a turquoise ring the size of a golf ball. He had blond hair. By the time he had entertained his way through "This Is My Life," "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother," and "The Way We Were," he had got rid of the jacket and scarf to reveal the calypso shirt and the perhaps equally inevitable gold medallion on a chain. The turquoise ring stayed.

Lovelace Watkins' between-songs patter relied heavily on the kind of sentimentality that it would be uncharitable to regard as sincere. "All I try to do in my career is not to try to act important, not to try to act like Mr. Big Man, but to try to reach some people," he said. And, "Think of how great this world could be with people reaching out for each other." There was something



"Sir Charles can be most amusing."

familiar about his speaking voice. We closed our eyes and listened hard, until we came up with the answer: Elisha Cook, Jr., the gunsel in "The Maltese Falcon."

Lovelace Watkins had three gimmicks. Two of them showed mixed results; the third was an unqualified success. The first was a high-pitched giggle, which may have been not a gimmick at all but an actual personal mannerism. The giggle was disconcerting, because it contrasted so vividly with the masterful striding and the blather about reaching out to people. For the same reason, it was finally winning. Lovelace Watkins' second gimmick involved dragging a member of the audience up onstage to help sing the chorus of "Hey Jude." The volunteer in question, a man in a plaid sports jacket, looked dazed but acquitted himself well. He even essayed a tentative twirl of the microphone. Then Lovelace Watkins asked the man his name, so that the crowd could give him a big hand, but the man refused to say anything except "I don't know." The trouble was, Lovelace Watkins had some follow-up patter that depended upon addressing his remarks by name to the man, who was presumably to stand for the audience as a whole. Lovelace Watkins forged ahead gamely. His tone grave, he said, "When I was asked to give the royal command performance in England, Mr. I Don't Know, I asked myself what I could sing for royalty," and so on.

Lovelace Watkins unveiled his third gimmick at the very end of his act. The song itself was unmemorable, but the refrain was "I love you so." He sang these words into the microphone a few times, and then he threw away the microphone and sang them again and again, unamplified. He has a strong voice, a trained voice. The sound of an unamplified human voice in a night club was shocking at first, and then moving. Lovelace Watkins understood this, and it earned him an ovation.

Contests

THE crowd that gathered in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton one recent night to attend the Model of the Year Pageant ("New York City's Only National Beauty Contest") included two conspicuous groups of people: out-of-towners and locals. The out-of-towners were the relatives of the contestants, young women who had been

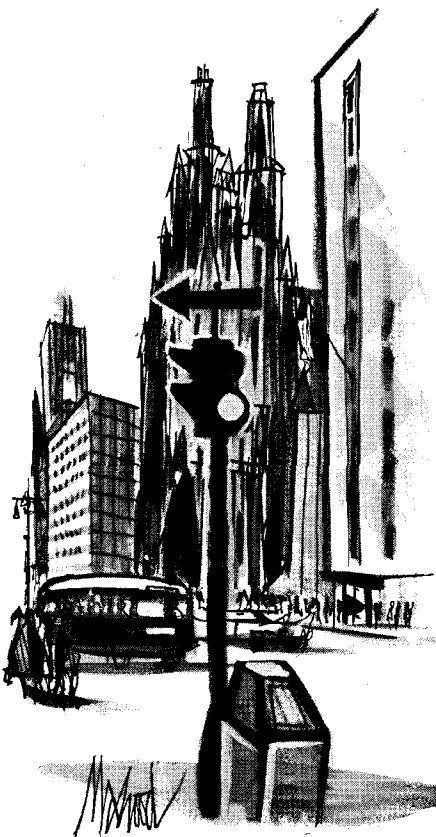
recruited for the pageant from all over the country—a few from Palm Springs, San Francisco, and Dallas, but the majority from places like Altus, Oklahoma; Lookout Mountain, Tennessee; and Sand Coulee, Montana. The out-of-town fathers and uncles made fun of each other's tuxedos, but they seemed to have a wonderful time. Among the women locals, most of whom were escorted by sharp-featured, "dry look" young men, there were three look-alike types: the Cybill Shepherds, the Carole Lombards, and the Ann-Margrets. (Cybill Shepherd actually *was* Model of the Year for 1968, so more women tried to imitate her than anyone else.)

The contestants appeared more—well, *wholesome*. Each time Laura Grills, of Grand Blanc, Michigan, strolled down the runway, her father, Robert Grills, took several photographs of her. The flash unit on his Instamatic camera had a three-inch extension, and Mr. Grills popped away diligently to make sure he caught all of Laura, who is nineteen years old and five feet eleven inches tall. One time when Laura went by, Oleg Cassini, the fashion designer, who was acting as m.c., failed to announce her name. In fact, Mr. Cassini either overlooked or mispronounced the name of virtually every contestant at least once during the evening. Although his lapses failed to bother him, they did bother Laura's mother, Jean Grills, who also couldn't

understand why Mr. Cassini insisted on pronouncing Grand Blanc "Gron Blonk."

The Model of the Year Pageant had most of the things we've come to look forward to in beauty contests: the orchestra played an overture that included "Manhattan" and "This Could Be the Start of Something," the arriving spectators decorously kissed cheek-to-cheek, and an enormous chandelier in the shape of an eight-pointed star hovered above the stage. Most of the clothes worn by the contestants were designed by Mr. Cassini, who offered a play-by-play commentary punctuated with unremarkable *single-entendres*. For one part of the competition, the contestants wore evening dresses of their own creation.

Carol Edwards, of Flat Rock, North Carolina, was named Model of the Year for 1975, which made her very happy, because the victory means a minimum guarantee of twenty-five thousand dollars in earnings during her first year of modelling. The first and second runners-up received guarantees of fifteen and ten thousand dollars, respectively. Three other girls were chosen by a man named John Casablancas, owner of three Paris modelling agencies, to go to Paris to model. After Carol Edwards was crowned, she took a victory stroll, and then all the girls rushed over to congratulate her. An event called the Party of the Year followed the pageant. There we tried to have a conversation with Linda Tonge, Model of the Year for 1974, but we were interrupted by a young man in black tie and kilts.



THE best riddle we've heard in a long while entered the public domain when Bobby Safian, of West Eighty-ninth Street, competed in the elementary-school division of the Joke Day in New York contest at Town Hall last Saturday. Here is Bobby's riddle:

Q: What did the French engineer say after the train accident?

A: Toulouse-Lautrec.

For his trouble, Bobby won a trip for four to Washington, D.C., which he will presumably make with members of his family, including Tommy, his younger brother. Tommy didn't enter the contest, but he did ask us the following riddle:

Q: There was a Mr. Bigger and he had a son. Who was bigger?

A: The son was a little Bigger.

The difference between Bobby's



joke and Tommy's joke is that Bobby, theoretically, made his up. This explains why Bobby told his onstage at Town Hall and walked off with the big marbles, while Tommy was relegated to reciting his riddle in private, between bites of a large pickle. Joke Day, it turns out, was sponsored by the New York City Department of Recreation and Vlasic Foods, Inc., which together gave away three family trips to Washington, three ten-speed bicycles, twelve dinners at the restaurant of a very fancy New York hotel, and six year-long supplies of pickles, plus all the hot dogs and pickles anyone could stand to eat on the premises. The pickle people also made certain that no one walked away without a copy of "Bob Vlasic's 101 Pickle Jokes."

("Q: What's the first line of the pickle wedding ceremony?

A: 'Dilly Beloved, we are gathered together...')

Don Imus, the disc jockey and comedian, m.c.'d this affair, and although he was in a rather prickly mood when we spoke with him backstage,

he was very polite toward all the children he met. One of the problems with Joke Day was that we had to endure a two-hour stretch of grown-up performers before the joke-telling contest began. The most entertaining grown-up was Zomar the Great, who does a balancing act that would make Philippe Petit envious. Rather than balancing his body upon things, Zomar balances things upon himself—specifically, upon his chin. He has a cleft chin. Zomar the Great is a thirty-eight-year-old black man who used to answer to the name Marvin Parks before he went into the balancing business. He was billed seventh in the Joke Day lineup, following Ed McMahon, who told a lot of stories about his dieting experience and made fun of Johnny Carson.

Zomar's act requires many accessories, including a baton, a battle-axe, a ladder, folding chairs, and a lawnmower. First, he twirled the baton a few times, and then he tilted his head backward and placed the baton on his chin. It stood erect, and the crowd applauded. Zomar did the same thing

with a long battle-axe, and even walked a few steps up a fifteen-foot ladder with the axe in place. Then he began to work with the folding chairs. First, he balanced one by its leg on his chin, then two, three, four, and five. After the fifth chair, he took a breather and chinned a push-type lawnmower—made it look like a snap—and then prepared for the sixth folding chair. He had a bit of trouble locking it into the stack of five, and Lisa Parker, who was seated in front of us, said, "It'll be a great balancing act if he can just get the sixth chair on top of the others."

While Zomar chinned the sixth chair, but before his climactic feat—balancing the *ladder* on his chin!—we spoke with Lisa, who wears glasses and has long black braids and had on a purple shirt and a blue vest with leather fringes. We asked her, among other things, how old she is.

"Nine," she said.

"Is that all?" we asked. "You seem very mature."

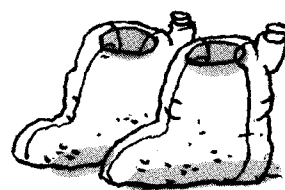
Lisa smiled and explained, "That's because I'm almost ten."

KEEPING WARM



On sunny cold days, carry clothes in suitcase and quickly pinch on Kitchen-foil suit.

Turkey pan (foil \$1.29) will work best for quick Pinch-on cap.

HeatedBB boots.

← CORK

Sew canvas boots.

Slip on over shoes.

Fill with hot BBs.
BBs heat fast in an iron skillet.

Heated tire irons wrapped in towels can be carried under one's topcoat.

Hot-water tie.

Warm all day at the office.

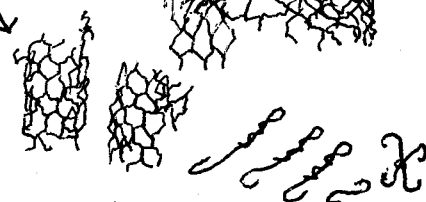
Face catnip comforter.



Chicken-wire
underwear suit,
with flashlight batteries
in cap.



Leggings.



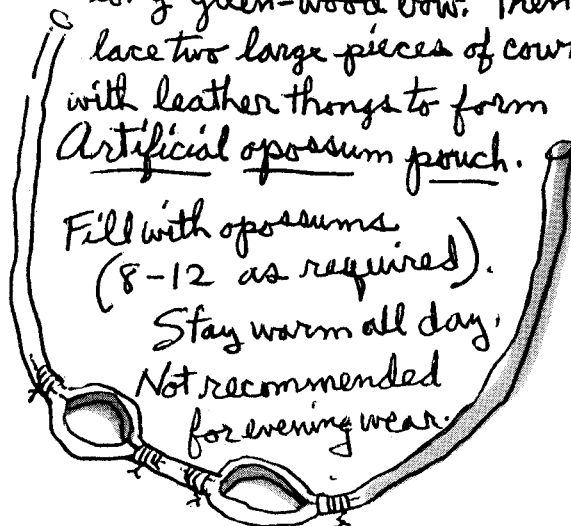
Trained-cat hat.

Handy snap-on
hooks can be shaped
from stovepipe wire.



Split, splice, and smoke
long green-wood bow. Then
lace two large pieces of cowhide
with leather thongs to form
Artificial opossum pouch.

Fill with opossums
(8-12 as required).
Stay warm all day.
Not recommended
for evening wear.



Chicken
shoes.
Very
warm.



And there is the
old reliable Quart
of whiskey.



BOOTH.

NO KADDISH FOR WEINSTEIN

WEINSTEIN lay under the covers, staring at the ceiling in a depressed torpor. Outside, sheets of humid air rose from the pavement in stifling waves. The sound of traffic was deafening at this hour, and in addition to all this his bed was on fire. Look at me, he thought. Fifty years old. Half a century. Next year, I will be fifty-one. Then fifty-two. Using this same reasoning, he could figure out his age as much as five years in the future. So little time left, he thought, and so much to accomplish. For one thing, he wanted to learn to drive a car. Adelman, his friend who used to play dreidel with him on Rush Street, had studied driving at the Sorbonne. He could handle a car beautifully and had already driven many places by himself. Weinstein had made a few attempts to steer his father's Chevy but kept winding up on the sidewalk.

He had been a precocious child. An intellectual. At twelve, he had translated the poems of T. S. Eliot into English, after some vandals had broken into the library and translated them into French. And as if his high I.Q. did not isolate him enough, he suffered untold injustices and persecutions because of his religion, mostly from his parents. True, the old man was a member of the synagogue, and his mother, too,

but they could never accept the fact that their son was Jewish. "How did it happen?" his father asked, bewildered. My face looks Semitic, Weinstein thought every morning as he shaved. He had been mistaken several times for Robert Redford, but on each occasion it was by a blind person. Then there was Feinglass, his other boyhood friend: A Phi Beta Kappa. A labor spy, ratting on the workers. Then a convert to Marxism. A Communist agitator. Betrayed by the Party, he went to Hollywood and became the offscreen voice of a famous cartoon mouse. Ironical.

Weinstein had toyed with the Communists, too. To impress a girl at Rutgers, he had moved to Moscow and joined the Red Army. When he called her for a second date, she was pinned to someone else. Still, his rank of sergeant in the Russian infantry would hurt him later when he needed a security clearance in order to get the free appetizer with his dinner at Longchamps. Also, while at school he had organized some laboratory mice and led them in a strike over work conditions. Actually, it was not so much the politics as the poetry of Marxist theory that got him. He was positive that collectivization could work if everyone would learn the lyrics to "Rag Mop." "The withering away of the state" was a

phrase that had stayed with him ever since his uncle's nose had withered away in Saks Fifth Avenue one day. What, he wondered, can be learned about the true essence of social revolution? Only that it should never be attempted after eating Mexican food.

The Depression shattered Weinstein's Uncle Meyer, who kept his fortune under the mattress. When the market crashed, the government called in all mattresses, and Meyer became a pauper overnight. All that was left for him was to jump out the window, but he lacked the nerve and sat on a windowsill of the Flatiron Building from 1930 to 1937.

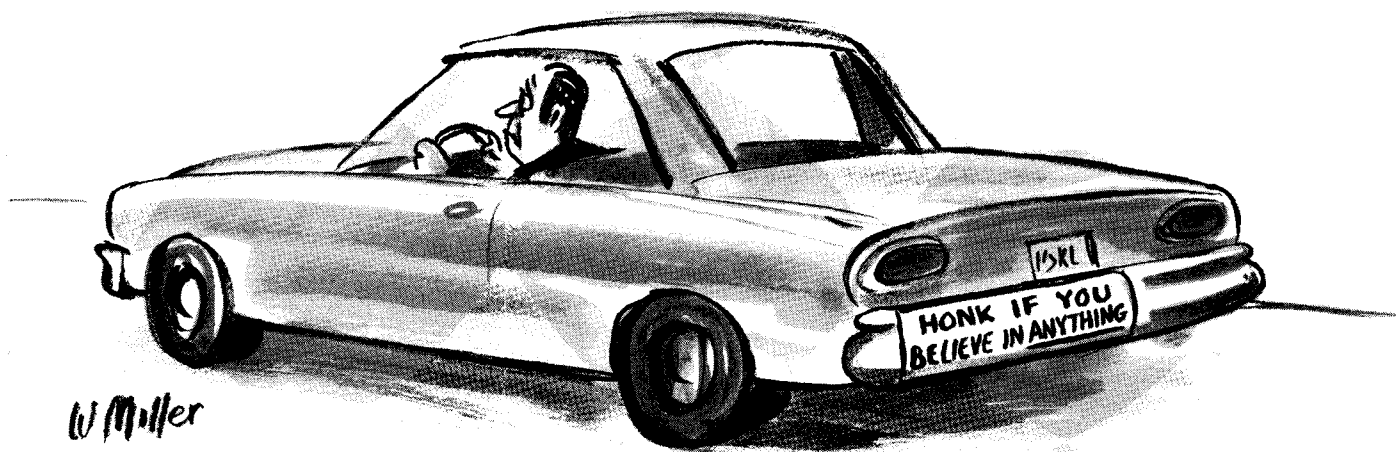
"These kids with their pot and their sex," Uncle Meyer was fond of saying. "Do they know what it is to sit on a windowsill for seven years? There you see life! Of course, everybody looks like ants. But each year Tessie—may she rest in peace—made the Seder right out there on the ledge. The family gathered round for Passover. Oy, nephew! What's the world coming to when they have a bomb that can kill more people than one look at Max Rifkin's daughter?"

Weinstein's so-called friends had all knuckled under to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Blotnick was turned in by his own mother. Sharpstein was turned in by his answering service. Weinstein had been called by the committee and admitted he had given money to the Russian War Relief, and then added, "Oh, yes, I bought Stalin a dining-room set." He refused to name names but said if the committee insisted he would give the heights of the people he had met at meetings. In the end he panicked and, instead of taking the Fifth Amendment, took the Third, which enabled him to buy beer in Philadelphia on Sunday.

WEINSTEIN finished shaving and got into the shower. He lathered himself, while steaming water splashed down his bulky back. He thought, Here I am at some fixed point in time and space, taking a shower. I, Isaac Weinstein. One of God's creatures. And



"Sometimes I wonder what makes him tick."



then, stepping on the soap, he slid across the floor and rammed his head into the towel rack. It had been a bad week. The previous day, he had got a bad haircut and he was still not over the anxiety it had caused him. At first the barber had snipped judiciously, but soon Weinstein realized he had gone too far. "Put some back!" he screamed unreasonably.

"I can't," the barber said. "It won't stick."

"Well, then give it to me, Dominic! I want to take it with me!"

"Once it's on the floor of the shop it's mine, Mr. Weinstein."

"Like hell! I want my hair!"

He blustered and raged, and finally felt guilty and left. Goyim, he thought. One way or another, they get you.

Now he emerged from the hotel and walked up Eighth Avenue. Two men were mugging an elderly lady. My God, thought Weinstein, time was when one person could handle that job. Some city. Chaos everywhere. Kant was right: The mind imposes order. It also tells you how much to tip. What a wonderful thing, to be conscious! I wonder what the people in New Jersey do.

He was on his way to see Harriet about the alimony payments. He still loved Harriet, even though while they were married she had systematically attempted to commit adultery with all the "R"s in the Manhattan Telephone Directory. He forgave her. But he should have suspected something when his best friend and Harriet took a house in Maine together for three years without telling him where they were. He didn't *want* to see it—that was it. His sex life with Harriet had stopped early. He slept with her once on the night they first met, once on the evening of the first moon landing, and once to test if his back was all right after a slipped disc. "It's no damn good with you, Harriet," he used to complain. "You're too pure. Every time I have an urge for you I sublimate it by plant-

ing a tree in Israel. You remind me of my mother." (Molly Weinstein, may she rest in peace, who slaved for him and made the best stuffed derma in Chicago—a secret recipe until everyone realized she was putting in hashish.)

For lovemaking, Weinstein needed someone quite opposite. Like LuAnne, who made sex an art. The only trouble was, she couldn't count to twenty without taking her shoes off. He once tried giving her a book on existentialism, but she ate it. Sexually, Weinstein had always felt inadequate. For one thing, he felt short. He was five-four in his stocking feet, although in someone else's stocking feet he could be as tall as five-six. Dr. Klein, his analyst, got him to see that jumping in front of a moving train was more hostile than self-destructive but in either case would ruin the crease in his pants. Klein was his third analyst. His first was a Jungian, who suggested they try a Ouija board. Before Klein, he attended "group," but when it came time for him to speak he got dizzy and could only recite the names of all the planets. His problem was women, and he knew it. He was impotent with any woman who finished college with higher than a B-minus average. He felt most at home with graduates of typing school, although if the woman did over sixty words a minute he panicked and could not perform.

WEINSTEIN rang the bell to Harriet's apartment, and suddenly she was standing before him. Swelling to maculate giraffe, as usual, thought Weinstein. It was a private joke that neither of them understood.

"Hello, Harriet," he said.

"Oh, Ike," she said. "You needn't be so damn self-righteous."

She was right. What a tactless thing to have said. He hated himself for it.

"How are the kids, Harriet?"

"We never had any kids, Ike."

"That's why I thought four hun-

dred dollars a week was a lot for child support."

She bit her lip, Weinstein bit his lip. Then he bit her lip. "Harriet," he said, "I... I'm broke. Egg futures are down."

"I see. And can't you get help from your *shiksa*?"

"To you, any girl who's not Jewish is a *shiksa*."

"Can we forget it?" Her voice was choked with recrimination. Weinstein had a sudden urge to kiss her, or, if not her, somebody.

"Harriet, where did we go wrong?"

"We never faced reality."

"It wasn't my fault. You said it was north."

"Reality is north, Ike."

"No, Harriet. Empty dreams are north. Reality is west. False hopes are east, and I think Louisiana is south."

She still had the power to arouse him. He reached out for her, but she moved away and his hand came to rest in some sour cream.

"Is that why you slept with your analyst?" he finally blurted out. His face was knotted with rage. He felt like fainting but couldn't remember the proper way to fall.

"That was therapy," she said coldly. "According to Freud, sex is the royal road to the unconscious."

"Freud said *dreams* are the road to the unconscious."

"Sex, dreams—you're going to nit-pick?"

"Goodbye, Harriet."

It was no use. *Rien à dire, rien à faire*. Weinstein left and walked over to Union Square. Suddenly hot tears burst forth, as if from a broken dam. Hot, salty tears pent up for ages rushed out in an unabashed wave of emotion. The problem was, they were coming out of his ears. Look at this, he thought. I can't even cry properly. He dabbed his ear with Kleenex and went home.

—WOODY ALLEN

SNAKES' SHOES

THE little girl sat between her Uncle Sam's legs. Alice and Richard, her parents, sat next to them. They were divorced, and Alice had remarried. She was holding a ten-month-old baby. It had been Sam's idea that they all get together again, and now they were sitting on a big flat rock not far out into the pond.

"Look," the little girl said.

They turned and saw a very small snake coming out of a crack between two rocks on the shore.

"It's nothing," Richard said.

"It's a snake," Alice said. "You have to be careful of them. Never touch them."

"Excuse me," Richard said. "Always be careful of everything."

That was what the little girl wanted to hear, because she didn't like the way the snake looked.

"You know what snakes can do?" Sam asked her.

"What?" she said.

"They can tuck their tail into their mouth and turn into a hoop."

"Why do they do that?" she asked.

"So they can roll down hills easily."

"Why don't they just walk?"

"They don't have feet. See?" Sam said.

The snake was still; it must have sensed their presence.

"Tell her the truth now," Alice said to Sam.

The little girl looked at her uncle.

"They have feet, but they shed them in the summer," Sam said. "If you ever see tiny shoes in the woods, they belong to the snakes."

"Tell her the truth," Alice said again.

"Imagination is better than reality," Sam said to the little girl.

The little girl patted the baby. She loved all the people who were sitting on the rock. Everybody was happy, except that in the back of their minds the grownups thought that their being together again was bizarre. Alice's husband had gone to Germany to look after his father, who was ill. When Sam learned about this, he called Richard, who was his brother. Richard did not think that it was a good idea for the three of them to get together again. Sam called the next day, and Richard told him to stop asking about it. But when Sam called again that night, Richard said sure, what the hell.

They sat on the rock looking at the pond. Earlier in the afternoon a game warden had come by and he let the little girl look at the crows in the trees through his binoculars. She was impressed. Now she said that she wanted a crow.

"I've got a good story about crows," Sam said to her. "I know how they got their name. You see, they all used

to be sparrows, and they annoyed the king, so he ordered one of his servants to kill them. The servant didn't want to kill all the sparrows, so he went outside and looked at them and prayed, 'Grow. Grow.' And miraculously they did. The king could never kill anything as big and as grand as a crow, so the king and the birds and the servant were all happy."

"But why are they called crows?" the little girl asked.

"Well," Sam said, "long, long ago, a historical linguist heard the story, but he misunderstood what he was told and thought that the servant had said 'crow,' instead of 'grow.'"

"Tell her the truth," Alice said.

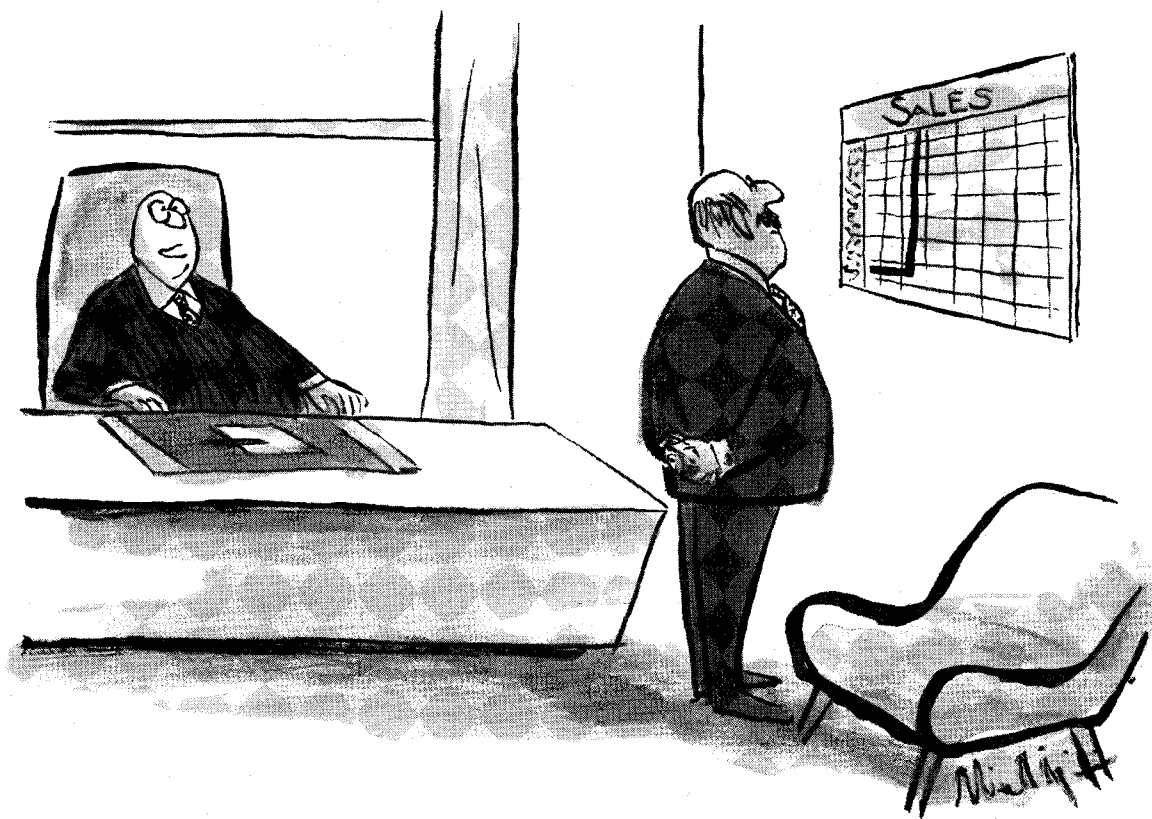
"That's the truth," Sam said. "A lot of our vocabulary is twisted around."

"Is that true?" the little girl asked her father.

"Don't ask me," he said.

BACK when Richard and Alice were engaged, Sam had tried to talk Richard out of it. He told him that he would be tied down; he said that if Richard hadn't got used to regimentation in the Air Force he wouldn't even consider marriage at twenty-four. He was so convinced that it was a bad idea that he cornered Alice at the engagement party (there were heart-shaped boxes of heart-shaped mints wrapped in paper printed with hearts for everybody to take home) and asked her to back down. At first Alice thought this was amusing. "You make me sound like a vicious dog," she said to Sam. "It's not going to work out," Sam said. "Don't do it." He showed her the little heart he was holding. "Look at these God-damned things," he said.

"They weren't my idea. They were your mother's," Alice said. She walked away. Sam watched her go. She had on a lacy beige dress. Her shoes sparkled. She was very pretty. He wished she would not marry his brother, who had been kicked around all his life—first by their mother, then by the Air Force ("Think of me as you fly into the blue," their mother had written Richard once. Christ!)—and



"That's not strictly true, of course. But these days, what is?"

now would be watched over by a wife.

The summer Richard and Alice married, they invited Sam to spend his vacation with them. It was nice that Alice didn't hold grudges. She also didn't hold a grudge against her husband, who burned a hole in an armchair and who tore the mainsail on their sailboat beyond repair by going out on the lake in a storm. She was a very patient woman. Sam found that he liked her. He liked the way she worried about Richard out in a boat in the middle of a storm. After that, Sam spent part of every summer vacation with them, and went to their house every Thanksgiving. Two years ago, just when Sam was convinced that everything was perfect, Richard told him that they were getting divorced. The next day, when Sam was alone with Alice after breakfast, he asked why.

"He burns up all the furniture," she said. "He acts like a madman with that boat. He's swamped her three times this year. I've been seeing someone else."

"Who have you been seeing?"

"No one you know."

"I'm curious, Alice. I just want to know his name."

"Hans."

"Hans. Is he a German?"

"Yes."

"Are you in love with this German?"

"I'm not going to talk about it. Why are you talking to me? Why don't you go sympathize with your brother?"

"He knows about the German?"

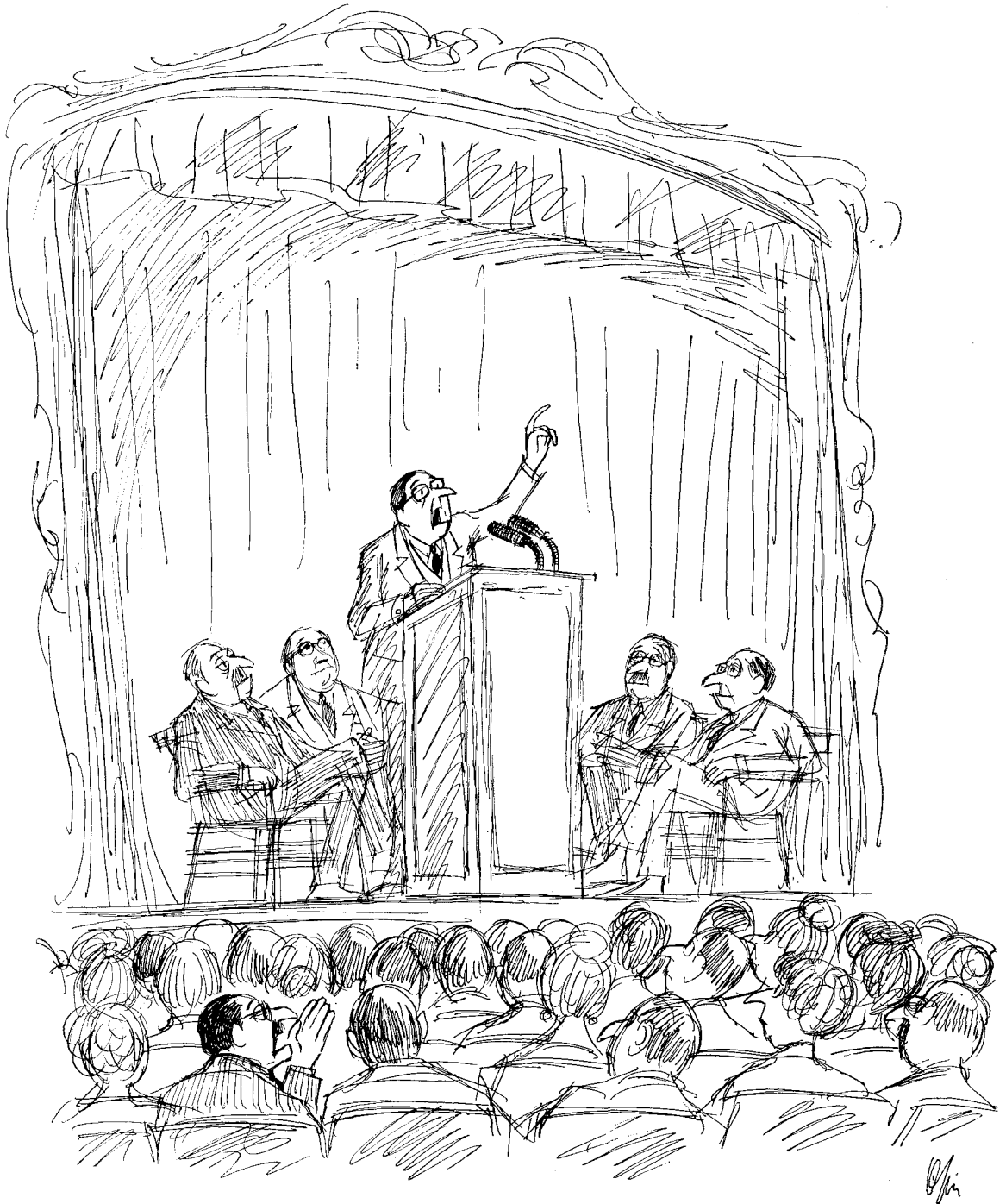
"His name is Hans."

"That's a German name," Sam said, and he went outside to find Richard and sympathize with him.

Richard was crouching beside his daughter's flower garden. His daughter was sitting on the grass across from him, talking to her flowers.

"You haven't been bothering Alice, have you?" Richard said.

"Richard, she's seeing a God-damned German," Sam said.



"I hear he rewrites all his own stuff."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"What are you talking about?" the little girl asked.

That silenced both of them. They stared at the bright orange flowers.

DO you still love her?" Sam asked after his second drink.

They were in a bar, off a boardwalk. After their conversation about the German, Richard had asked Sam to go for a drive. They had driven thirty or forty miles, to this bar, which neither of them had seen before and neither of them liked, although Sam was fascinated by a conversation now

taking place between two blond transvestites on the bar stools to his right. He wondered if Richard knew that they weren't really women, but he hadn't been able to think of a way to work it into the conversation, and he started talking about Alice instead.

"I don't know," Richard said. "I think you were right. The Air Force, Mother, marriage—"

"They're not real women," Sam said.

"What?"

Sam thought that Richard had been staring at the two people he had been watching. A mistake on his part; Rich-

ard had just been glancing around the bar.

"Those two blondes on the bar stools. They're men."

Richard studied them. "Are you sure?" he said.

"Of course I'm sure. I live in N.Y.C., you know."

"Maybe I'll come live with you. Can I do that?"

"You always said you'd rather die than live in New York."

"Well, are you telling me to kill myself, or is it O.K. if I move in with you?"

"If you want to," Sam said. He shrugged. "There's only one bedroom, you know."

"I've been to your apartment, Sam."

"I just wanted to remind you. You don't seem to be thinking too clearly."

"You're right," Richard said. "A God-damned German."

The barmaid picked up their empty glasses and looked at them.

"This gentleman's wife is in love with another man," Sam said to her.

"I overheard," she said.

"What do you think of that?" Sam asked her.

"Maybe German men aren't as creepy as American men," she said. "Do you want refills?"

AFTER Richard moved in with Sam he began bringing animals into the apartment. He brought back a dog, a cat that stayed through the winter, and a blue parakeet that had been in a very small cage that Richard could not persuade the pet-store owner to replace. The bird flew around the apartment. The cat was wild for it, and Sam was relieved when the cat eventually disappeared. Once, Sam saw a mouse in the kitchen and assumed that it was another of Richard's pets, until he realized that there was no cage for it in the apartment. When Richard came home he said that the mouse was not his. Sam called the exterminator, who refused to come in and spray the apartment because the dog had growled at him. Sam told this to his brother, to make him feel guilty for his irresponsibility. Instead, Richard brought another cat in. He said that it would get the mouse, but not for a while yet—it was only a kitten. Richard fed it cat food off the tip of a spoon.

Richard's daughter came to visit. She loved all the animals—the big mutt that let her brush him, the cat that slept in her lap, the bird that she followed from room to room, talking to it, trying to get it to land on the back of her hand. For Christmas, she gave her father a rabbit. It was a fat white rabbit

HOW IT IS

Shall I say how it is in your clothes?

A month after your death I wear your blue jacket.

The dog at the center of my life recognizes you've come to visit, he's ecstatic.

In the left pocket, a hole.

In the right, a parking ticket delivered up last August on Bay State Road.

In my heart, a scatter like milkweed, a flinging from the pods of the soul.

My skin presses your old outline.

It is hot and dry inside.

I think of the last day of your life, old friend, how I would rewind it, paste it together in a different collage, back from the death car idling in the garage, back up the stairs, your praying hands unlaced, reassembling the bites of bread and tuna fish into a ceremony of sandwich, running the home movie backward to a space we could be easy in, a kitchen place with vodka and ice, our words like living meat.

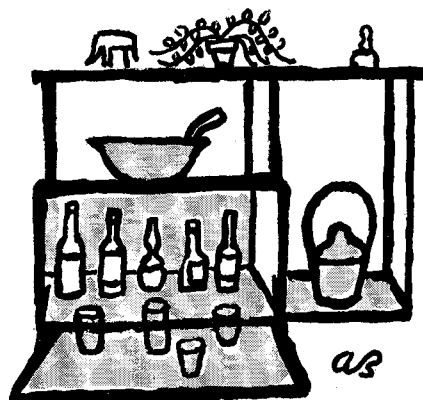
Dear friend, you have excited crowds with your example. They swell like wine bags, straining at your seams. I will be years gathering up our words, fishing out letters, snapshots, stains, leaning my ribs against this durable cloth to put on the dumb blue blazer of your death.

—MAXINE KUMIN

with one brown ear, and it was kept in a cage on the night table when neither Sam nor Richard was in the apartment to watch it and keep it away from the cat and the dog. Sam said that the only vicious thing Alice ever did was giving her daughter the rabbit to give Richard for Christmas. Eventually the rabbit died of a fever. It cost Sam one hundred and sixty dollars to treat the rabbit's illness; Richard did not have a job, and could not pay anything. Sam kept a book of I.O.U.s. In it he wrote, "Death of rabbit—\$160 to vet." When Richard did get a job, he looked over the debt book. "Why couldn't you just have written down the sum?" he asked Sam. "Why did you want to re-

mind me about the rabbit?" He was so upset that he missed the second morning of his new job. "That was inhuman," he said to Sam. "'Death of rabbit—\$160'—that was horrible. The poor rabbit. God damn you." He couldn't get control of himself.

A few weeks later, Sam and Richard's mother died. Alice wrote to Sam, saying that she was sorry. Alice had never liked their mother, but she was fascinated by the woman. She never got over her spending a hundred and twenty-five dollars on paper lanterns for the engagement party. After all these years, she was still thinking about it. "What do you think became of the lanterns after the party?" she wrote in her letter of condolence. It was an odd letter, and it didn't seem that Alice was very happy. Sam even forgave her for the rabbit. He wrote her a long letter, saying that they should all get together. He knew a motel out in the country where they could stay, perhaps for a whole weekend. She wrote back, saying that it sounded like a good idea. The only thing that upset her about it was that his secretary had typed his letter. In her letter to Sam, she pointed out several times that he could have written in longhand. Sam noticed that





both Alice and Richard seemed to be raving. Maybe they would get back together.

NOW they were all staying at the same motel, in different rooms. Alice and her daughter and the baby were in one room, and Richard and Sam had rooms down the hall. The little girl spent the nights with different people. When Sam bought two pounds of fudge, she said she was going to spend the night with him. The next night, Alice's son had colic, and when Sam looked out his window he saw Richard holding the baby, walking around and around the swimming pool. Alice was asleep. Sam knew this because the little girl left her mother's room when she fell asleep and came looking for him.

"Do you want to take me to the carnival?" she asked.

She was wearing a nightgown with blue bears upside down on it, headed for a crash at the hem.

"The carnival's closed," Sam said. "It's late, you know."

"Isn't anything open?"

"Maybe the doughnut shop. That's open all night. I suppose you want to go there?"

"I love doughnuts," she said.

She rode to the doughnut shop on Sam's shoulders, wrapped in his raincoat. He kept thinking, Ten years ago I would never have believed this. But he believed it now; there was a definite weight on his shoulders, and there were two legs hanging down his chest.

THE next afternoon, they sat on the rock again, wrapped in towels after a swim. In the distance, two hippies and an Irish setter, all in bandannas, rowed toward shore from an island.

"I wish I had a dog," the little girl said.

"It just makes you sad when you have to go away from them," her father said.

"I wouldn't leave it."

"You're just a kid. You get dragged all over," her father said. "Did you ever think you'd be here today?"

"It's strange," Alice said.

"It was a good idea," Sam said. "I'm always right."

"You're not always right," the little girl said.

"When have I ever been wrong?"

"You tell stories," she said.

"Your uncle is *imaginative*," Sam corrected.

"Tell me another one," she said to him.

"I can't think of one right now."

"Tell the one about the snakes' shoes."

"Your uncle was kidding about the snakes, you know," Alice said.

"I know," she said. Then she said to Sam, "Are you going to tell another one?"

"I'm not telling stories to people who don't believe them," Sam said.

"Come on," she said.

Sam looked at her. She had bony knees, and her hair was brownish blond. It didn't lighten in the sunshine like her mother's. She was not going to be as pretty as her mother. He rested his hand on the top of her head.

The clouds were rolling quickly across the sky, and when they moved a certain way it was possible for them to see the moon, full and faint in the sky. The crows were still in the tree-tops. A fish jumped near the rock, and someone said, "Look," and everyone did—late, but in time to see the circles widening where it had landed.

"What did you marry Hans for?" Richard asked.

"I don't know why I married either of you," Alice said.

"Where did you tell him you were



"This is between you and me, Constance. Let's leave the Republican Party out of it!"

going while he was away?" Richard asked.

"To see my sister."

"How is your sister?" he asked.

She laughed. "Fine, I guess."

"What's funny?" Richard asked.

"Our conversation," she said.

Sam was helping his niece off the rock. "We'll take a walk," he said to her. "I have a long story for you, but it will bore the rest of them."

The little girl's knees stuck out. Sam felt sorry for her. He lifted her on his shoulders and cupped his hands over her knees so he wouldn't have to look at them.

"What's the story?" she said.

"One time," Sam said, "I wrote a book about your mother."

"What was it about?" the little girl asked.

"It was about a little girl who met

all sorts of interesting animals—a rabbit who kept showing her his pocket watch, who was very upset because he was late—"

"I know that book," she said. "You didn't write that."

"I did write it. But at the time I was very shy, and I didn't want to admit that I'd written it, so I signed another name to it."

"You're not shy," the little girl said.

Sam continued walking, ducking whenever a branch hung low.

"Do you think there are more snakes?" she asked.

"If there are, they're harmless. They won't hurt you."

"Do they ever hide in trees?"

"No snakes are going to get you," Sam said. "Where was I?"

"You were talking about 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

"Don't you think I did a good job with that book?" Sam asked.

"You're silly," she said.

IT was evening—cool enough for them to wish they had more than two towels to wrap around themselves. The little girl was sitting between her father's legs. A minute before, he had said that she was cold and they should go, but she said that she wasn't and even managed to stop shivering. Alice's son was asleep, squinting. Small black insects clustered on the water in front of the rock. It was their last night there.

"Where will we go?" Richard said.

"How about a seafood restaurant? The motel owner said he could get a babysitter."

Richard shook his head.

"No?" Alice said, disappointed.

"Yes, that would be fine," Richard said. "I was thinking more existential-ly."

"What does that mean?" the little girl asked.

"It's a word your father made up," Sam said.

"Don't tease her," Alice said.

"I wish I could look through that man's glasses again," the little girl said.

"Here," Sam said, making two circles with the thumb and first finger of each hand. "Look through these."

She leaned over and looked up at the trees through Sam's fingers.

"Much clearer, huh?" Sam said.

"Yes," she said. She liked this game.

"Let me see," Richard said, leaning to look through his brother's fingers.

"Don't forget me," Alice said, and she leaned across Richard to peer through the circles. As she leaned across him, Richard kissed the back of her neck.

—ANN BEATTIE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BARK CANOE—II

WHEN white explorers first came to northeastern North America, they looked in wonder at bark canoes—as well they might, for nothing like them existed in Europe. There was eloquence in the evidence they gave of the genius of humankind. The materials were simple, but the structure was not. An adroit technology had come down with the tribes from immemorial time, and now—in the sixteenth, the seventeenth century—here were bark canoes on big rivers and ocean bays curiously circling ships from another world. Longboats were lowered, to be rowed by crews of four and upward. The sailors hauled at their oars. The Indians, two to a canoe, indolently whisked their narrow paddles and easily drew away. In their wake they left a stunning impression. Not only were they faster. They could see where they were going.

White explorers got out of their ships and went thousands of miles in bark canoes. They travelled in them until the twentieth century, for bark canoes were the craft of the north continent. Nothing else, indigenous or imported, could do what they could do. The explorers in the main were not seeking the advancement of geophysical knowledge, chimeric routes to the Orient. They were looking for fur. Fur sources around the Baltic Sea were diminishing, and prices there had risen to prohibitive levels, so the attention of Western Europe had turned to the American woods. The demand for fur was intense, because it was used not only in pelt form but also, and to a much greater extent, in the making of felt and other materials. Most wanted of all was the fur of the beaver. The underhair, or “beaver wool,” had minute barbs, and when the hair was compressed the barbs would hold fabric together.

The fur trade began in the estuaries of rivers. White traders soon followed the Indians upstream to complete their transactions nearer the sources of the fur. What the whites brought to offer were not merely clothes, blankets, beads, and copper kettles but also steel traps, spears, knives, and guns, with which the Indians could vastly increase the collection of fur. Red and white hands were clasped in enterprise. Some Canadians savor the thought that while Americans to the south—intoxicated with their “Manifest Destiny”—were killing Indians and stealing their land,

Canadians red and white were developing warm interracial relationships bonded by a business that was conducted to the advantage of all. All but the beaver. Where Indian families might once have taken just a few pelts for their own use, whole lodges were destroyed. Beaver populations declined toward zero with proximity to the outlets of commerce. Thus the Ojibway, the Cree, the Algonquian—Canadian tribes across the woods—were in on the beginnings of the end of their own environment. They were willing partners, profiteers. Down the river they sold the beaver, the mink, the marten, the lynx, the otter. They sold the hides of deer, moose, caribou. They even sold the skin of the wild goose. They sold anything with hair, almost anything that moved—and to keep the whole bonanza going they sold their birch canoes.

The fur trade, as it lengthened, manifested its own destiny and Canada's, too. The fur trade established canoe routes to the far northwest, and conjoined the segments of a continental wilderness. It is possible to cross Canada by canoe, to crisscross Canada, to go almost anywhere. Canada is twenty-five per cent water. The quantity of it outreaches belief. A sixth of all the fresh water that exists on earth is in Canadian lakes, Canadian ponds, Canadian streams, Canadian rivers. A friend of mine who grew up in Timmins, a remote community in Ontario, once told me about an Indian friend of his in boyhood who developed an irresistible urge to see New York City. He put his canoe in the water and started out. From stream to lake to pond to portage, he made his way a hundred miles to Lake Timiskaming, and its outlet, the Ottawa River. He went down the Ottawa to the St. Lawrence, down the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu, up the Richelieu to Lake Champlain, and from Lake Champlain to the Hud-

son. At the Seventy-ninth Street Boat Basin, he left the canoe in the custody of attendants and walked on into town. Reversing that trip, and then some, one could go by canoe from Seventy-ninth Street to Alaska, and down the Yukon to the Bering Sea. By the Rat-Porcupine route (up the Rat, down the Porcupine), the length of the portage over the Rocky Mountains is half a mile. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific, anywhere on the routes that were used by the fur trade, the longest portage is thirteen miles (and even that is an exaggeration, because the trail is interrupted by a mile-long lake). In 1778, a white trader for the first time crossed that portage. It is Methye Portage, in what is now northern Saskatchewan. His name was Peter Pond. Beyond the portage, in the region of Lake Athabasca, he encountered a crowded population of beaver whose fur (as a result of the mean temperature there) was as long and rich as any yet found in North America. The discovery extended to its practical limit the distance that fur could travel in the unfrozen season by canoe from the source to Montreal. Transatlantic ships could navigate the St. Lawrence to the Lachine Rapids, near Montreal. At the head of the rapids, the fur-trade canoe routes began. The distance from Lachine to Lake Athabasca was three thousand miles. Unsurprisingly, the men who did the paddling were known as the *voyageurs*.

Some stayed in the far-northern outposts for the winter, others in Montreal. With the spring breakup, they started from both ends, and by mid-summer had met in the middle. They exchanged cargoes. These were some of the things in the packs bound west and north: false hair, garters, tomahawks, rolls of bark from the birches of the East. The *voyageurs* returned—the survivors returned—whence they had come. Crosses marked their routes, sometimes many crosses in a single place. Packs weighed ninety pounds, and a *voyageur* on a portage was responsible for six. Generally, two packs were portaged at a time, and sometimes three. The largest recorded burden carried by one man in one trip across a portage was six hundred and thirty pounds. It has been reported that the *voyageurs* liked to show off. They were, on the whole, small men; large ones were not worth their extra weight in fur. Even under the hundred-and-



eighty-pound weight of a standard two-pack load, they were more or less forced to run if they wanted to move at all, so they took off at a trot at the start of a portage—uphill, downhill, over rough or boggy terrain. They died of strangulated hernias, and of heart attacks, sometimes. Five hundred mink skins would fit in one pack. *Voyageurs* also drowned in rapids.

When they started out in the spring from Montreal, they were blessed by a priest, and each canoe was given a summer-ration eight-gallon keg of brandy. The *voyageurs* drank most of it the first night out. They went virtually nowhere the next day. Sober again, they sang their way to Lake Superior. All day, they sang *chansons* of the Loire Valley, which gave them their rhythm and their distraction. They went up the Ottawa and up the Mattawa and across the Height of Land. They went down the French River from Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay. They circled the north rim of Lake Superior. They averaged fifty miles a day. When rivers became too shallow for paddling, they shoved up-current with poles. When they could not pole, they got out and lined—hailed the canoes, bargelike, from the shore with ropes. When they could not line, they dragged. They would do anything to avoid a portage or reduce its length. There were more than a hundred portages between Lake Athabasca and Montreal.

They wore plumed hats, billowing shirts, bright-colored sashes. Their paddle blades were brilliant red, green, blue. They stopped once an hour for a churchwarden smoke, and they measured big lakes not in miles but in pipes. They got up in the morning at two or three. Hours of paddling preceded breakfast. They made their camp at nine, even ten, at night. In the north, they ate pemmican—pounded buffalo or caribou meat, sometimes with berries in it, dried in the sun. In the Middle West, they ate wild rice and maize. Toward the East, they ate pork and hardtack, peas and beans.

They came in large numbers from the Quebecois farm country east of Montreal. From the fur trade the *voyageurs* got almost nothing but a change of scene, in a business that for its owners was unimaginably profitable. An investment of, say, eight hundred pounds could bring back sixteen thousand. The *voyageurs* worked for the North West Company and, ultimately, for the Hudson's Bay Company, which merged the North West Company out of existence in 1821.

Bark canoes the Indians made for

on the black stage he
was in an imaginary box
mime mime mime mime mi

its inner surface stopped his
hand, the audience gasped
amazing amazing amazing ama

he climbed stairs that were
not there, walked and went
nowhere nowhere nowhere now

the mime imagined a box.
his feet felt glass, the plane's
fall halted, up, up, praise be
mimesis mimesis mimesis mime

—JOHN UPDIKE

the real world was what his
head told his hands to delimit
in air in air in air in a

chill certain as glass, the
other world was fuzzy and
treacherous treacherous trea

he took a plane, it began
to fall, the passengers shrieked
help o God o help help he

themselves seldom exceeded twenty feet, and were generally shorter than that, on down to nine-foot and ten-foot hunter canoes. Canoes they built on order for the fur trade were thirty-six feet long and could carry four tons. It took four men to portage them. Wet, they weighed six hundred pounds. They were known as *canots de maître*. They travelled in brigades—usually four, but sometimes as many as ten, in a line. The bowman, the *avant*, had the captain role. In white water, the sternman, the *gouvernail*, was too far back to see what the *voyageurs* called the *fil d'eau*—the place to shoot the rapid. Paddlers in the middle worked two abreast. Personnel shifts (advancement, transfer, death) caused a crew to vary considerably, and as many as fifteen men sometimes paddled a *canot de maître*. Eight or ten was the usual number. The crew slept under the overturned canoe and an attached tarpaulin, and to make this arrangement as spacious as possible the canoes were designed with high, curling ends. For the more northerly runs through what is now Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the trade developed the *canot du nord*, which was narrower and shorter—twenty-five feet. Some of the streams of the northern route were too small for the *canot de maître*. The companies appropriated the art from the Indians, set up their own factories, and made bark canoes. On spruce-plank building beds with permanent stake holes, the plant at Trois-Rivières, Quebec, could produce in a year twenty *canots de maître*. Certain white names ultimately acquired celebrity in the field, notably L. A. Christopherson, who for almost forty years built, and in part designed, Hudson's Bay Company fur-trade ca-

noes. High on their curling sterns were the letters "HBC." This, in company argot, meant "Here Before Christ."

INEVITABLY, after working for some years in the sixteen-foot range, Henri Vaillancourt—a young New Hampshire man who is one of the few living makers of bark canoes—developed an ambition to build a fur-trade canoe. He needed an order, though. It was not the sort of thing he could just stop and do, since he was laden with commitments and was taking orders a year and more ahead. Meanwhile, on a reconnaissance trip in northern New Hampshire he had found one of the largest birches he had ever seen. It had suitable, elastic bark. He decided not to use the bark for sixteen-foot canoes. It would stay there on the living tree until he got an order for a *canot du nord*, or even a *canot de maître*.



All through his building history, Vaillancourt has experimented with aspects of the craft, going through phases that have been less pragmatic than artistic in their shifts and choices.

Some of his early canoes were very sharp-ended. "I had a thing for sharp ends," he explains. "The sharp-ended ones were fast canoes. They looked good." They were narrow in the bow and stern to the point of seeming hollow-cheeked. It was difficult to turn them. They could not be called responsive. They cut a fine, deep line into the water, and straight ahead was the direction in which they wanted to go. Compared with an apple-cheeked Grumman canoe, Henri's canoes still look like cutlery, but of late the ends have markedly amplified. Why? "I like it that way. I think it looks good." The criterion is always the same: "It

looks good." His canoes were once narrower in beam as well. They have always been shallow—rarely deeper than a foot. He has generally preferred straight profiles at the ends. "But sometimes I'll give it some heel toward the bottom, or undercut it a little bit. It depends on your mood when you build it." He used to overlap his planking, like clapboard, in the Abnaki manner. Then, some years ago, in his travels he saw a Malecite canoe with edge-to-edge planking. "It was so neat-looking. So sophisticated. I just had to do it. It's much harder to do." With the edge-to-edge planking, he began making wider and thicker ribs. They look good against the planking.

The largest canoe dealer in the East uses a Vaillancourt canoe as a conversation piece in a showroom full of Old Towns. A woman named Jean Newton, who lives in a shed in the Palouse mountains of Idaho, has a Vaillancourt tumble-home canoe that was made from a single piece of bark. She saw Henri's name in "The Last Whole Earth Catalog," to which he once wrote a letter promoting trade. Her canoe hangs from the shed rafters, on cinches. Idaho State University ordered a canoe from him for a course on Indian canoeing and for the making of an educational film. John Farrell, of Warren, New Jersey, discovered Henri in the "Small Business & Crafts" section of *Yankee* magazine and ordered a fourteen-foot Vaillancourt canoe, which he uses for fishing and duck hunting on the upper Passaic River. Warren Soderberg, who owns a hardware store in Dresser, Wisconsin, bought an eighteen-foot Vaillancourt canoe and is planning a fifteen-day canoe trip in Ontario during moose season in the fall. "I'd like to shoot a moose out of my birch-bark canoe with a bow and arrow," he has said. "Why? Just to say that I've done it." Henri made a nine-foot hunter canoe for a woman in New Jersey who wanted one that small so she could lift it herself. It weighs twenty pounds.

Then, finally, an order came for a fur-trade canoe. The customer's name was Kent Reeves. He lived in Shokan, New York, and he was a professor of environmental education whose classroom was a forest (called the Ashokan Field Campus). It belonged to a sub-



"Dear Mummy, just a quick note while Nedsy has me on hold."

division of the State University. Reeves had conceived, and was in the process of organizing, a graduate course that would be one long field trip on the route of the *voyageurs*, mainly west of Superior. It would be called Frontier Life on the Voyageurs' Trail—six credits toward a master's degree. Beyond Reeves' considerable library on the fur-trade era, what the course needed most was a *canot du nord*. Reeves had sought out the names of people who could make one. He had visited them and had examined their work. He had arrived at an opinion of Henri that exactly coincided with Henri's opinion of himself: Henri was, by a considerable margin, the best. The two main considerations that brought Reeves to this conclusion were, in his words, "quality and authenticity." Henri wanted three thousand dollars. Reeves flinched, but he produced the money. The students who signed up for the course made their own paddles, sawing them out of basswood and finishing them with drawknives. They sewed their own billowy shirts and wove bright-colored sashes. They made *voyageur* hats, and they made moccasins with moose skin from the HBC. Meanwhile, Henri made the *canot du nord*. The bark was all it had appeared to be when it stood in the forest, and the canoe was representative of the best work he could do. He was still tapping in ribs as the course was

about to begin, and the day he finished the canoe someone sent by Reeves arrived to take it away. Henri could not stand to see it go, and he was in an ugly mood for the rest of the summer. Finished in the morning, gone in the afternoon—never again would he let that happen, he decided. He was never going to be deadlined by a day, or even a month—the year alone was enough of a promise. He wanted his canoes around for a while when they were done. Wistfully, he wondered if the North Canoe would ever come back to Greenville for a touchup in "the yard"—his workplace. Meanwhile, in the Quetico-Superior, it went up the Pigeon River on the route of the *voyageurs*. It was poled upstream and lined up rapids. It was a dry, sound, stable canoe—beautiful in sheer, smoothly seamed, with high, Christopherson ends. The graduate students sprayed themselves with Off and carried freeze-dried food, but they also learned and sang Loire Valley songs, ate some pork and dried peas, and drank from eight-gallon kegs of brandy. The course, moving northward, was a total success. It established itself in the curriculum. It left nothing in its wake but a lonely master of arts.

HENRI VAILLANCOURT once had a dead bear in his room at college. This emerges as we move north on the northernmost arm of Chesuncook



"George, this is the late Fred Warner. Fred, this is the late George Edwards."

Lake, in Maine—five of us and our equipment in two bark canoes. Between the canoes, idle conversation is for us what the *chansons* were for the *voyageurs*. Up at six, we have been on the water since seven-forty-five. The wind has not yet come up for the day. The canoes tend to separate. One or the other moves wide or falls behind. The gap extends until it reaches a kind of psychological apogee, at which moment binding forces begin to apply, and the two canoes—alone on hundreds of acres of water—draw slowly together until they all but touch.

Rick Blanchette says to Henri, when the gap is narrow, "So. How are you?"

"Fine. How are you? Still working down at the plastics shop?"

"Yes. Still building canoes?"

"Yes."

"How are the wife and kids?" Henri has no wife and kids.

"Fine. How are your wife and kids?"

Rick has none, either, but this ritual occurs at least twice a day.

I have told them they sound like Kordofan Arabs, who say to one another:

"God bless you."

"How is your health?"

"Thanks be to God, well."

"God bless you."

"How are your camels?"

"Thanks be to God, well. How are your camels?"

"Thanks be to God, well. How are your cattle?"

"Thanks be to God, well." And so on through any living thing in sight or mind.

And now Henri says to Rick, "How are your camels?"

And Rick says, "Thanks be to God, well. How are your cattle?"

And—to put a stop to it—I say, "God bless you. How is your dead bear?"

Henri explains that it was a cub and did not take up much space in the room.

"A cub!" Warren Elmer says, and his paddle stops.

"Someone had shot it, and my roommate got it from a butcher. I wanted to have the skin."

"I'd like to have the skin of the person who shot it," Warren says, and with his paddle rips a hole in the lake.

"If someone shot it, you know, someone might as well make use of it," Henri says, with a dismissive shrug.

The gap begins to widen again. He takes the lead. He likes to be in the lead. He crosses our bow—so close that we have to stop to let him pass.

There has been an inordinate amount of talk this morning about Mud Pond Carry, which is only a mile or so ahead of us, and which comes back into the conversation now as we make the first portage of the trip—although "portage" is hardly the word for it. A scant fifty feet separates

Chesuncook Lake from Umbazooksus Stream, across the low remains of an earth-fill logging dam. But the topographic map indicates that Mud Pond Carry is two miles long, and that it is a straight walk with a gentle rise of seventy feet followed by a gentle drop of sixty. There is tension, though, in Henri's voice when he talks about it, and in Rick's as well—a lot of verbal flexing and dancing around, with tremors at the mention of the name. I don't understand why. Perhaps it is because Thoreau got lost there—wandered right off into the woods, and was found, by his guide, many miles away.

We move on up Umbazooksus Stream,

which is almost a deadwater—a current so light it can scarcely bend grass. We have come into a quiet, somewhat eerie chamber in the woods. Inaccurately, it puts forth a sense of lurking harm, and someone mentions "Deliverance." We have all read the book or seen the movie—about four men on a canoe trip, one of whom is sexually abused at gunpoint by a stubby-bearded mountain man—and among us "Deliverance" has become a sort of standing joke, like the plastics shop and the camels. "Deliverance" may have been set at the far end of the Appalachian chain, but its thought-wave effects seem to have reached to wherever canoes may float, and in one way or another we have all been warned not to go on canoe trips. Were we crazy? Did we realize what could *happen* out there? Had we seen "Deliverance"?

James Dickey, author of the novel and of the script of the film, lives on an artificial lake in Columbia, South Carolina. He teaches creative writing at the university there. He owns an aluminum canoe, and, by the report of colleagues, has logged in it journeys of impressively short distance. Students gather around him, and he says, "We need white water!" and they address the canoe to the shore of the flat brown lake. Dickey goes into the house and comes back with a half-gallon bottle of bourbon, glasses, and ice. He goes in again, and comes out with his bow and arrow, his Martin guitar, and more

duffel and cargo, until the canoe, loaded and launched, is low in the freeboard with students, writer, and gear. The canoe goes over the water. Then the water goes over the canoe. The canoe rolls, spills everyone. The guitar floats away. Dickey struggles to his feet. The lake comes up to his knees.

Such germinal scenes, transmuted in the treasures of the author's imagination, have led to the impression that this mildest, gentlest, safest of outdoor activities—pursued for generations by summering teachers and Explorer Scouts—is a fear-shot thing to do. We decide that Umbazooksus Stream is James Dickey country, and around the next bend we will encounter the Umbazooksus Stationary Rapist, who, truth be told, is flown in each day from Boston. With thumbless hands, he strums a banjo while he waits.

From time to time, we encounter on the rivers and lakes other people in canoes. Warren and I, on a long walk in the woods one day in the hope of seeing wildlife, see instead two traveling canoemen in yellow slickers drinking canned beer by their beached canoe. As we emerge from the woods and walk toward them, incredible fear comes into their eyes. We are hairy—I with a stubble, Warren with a Visigoth's beard. We have no apparent canoe. We look "native" enough to rape a stone. One of the men has cherubic cheeks and fair hair and a fat tummy and small eyes, and he seems to be aware of his unfortunate resemblance to the victim in "Deliverance." The closer we move, the beadier the eyes become. The beer can is up like plasma. We are now on top of these men, and there is nothing warm in their regard, which seems to say, "One more step and we'll scream."

"Hello," Warren says.

"Hi," I insert.

Warren speaks to them of routes and the weather. It is at once apparent that he has been miscast. His voice is all wrong to bear freight of danger, ignoble tones of any kind. The beer descends. The eyes de-head. The scene uncreates itself.

Facts fulfill fiction sometimes, though. The river in the South that is most often identified as "Deliverance" country has attracted many hundreds of people who might otherwise have never in their lives stepped into a canoe. With some apparent sense of secondhand macho and shared novelistic experience, they have set out in canoes on the river; and, like boys from Hotchkiss and Groton being gored in the streets of Pamplona, a few of them have been killed—the ultimate

adventure—but not by the gun of a strange aggressor. They have been killed by fast-moving water, with which their experience was limited to having seen it on film.

Dickey is not responsible, of course. He did not create foolhardiness. All he created was an imaginative book full of wildly impossible canoeing scenes—canoes diving at steep angles down breathtaking cataracts, and shooting like javelins through white torrents among blockading monoliths—and a film that was faithful to the book. A canoe trip is a society so small and isolated that its frictions—and everything else about it—can magnify to stunning size. When trouble comes on a canoe trip, it comes from the inside, from fast-growing hatreds among the friends who started. Perhaps Dickey delivered less than he might have when he brought trouble in from the outside.

Henri says that his reaction to "Deliverance," while seeing the movie, was that he couldn't care less who was doing what to whom but he was shocked and alarmed by what was happening to the canoes.

Dingbat Prouty, a hundred years ago, was a logger who worked in this region of the woods, and one noted day he nearly drowned in a multiple tragedy in fast water, at a pitch on the Penobscot that took the lives of three of his companions. Prouty, swimming to safety, pulled himself up on a huge log that was floating in an eddy, and there he searched his soaked clothing,

found his pipe and some tobacco that was dry, and had himself a quiet, contemplative smoke while the corpses went on downriver. "Ain't he a James Dickey bird!" said another logger, who watched him sitting there. The year was 1870. "Now, ain't he a James Dickey bird!" The expression was used to describe any person whose words or actions were filled with striking incongruities; and here, north of the Moosehead, it was universally understood.

We take a clearer look at the stream. If ever there was moose country, it is Umbazooksus Stream—with its broad meanders through fields of sedge, its occasional dead standing trees. The stream is quiet and protected, surrounded by forest. We decide that we are going to see a moose here. We will stop paddling, stop talking, and stay until a moose shows up or the stream freezes. We settle down to wait. Stillness envelops us. It is the stillness of a moose intending to appear.

Thoreau was here on the twenty-seventh of July. Joe Polis, his Indian guide, told him that "Umbazooksus" meant "Much Meadow River." Thoreau described it in his journal as "a very meadowy stream, and deadwater. . . . The space between the woods, chiefly bare meadow . . . is a rare place for moose." He described the sedges, the wool grass, the abundant colonies of common blue flag. The year was 1857, and nothing has discernibly changed since then. "It was unusual for the woods to be so



"Now that you ask, I'm damned if I do know what 'oyez' means!"

distant from the shore," he continued. "There was quite an echo from them, but when I was shouting in order to awake it, the Indian reminded me that I should scare the moose, which he was looking out for, and which we all wanted to see. The word for echo was Pockadunkquaywayle."

It is, of course, possible that a long brown snout will appear, a rack of antlers—unfortunately, a buck. We have seen no deer, but there are enough around—five per square mile of the Maine forest. Deer are so suburban, however, that for me they would frankly disturb the atmosphere of this remote northern stream. Deer intensely suggest New Jersey. One of the densest concentrations of wild deer in the United States—a hundred per square mile—inhabits the part of New Jersey that, as it happens, I inhabit, too. Deer like people. They like to be near people, and New Jersey has more people per acre than any other state. People move out of the city to a New Jersey town and turn rhapsodic at the sight of deer. They write letters, songs, poems implying that they now live on the edge of wilderness. ("There were deer outside the window this morning.") Thoreau mentions a "deer that went a-shopping" in the streets of Bangor, explaining that deer "are more common about the settlements." Deer use the sidewalks in the heart of Princeton. A year or so ago, I saw a buck with a big eight-point rocking-chair rack looking magnificent as he stood between two tractor-trailers in the Frito-Lay parking lot in New Brunswick, New Jersey. When the buckshot season comes, New Jersey's deer know it, and at the sound of the first blast they get up on people's porches or stand around on lawns, waiting it out. The season lasts a week, in December. If the deer are patient, they die of old age. Meanwhile, they love apples. They like alfalfa, soybeans, clover, and lettuce. They like much of the truck in the gardens of man. In long files, they move through woodlots from orchards to gardens to the edges of fields. When the squirrels stop playing on the ground and run up into the trees, the herd is coming, travelling into the wind. A doe appears. Another. Another. Sometimes twenty go by, and then there is a skip in time. Now the main buck, the king of the herd, steps out of the woods. Hunters—watching from cover or from tree stands—will choose a

buck in summer and take movies of him through the fall, waiting for December. Deer particularly gravitate to semi-rural research centers, of which there are many around Princeton, spaced like moons through the wooded countryside. The hunters know the size and special characteristics of each herd: the Squibb herd, the Dow Jones herd, the Western Electric herd, the Mobil Oil herd. The Institute for Advanced Study has extensive woodlots, and the smartest deer on earth are in the Institute herd.

If a deer would degrade this place slightly, a moose, on the other hand, would stir the morning. Our patience endures, though, no more than an hour. Like Thoreau before us, we fail to see a moose on Much Meadow River. Above us, a loon flies, laughing. We move on up the stream to its source—Umbazooksus Lake. A strong north wind has come up, and we have to fight it across the lake to the beginning of the carry.

Henri is edgy before the start. With considerable meticulousness, he slowly ties his tumpline to the center thwart and adjusts his carry board, which is tied to the thwart with a rawhide thong. The tump will fit across his forehead and pick up some of the canoe's weight. The carry board, a flat piece of cedar, a modified shingle, will place weight on the back of his head and the middle of his shoulders. Thoreau described such a carry board in "The Maine Woods," and Henri has made this one from Thoreau's description. I ask him if the carry board generally helps a lot, and he says he will soon find out.

"You've always done without one?"

"I've never made a portage before."

With the exception of the fifty-foot carry we made into Umbazooksus Stream, he says, this is the first portage of his life.

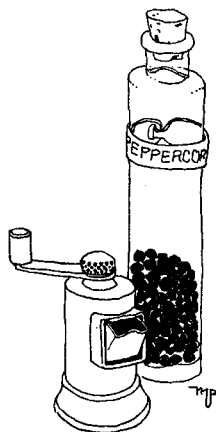
In astonishment, I ask him, then, how many canoe trips he has made, and he says four—all short ones, and all without portages. I remember the little thirteen-foot canoe he was determined to bring on this trip, and I now understand why. He is well prepared, though, with his tump and carry board, and with two paddles tied to the thwarts so the flat of the blades will rest on his shoulders. He flips the canoe and holds it by the gunwales above him, the bow tip resting on the ground. He lowers the canoe into place on his

shoulders. The bow swings upward to a point of balance. He adjusts the tump on his forehead. The over-all rig rides lightly. He starts off fast, almost at a trot, and disappears up the trail. His manual is in his head. "The Indian started off first with the canoe and was soon out of sight, going much faster than an ordinary walk," wrote Thoreau in his journal, describing the start of this portage.

Mud Pond Carry is the way of traffic north, and has been, apparently, since a time soon after the invention of the canoe. So many feet have scuffed across these two miles that the trail is a worn trench, lying well below the surrounding terrain, just as roads in Somerset, many centuries old, run in deep grooves between the fields around them. It is impossible to imagine how Thoreau could have got lost here, how he got out of the long ditch and wandered away, for in his time it was already deep. He called it "a loosely paved gutter" and a "very wet and rocky path through the universal dense evergreen forest... where we went leaping from rock to rock and from side to side, in the vain attempt to keep out of the water and mud." If Mud Pond Carry were more ample, we could paddle across it in the canoes, for it is a trail full of water. From one end to the other, bullfrogs live in the portage.

Rick, lighter than Henri and with the heavier canoe, has no tumpline or carry board, and the paddles, almost from the start, cut into his shoulders. With a pack basket and other gear, I walk in front of him and test the footing, so he can avoid following where I sink in deep. The water in the portage is not just standing there in pools. It actually runs—a man-made (foot-made) stream. As we cover the first mile, the current is coming toward us. I keep calling back to Rick, telling him when to step up on "the bank," because the mud is too deep, and when to step back into the trail, because the canoe would otherwise strike the encroaching trees. Now and again, the strain of the canoe's bulk and the knee-wrenching slipperiness underfoot cause him to stop and rest, but he declines all offers of assistance. It is clearly quite important to him that he carry the canoe to the far end by himself. It is his first portage, too.

In the second mile, we notice that the current in the carry is now moving away from us. We have crossed the height of land. The water that ran toward us was on its way to the Penobscot River and Penobscot Bay. The water now running away from us



is Allagash flow, headed north to Canada, where it will go down the St. John to the Bay of Fundy. For some sixty years after Yorktown, Great Britain was under the impression that this height of land was the boundary between the United States and Canada—a viewpoint that contained within it an excuse for war, but the king of Holland was called upon as mediator and the opportunity passed. The king saw the Mud Pond Carry only on a map, and Thoreau thought this a pity, because “the king of Holland would have been in his element” here.

At the Mud Pond end of the carry, Henri combs and recombs his hair. He shows no inclination to go back and get his packs. By conventional procedure, the person not carrying the canoe takes some of the duffel halfway and then goes back for the rest; meanwhile, the canoe carrier goes to the far end, then returns for the gear that has been left at the halfway point. Henri, who has worked out so many of his skills empirically, obviously means to do the same with portaging, and the precedent he sets now is that carrying the canoe is all he will do. Someone else will have to go back for his packs. Warren does so, with a cheerful shrug.

FOR thirty miles up the Allagash lakes—Chamberlain, Eagle, Churchill Lake—we fight the north wind. Much of the time, we lose. For hours it stops us—blows so hard that we can’t move. It brings frustration and fans dissension. It’s a real muzzler, a nose-ender. Henri’s advertised philosophy—“Take it easy, see some wildlife”—has long since shrivelled, and now blows completely away. Nothing can distract him—neither a mink nor a marten nor a buff-colored hawk clinging to a swaying fir—from his apparent need not to take it easy. When the wind defeats us and we have to wait, he prowls, fidgets, and swears. At home, he can carve for ten straight hours, but here he cannot sit still.



“Well, here it is, honey. The bottom line.”

Even Mud Pond, which is only one mile by two, is a brownish froth, uncrossable, and to get to the other side we have to make a high circle in the lee of the northern shore. Henri, whose talents do not include map reading, wanders up the inlet stream. The Blanchettes call him back. The outlet stream is too shallow for riding, so we walk down it with our hands on the floating canoes. We enter a bay of Chamberlain Lake. The bay is small—only two or three hundred acres—and almost completely landlocked. At the far end is a gap in the trees, beyond which is open water. It is fairly hard work just to traverse this little bay, for the oncoming waves are high enough to wash into the canoes—into Henri’s in particular. Finally, we near the gap, and through it can more clearly see the main body of the lake—storied, wind-ridden Chamberlain. For thirty-odd years, I have been hearing tales of this lake and how it is a whistling groove whose waves stand up like the teeth of a saw. The lake surface out there now is as white as a fast rapid. The waves are two feet high. We

pause in the narrows, watch the big rollers, and take out on the shore beside them. The sun is falling. We will wait for morning and hope for calm.

Warren and I jump into the water and—to get the grit of travel out of our hair—shampoo with Lava soap. Henri unloads his canoe and takes Mike Blanchette in his bow, and they go out to play with the big waves. The canoe nearly broncos them into the water, and they run for shore. Clean, feeling good, Warren and I build a bonfire of dry-ki in the lee of the forest and beside a big rock on the beach. Henri and the Blanchettes make their fire back in the woods. I go down in my pack for my pharmaceutical bottles, which are white and plastic and contain bourbon and gin. Henri makes himself a gin-and-Tang. There are worse things in life than stopping early for the day, surveying whitecapped water across the rim of a tin cup, standing in a wind where no-see-um no fly. Warren and I cook dried hamburgers in a bucket of noodles. Henri eats his green jerky and gray oatmeal. Facing the big dry-ki fire, a trayful of

gingerbread rises to unprecedented heights in my reflector oven. Henri wolfs it when the tray is passed to him. He announces that he has decided to buy a reflector oven.

Some years ago, with his college roommate, Henri went camping in chill weather. He had an old, thinned-out sleeping bag, in which he nearly froze, while his roommate slept comfortably in a down bag. Henri is frugal, and he generally gets along on things he makes or adapts, but when he does decide to buy something he invariably seeks out the best there is. After that trip, he bought himself an Eddie Bauer down bag—a Cadillac with feathers in it. He still has it, and has kept it in excellent condition. “I hate to even mention what I used to bring into the woods, I was so ill-equipped,” he says. Before he discovered pack baskets, he used plastic garbage bags. They developed holes, and

water soaked his gear. He has encased his pack baskets in waterproofed canvas. As a raincoat, he still uses a plastic garbage bag with holes cut in it for his arms and head. He paid seventy-five dollars for his Hudson’s Bay jacket, though. He has bought a color-television set for his shop. His stereo equipment is of an expensive order. And when his work presses in on him and he has to get away from it, he will bolt out of town sometimes on his new ten-speed Schwinn Le Tour.

At five-thirty in the morning, Henri is up and ready to go. He wants to move while the lake is relatively calm, to be ahead of the wind. There are scattered whitecaps even now. The Indians called Chamberlain Apmoojenegamook, and no one could argue with that description. If the human race has one common denominator, it is hatred of head winds, and the Indian assessment seems to have been that no one

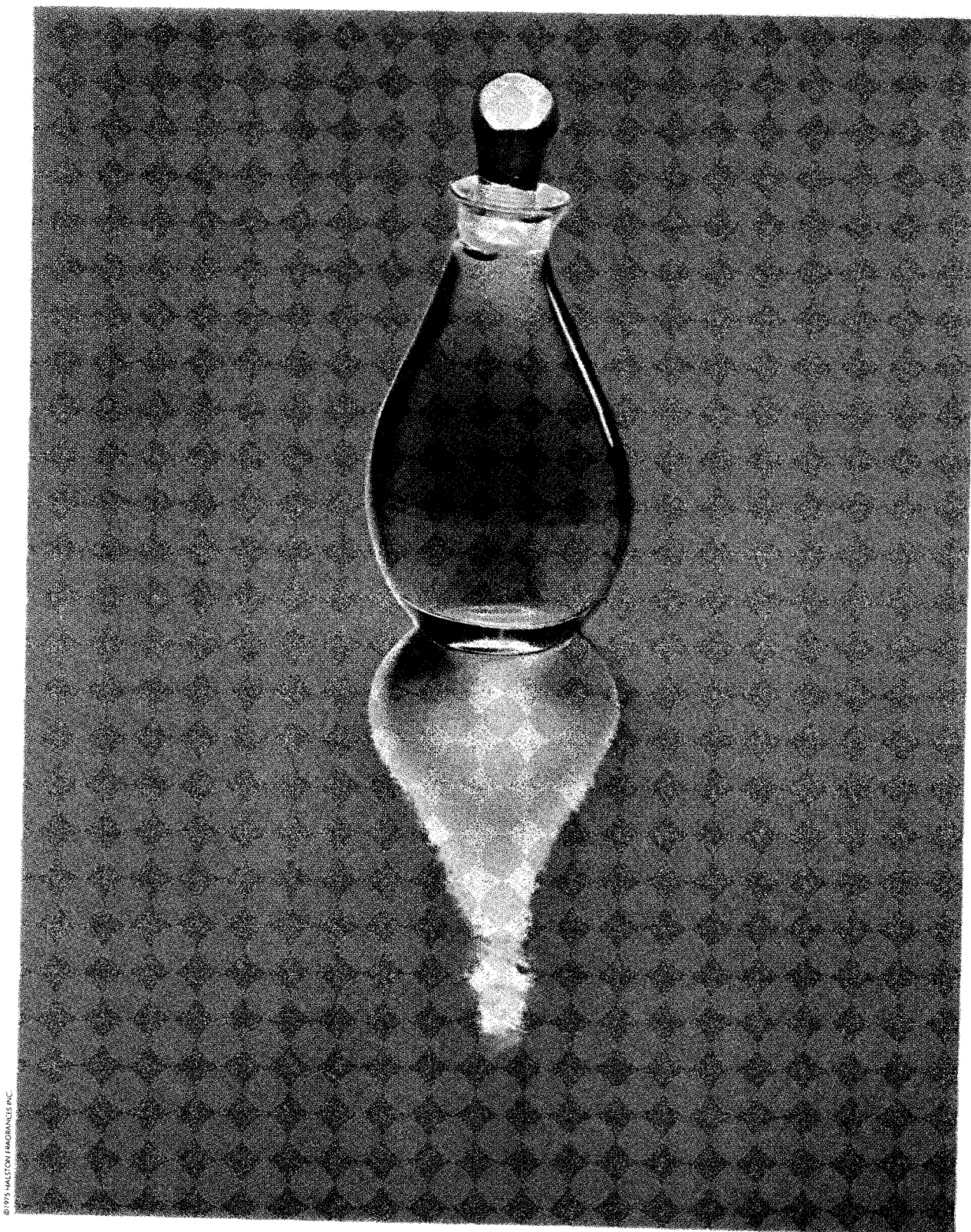
of sound mind would counterattack the winds of this long, finger-shaped lake, so they called it “Lake That Is Crossed.” Apmoojenegamook: get across it and away from it as quickly as possible; used as a thoroughfare, it is too dangerous and, moreover, too much work. We move north against the morning wind, intending to make the crossing where the lake is narrowest, reducing the risk if the wind should rise. But the going is slow, and we cover less than two miles in an hour. The wind has already grown considerably when we reach the narrows, where almost a mile separates the shores. What lies between them looks like broken glass.

There are two choices. On the opposite shore is a stream that leads to Eagle Lake. We can wait out the wind, and when it dies cross to the stream. Or, staying close to shore, we can continue against the wind all the way to the north end of Chamberlain, where, according to the topographic map, there is a portage that also leads to Eagle. Henri does not hesitate. We push on to the north.

The waves are just as high close in as they are in the center of the lake, but we are safer near shore, and where points of land protrude there is respite in the lee. Neither one of these canoes is very good in heavy wind. They do not hold course easily. Henri’s takes in appalling amounts of water. With our drinking cups, we continually bail. Bailing is not altogether sufficient to keep Henri’s canoe afloat, and twice he has to go ashore to empty it completely. His canoe was just not designed for a lake like Chamberlain. The three-inch freeboard and the ten-and-a-half-inch depth at the center thwart are inadequate dimensions for big lake waves. Moreover, the holes through which the root lashings pass—holes made in the bark below the gunwales—are less than two inches above the waterline when the canoe is loaded, and every wave that rolls by sends a bit of water through these holes. When Henri notices this, he goes into a long, revolutionary harangue about root lashings in bark canoes. If the canoes had nails in them, he says, the holes would not be there to take in



“Hotchkiss seems to have found a kindred spirit.”



HALSTON

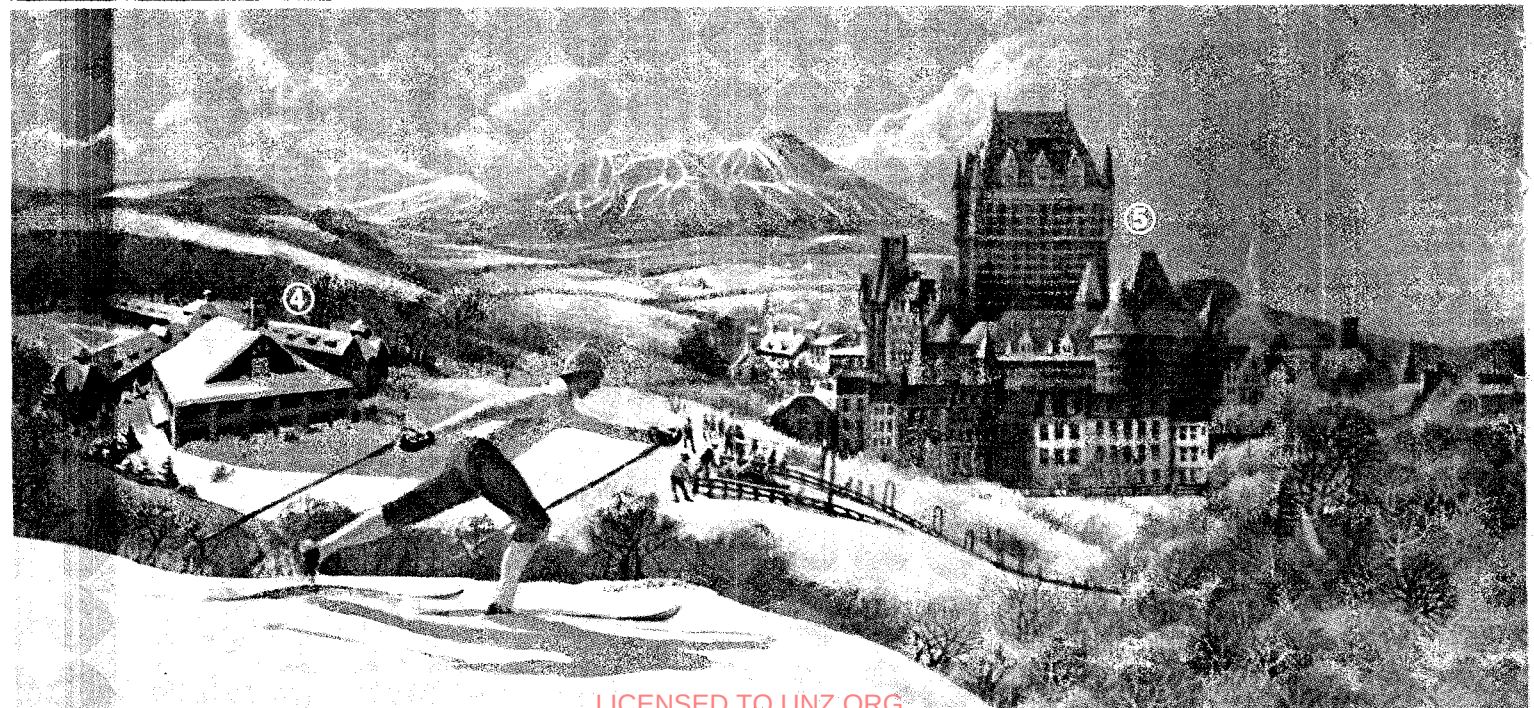
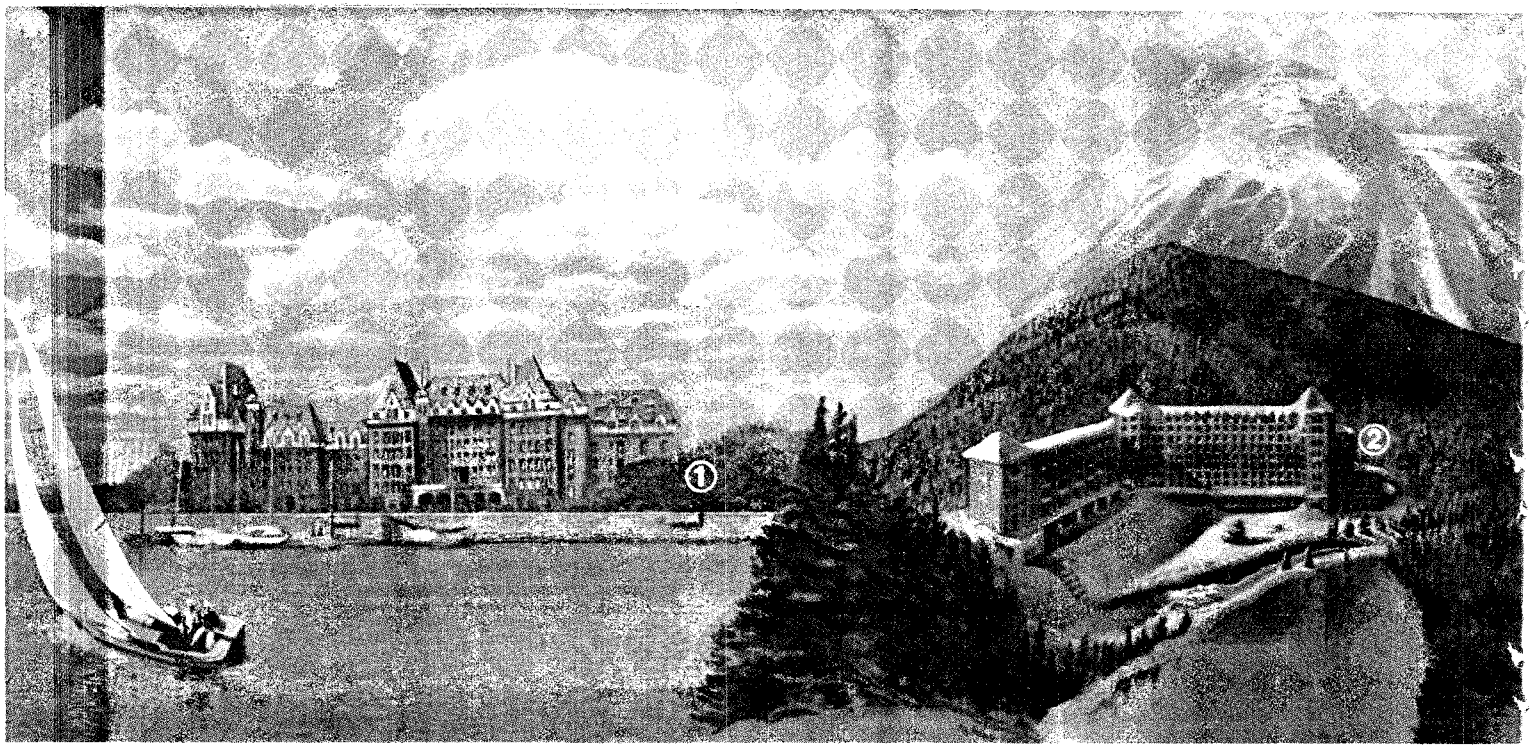
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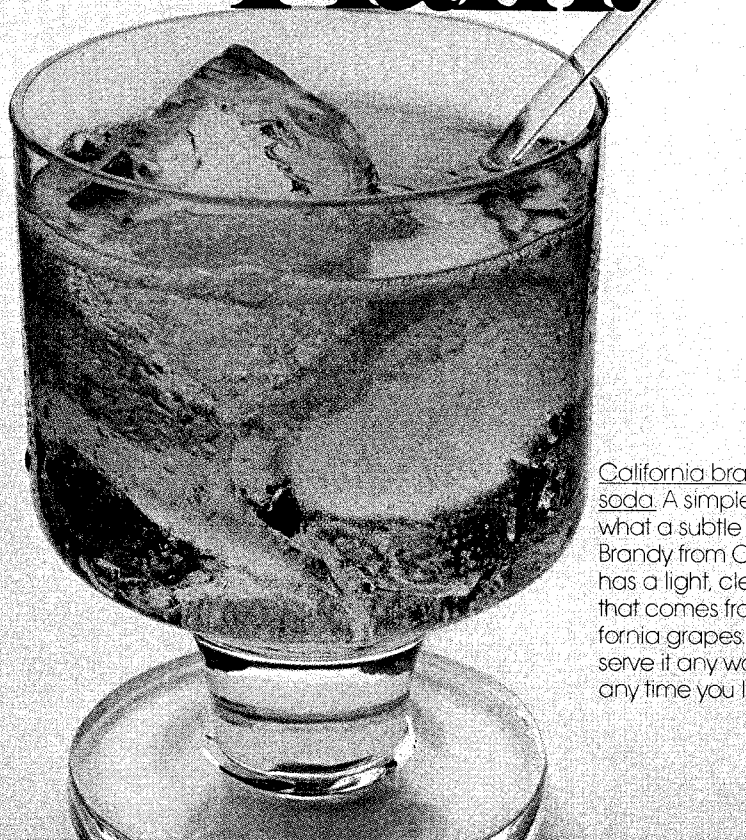
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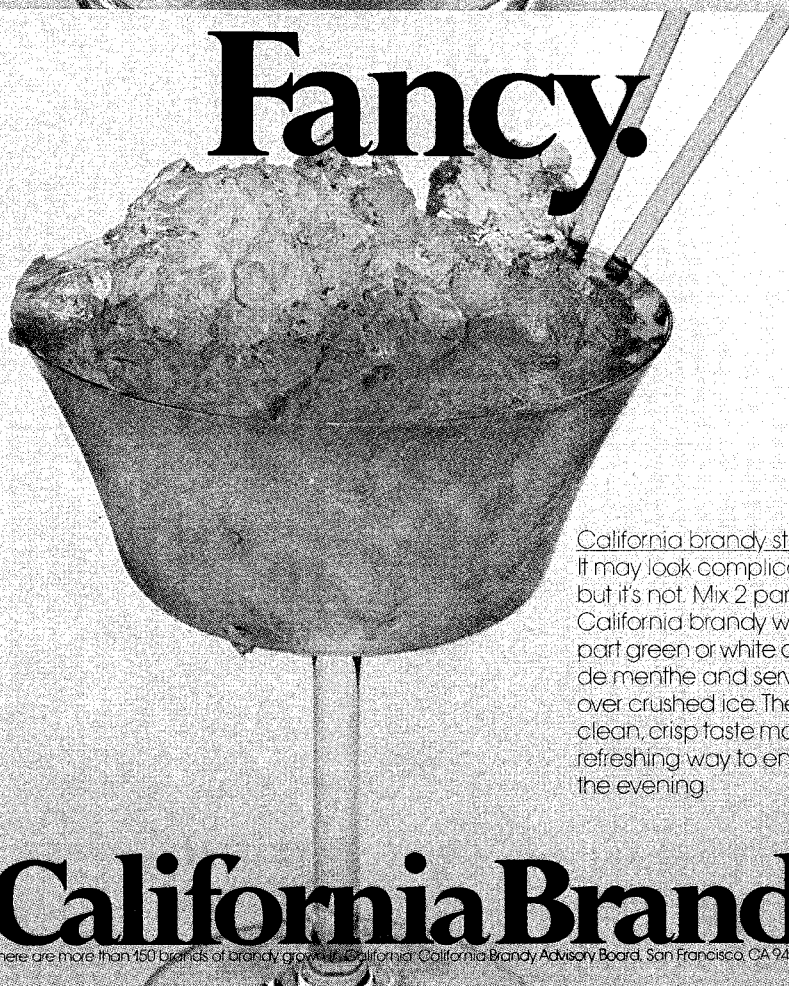
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the water. The only reason he does root lashings is that they look good, he says ruefully. He turns on his art. He says he wishes he had used nails. He will recover.

A wave slops over his knees. He bails. He curses the wind and praises nails. The wind is now coming down the lake in black squalls. "What a bummer!" he shouts, finally, above the wind. "What a God-damned bummer! That's all! I'm not going any farther!"

In shallow water, we get out of the canoes, steady them, and pass the gear ashore. We spread our clothes to dry, and sit in the sun. Mike discovers a leech on his ankle and pulls it away, and, stranded on a warm rock, it dies. We build a fire. We bake coffee cake, cook Cream of Wheat, and make tea. I open Thoreau and read, "A wave will gently creep up the side of the canoe and fill your lap, like a monster deliberately covering you with its slime before it swallows you, or it will strike the canoe violently and break into it. The same thing may happen when the wind rises suddenly, though it were perfectly calm and smooth there a few minutes before; so that nothing can save you, unless you can swim ashore, for it is impossible to get into a canoe again when it is upset. . . . We rarely crossed even a bay directly, from point to point, when there was wind, but made a slight curve corresponding somewhat to the shore, that we might the sooner reach it if the wind increased."

In six hours we have travelled five miles, and the wind—under the noon sun—has risen even more since we stopped. There is something cyclical but unpredictable about the rise and fall of lake winds. They decline in force, and decline a little more, and soon the water seems negotiable. So we collect our gear and start to load up. Then, like a siren, the wind goes high. We settle back. Watch the lake. The wind subsides. Again we load the canoes—only to be pushed ashore by a heavy squall.

On this same lake where we have been trying to paddle canoes with a loaded weight of several hundred pounds into heavy winds, log drivers a century ago were—by hand—moving booms that weighed many thousands of tons. They fought such winds for days and nights. They could not stop to sleep, or the wind would shove the boom backward, possibly breaking it open against the rocky shore and hopelessly scattering the logs. The boom was a teardrop enclosure of float-

ing timber, its periphery a set of logs joined together. The boom was attached to a log raft. In a batteau (a modified dory), a three-hundred-pound anchor was carried roughly a thousand feet ahead of the raft and dropped into the lake. On the raft was a capstan, which had been made from a segment of log, with capstan bars protruding like the stubs of branches. Men on the raft strained against the capstan bars and, trudging in a circle, slowly spooled in a thousand feet of rope. Then they stood around gasping while the anchor was pulled up and taken forward another thousand feet. Even into the wind, the big boom had enough momentum to keep moving while the anchor went out again. Then the raft crew returned to the capstan bars, and the boom continued toward Bangor, at a sixth of a mile an hour.

Out of the lakes and down the Penobscot, boom crews and rivermen drove two hundred million board feet of lumber a year. They wore red shirts and caulked boots, and stepped from log to log carrying peaveys, pickpoles, pickaroons. The logs averaged sixteen feet, and those of greatest girth—the first-cut logs from the giant pines—were too big for the float down the river and were left in the forest to rot. By damming the Allagash lakes and raising them a scant twenty feet, the loggers in 1842 spilled some Allagash water into the Penobscot watershed through the Telos Cut, near the foot of Chamberlain, and timber that might have had to go to Canada could now go to the sawmills of Bangor. Down the river in spring ran waters of frightening weight—in rapids, through gorges, over falls—and in the fast water the logs ran free. Sometimes they jammed—thousands in crisscross, plugging the river. Up front, at the focus of pressure, was one key log. To pick it free was to “pick the jam” and send the tumult on its way. The river drivers now and then worked from boats, but more often from the banks, on foot. A wing jam was tough to pick. To pick a middle jam was sometimes fatal. If these men had been shooting each other instead of shooting rapids, their light would now shine with the cowboys’. “Go down and pick a jam on the Heater,” their boss would tell them, and without a quiver they went off to die. When they attempted rescues, they enhanced the art of suicide. “Drown ten men to save two” was the accepted code of the river. They were white and Indian, and the whites on the whole were wilder—more

coarse—than the Indians. Those who believed in God for the most part respected Him, but of Noah they were outspokenly critical. They thought his ark had been “a Jim Dickey house,” because Noah used too much pitch.

Fortunately, the log drivers had a chronicler—a magazine writer, naturalist, and free-lance historian, whose name was Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Her father was a Maine fur trader, and she grew up in the presence of the rivermen. She idolized them, saw them as heroes of grand dimension. She sold stories about them to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in 1904 published the *Atlantic* stories and other pieces on the subject in a collection called “The Penobscot Man.” “It has always been the glory of the West Branch Drive that it had so many such men, every one of whom placed the welfare of those logs above his own life,” she wrote. They were “supple young foam-walkers,” in her eyes, and they could “traverse the froth of those white rapids without wetting a shoe-tap.” Upriver they went—as many as two hundred of them—to start the drive with the spring high water, and, come what may, it was a matter of pride to have the logs in Bangor by the end of June. For two months, they ate “sow-belly an’ Y.E.B.’s” (pork and yellow-eyed beans), and they drank themselves to heaven on the Fourth of July.

Joe Aitteon worked the West Branch Drive. He was only twenty-four when, in September, 1853, he made his trip with Thoreau. In his thirties, he was elected governor of his tribe, and in 1870, aged forty-one, he died on the drive. Paddle in hand, he drowned in the Heater, where the water ran so white, the river drivers said, “a brick would swim.” In command of a full batteau crew, a mixture of whites and Indians, he had been sent to pick a jam, and the boat was staved in and swamped and carried on into even heavier rapids. Aitteon was a swimmer, and by leaving the boat he might have survived—as did others, including Dingbat Prouty. Aitteon, however, died with the nonswimmers, whom he was trying to save. Far below the rapids was a

calm, still stretch of the river, and a crew of drivers working the banks there suddenly saw a long stern paddle—unmistakably Aitteon’s, with its blue blade and its carved eagle—rise vertically halfway out of the water.

It was Eckstorm’s opinion that Thoreau was “lacking in penetration” and had “failed to get the measure” of Aitteon. Thoreau had missed a chance to sketch a character of considerable worldliness and with a gift for leadership—never mind that Aitteon was young when Thoreau knew him. “Thoreau hired an Indian to be aboriginal,” she explained, and he tended to ignore anything that did not accord with his preconceptions. Aitteon said “By George!” too much when he should have been talking pidgin. His true character failed to emerge in “The Maine Woods.” Thoreau had a “luckless knack of blundering,” according to Eckstorm, and “when he came in contact with men, in his own phrase, ‘he improved his opportunity to be ignorant.’” He was, after all, the “hermit of Walden,” she said. He was “naïve,” and he could not grasp a “truly strange” and “subtle matter” when one was brought to his attention. For example, a mysterious death had taken place at a riverine landmark called the Gray Rock of Abol, and Joe Polis, Thoreau’s other Indian guide, tried to tell him the story. Thoreau deflected the conversation before Polis could get to the point, and thus Thoreau, in Eckstorm’s words, “bungled utterly” what she called “the most significant incident that ever came under his observation while he was in the Maine woods.” Fortunately, though, the Indian had told at least a fragment of the story to this “man who wrote everything down, even the things he did not understand,” and, equipped with Thoreau’s thin clue, Eckstorm herself went to the rivermen and uncovered the full, long tale. The gray rock is flat and stands in quiet water. Reduced to essentials, the story concerned a log driver who suddenly disappeared from the rock, never again to be seen alive. The day was clear. He was not killed by man or nature. He died because he was in the act of cursing God:

The man who had seen this told the others. “I seen him stand there like he was on a barn floor, and I seen him lift up his fist an’ shake it right stret in the face of old Katahdin, an’ I hearn him holler like his voice would rattle lead inside him, ‘To hell with God!’ An’ then when I looked the Gray Rock was all empty, an’ in the water I seen only his two sets of fingers movin’ slow-like in the mist that sticks close to the black slick of the



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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

falls. I seen 'em open once, an' then they shut an' was gone."

"That was a judgment," said the men one to another.

It never occurred to Eckstorm to question what she saw as the high purpose of the West Branch Drive. Moving those logs downstream was pure epic to her, and the goal—beyond challenge—was the common good. One suspects, therefore, that Thoreau annoyed her less by what he failed to say than by what he said most strongly. One imagines her reaching for a pick-pole when, in "The Maine Woods," she came upon this:

The reader will perceive that the result of this particular damming about Chamberlain Lake is, that the head-waters of the St. John are made to flow by Bangor...thus turning the forces of nature against herself, that they might float their spoils out of the country.... The wilderness experiences a sudden rise of all her streams and lakes, she feels ten thousand vermin gnawing at the base of her noblest trees.... The chopper...speaks of a "berth" of timber, a good place for him to get into, just as a worm might. When the chopper would praise a pine, he will commonly tell you that the one he cut was so big that a yoke of oxen stood on its stump; as if that were what the pine had grown for, to become the footstool of oxen.

Henri Vaillancourt's great-great-grandfather was a river driver, and he drowned on the job.

WELL beyond noon, we are still held fast by the wind. It has subsided a little, but the lake remains a whitecapped sea. One senses that we will be on it soon. Henri is using the word "bummer" at about double the rate he was using it an hour or two ago. The wind and Henri's patience are drawing lines across the day, and when the lines converge we will load up and go.

Just a few feet inside the treeline on the shore, the wind is filtered and calmed. Looking out on the lake from between two trees is like looking through a window at a storm. It is pleasant here, and warm. I could stay here for a week, not to mention the hours that are left in this day. I would very much like to sleep and read and—no matter how much time it takes—outlast the wind. But that would be the Indians' way, and Henri is not an Indian. Restless, impatient to move forward and cover ground, he paws the beach. He throws a rock in the water. He curses the wind. He says, "Christ, it's quiet enough. Let's go." It would take a meteorologist to tell us whether the wind is stronger or weaker than it was when we put in to shore. The waves are rolling hard, but the waiting,

apparently, has built the case for going. We load the canoes and shove off.

We dig into the lake. We paddle and bail, bail and paddle—draining the bilge with drinking cups. We are struggling to get to the north end, about three miles away, and gambling that the wind will not rise to an even higher level before we are in the lee of the north-end woods. Why do we need these miles now? Why does Henri have this compulsion to move? Is he Patton? Sherman? Hannibal? How *could* he be, when the only regimentation he can tolerate is the kind he creates as he goes along? These are thoughts not composed in tranquillity but driven into the mind by the frontal wind. Why do we defer to him? Why do we look to his decisions? Is it only because he made the canoes, because the assumption is that he knows what is best for them and knows what they can do and ought not to do? His judgment draws attention to itself, right enough. On the Penobscot River, he went "out for a spin" in heavy, gray dusk and was gone long after dark—much longer than he wished or intended. What was he doing? He was struggling to pick his way through boulders and up a set of minor rapids he could not see. A camper on the riverbank, that same day, asked him if his canoe was not too low in the freeboard for paddling on open lakes, and he said, "Not really. They don't really ride low. You can design a canoe to do anything." But here he is on Chamberlain Lake, bailing six inches of water from between his knees and whisking with his paddle, while Warren, like a tractor, pulls the canoe. A suspicion that has been growing comes out in the wind: Henri's expertise stops in "the yard;" out here he is as green as his jerky.

After two hours of paddling, we have gone a mile and three-quarters, but we are at least not going backward. We begin to feel the protection of the land ahead of us, and Rick and I point off the wind and head more directly for the carry at the northeast corner of the lake. Mike, though, does not like rolling in the troughs of the waves. He says to his older brother, "Do you think we'll have trouble taking these waves broadside, Rick?"

"We'll head out a little," Rick answers.

"No. Follow Henri, Rick. Follow Henri."

Mike is a pessimistic soul, and he is convinced that—as he puts it—"if the canoe turns over, you're a goner." All the more touching is his belief that Henri will see him through.

Rick defers to Henri, too, but less so. Rick is Henri's lifelong friend. The differences between them must attract the one to the other. Rick is self-effacing and thoughtful, and he is less impressed than he might be with his own intelligence. He has no apparent special talent, and he admires greatly Henri's single-minded dedication, his artistry, and his adroitness with his tools. Rick introduced Henri to Beethoven and, in all likelihood, to Thoreau. Subtly, in one way or another, he seems to have been helping Henri along for years. Rick seems to sense frailty and unsureness under Henri's carapace of bluntness, and is always ready to give him the benefit of the doubt. Rick is sensitive to Henri's insensitivities—to his opinionated arrogance, to his inconsiderate manner, to his platoon-leading orders. In Rick's long, contemplative glances, Warren and I can see him weighing the effect of Henri's directives.

Warren, who has the misfortune to be paddling in Henri's bow, is by now suffering from acute propinquity, and, being a silent man, takes it out on the lake. His strokes are delivered with killing strength, and in their canoe it is Warren who is defeating the wind. The more Henri orders him around, the harder Warren must work to work off his anger. It is an asset to have such an engine in the bow. Warren and I are more or less guests on this trip, so we defer to Henri. We have, however, tried to make suggestions—where to stay, when to go, what to head for—but the results have been dismal, and we have learned that suggestions are challenges to the tacit commander. We go when he is ready. We stop when he wants to stop. We stay where he wants to stay. He does not seek out the consensus of the group, and when it comes his way he almost automatically rejects it.

Some of these thoughts subside with the wind as we move in among the sedges in the corner of the lake. We are finished at least with the winds of Chamberlain, having climbed ten miles through them an inch at a time.

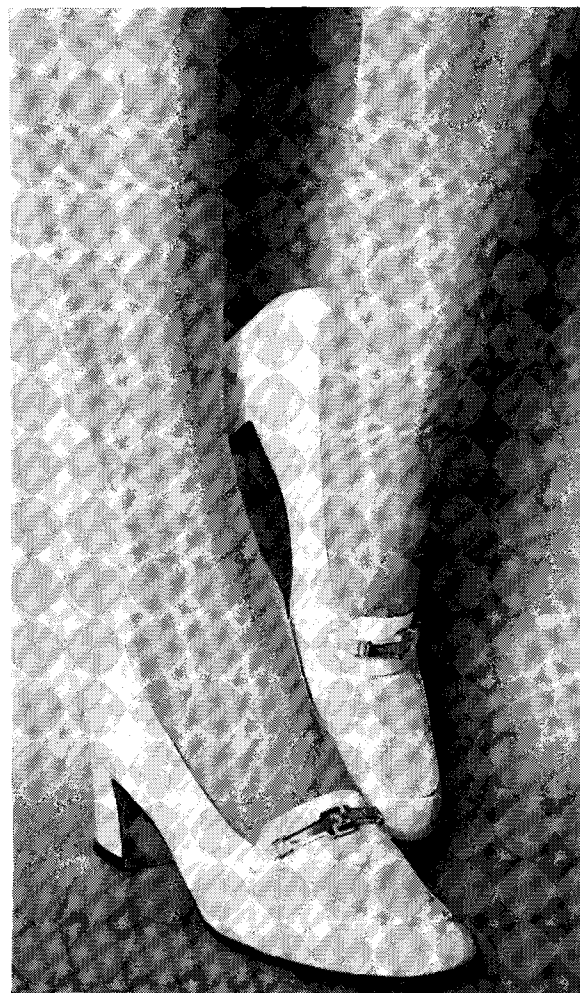
An isthmus half a mile wide separates Chamberlain from Eagle, and a steam-powered continuous cable once ran across it, hauling logs from one lake to the other on little steel trucks. All the thousands of bolts, steel clamps, steel saddle, steel tracks, and fourteen tons of cable were brought into the woods over winter ice or in canoes and other boats, following the route we have followed. The conveyor lasted about six years—at the beginning of the

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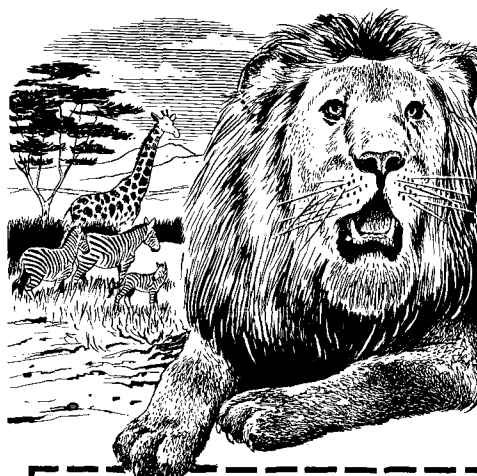
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twentieth century. Beside what is left of it we portage now. The track is still there, upgrown with trees. The portage trail is firm and open, and easy going all the way. Just before the shore of Eagle, we drop our packs, set down the canoes, and stare in disbelief at what may be the most incongruous sight any of us has ever seen: two full-scale steam locomotives, alone in the woods, abandoned. They, too, were brought in here in fragments and assembled in the woods. Standard-gauge track—seventy-five miles from the nearest railroad—was laid so that logs could be moved a few miles over the height of land. The trains began running in 1927 and were used for only a season or two. The track they ran on has been all but closed over by the woods.

We go down to the shore and look at Eagle Lake. It is a big one, and four miles of it stretch north in front of us before it bends to the west and out of sight. The wind and the white-caps are worse than they were on Chamberlain—a forbidding gale. Henri sucks on a blade of grass and paces around saying, "Christ, what a bummer." It is as clear to him as to the rest of us that there will be no moving into such a wind. We eat lunch. It is four-thirty in the afternoon. The wind will drop soon, Henri tells us. Meanwhile, Henri's packs are still at the other end of the carry. The Blanchettes go back to fetch them for him.

After two more hours, big gray waves are still coming down the lake, rolling before the wind. Unfortunately, this is a bad place to spend a night, because the mechanized loggers gave it a century's fouling and the century isn't over yet. Rust is everywhere—rusty spikes, rusty hunks of the conveyor. To accommodate incoming logs, landfill was shoved into the lake, so the shore is artificial and swampy and strewn with boulders and still jagged with the corpses of water-killed trees. Mike wants to stay here, in this oxidized hole of commerce. He is so tired that it looks good to his eyes. He says it is as good as any campsite we've seen. Rick watches Henri and says nothing. Warren and I move our packs up the portage trail, planning to sleep there and avoid the junk yard. When we return to the lakeshore, Henri says the wind is declining. It is seven-thirty now, and the lake is indeed calming down. We will paddle at night, Henri says, and take advantage of the absence of the wind. Warren looks around with incredulity, and even ap-

prehension, in his eyes. He appears to be wondering how to make a strait-jacket. We got up at five today. We have paddled ten miles into blistering wind and followed that with a portage. Now we are told that we are going to set out on another big lake for God knows where in the dark of night. Under the influence of the wind, our affection for our leader has been waning all day, and it now levels out at zero. We turn without comment and walk away.

Warren, who was recently discharged from the Marine Corps, says, "I feel as if I were back in uniform." We go up the trail to our packs and our tent, and pick them up, and carry them back to the lake. It is Henri's trip. We will paddle tonight.

There is a cut, a sluiceway, a small canal, that penetrates the shore. It was used to float logs to the conveyor. Henri and Warren load their canoe in the sluiceway and push off toward the open lake. Rick and Mike and I fill our canoe, and while we are handling the packs a six-inch leech excitedly swims among us, trying to get in on the fun. With everything aboard, the three of us prepare to step in. We do not know that two iron spikes, set in timber, stand upright underwater, the tip of each less than an inch from the underside of the floating canoe. We step in, one at a time, and we give the canoe a shove. It does not move. Water spurts upward in fountains, fast enough to swamp us instantly.

Jumping out, we shout for Henri. We unload the canoe, lift it ashore, and roll it over. Rick is struggling to control his distress. His canoe, a treasure to him, has two ugly holes in it, large enough and ragged enough to make one wonder how it can continue the trip. Henri, examining the wounds, curses Rick for negligence, for irresponsibility, for failure as custodian of a bark canoe. Rick does not try to demur.

Now, all at once, Henri stops his harangue and changes utterly. The man who has been pouting, sucking grass, and cursing the wind all afternoon is suddenly someone else—is now, in a sense, back in his yard, his hands on a torn canoe. The lacerations are broad, and the bark around them is in flaps with separating layers. "Make a fire," he says, and Warren and I move off for wood. "Rick, Mike, get bark. Get strips of bark. And cut a green stick."

Henri goes down into his pack for the small paper bag in which he keeps his pot of pitch. He has been touching



up the canoes from time to time since we started, and now has about six ounces left.

The fire is going. He sets the pot on two burning sticks. It seems so vulnerable. What if the pitch spills or blazes up? Where are we then, with one canoe?

Thirty minutes ago, we were standing apart in groups, tense to the edges of rage, some of us committing verbal mutiny. Now we are all bustling in service to Henri—his surgical nurses, offering instruments to his hand. First—with his crooked knife—he cuts away what appears to me to be a considerable amount of bark, trimming the split and flapping laminations. He does not cut all the way through, for with the exception of the actual punctures most of the damage is in the outer layers. He cuts a wide, shallow crater around each wound—four to five inches in diameter—taking away about half the bark's layers.

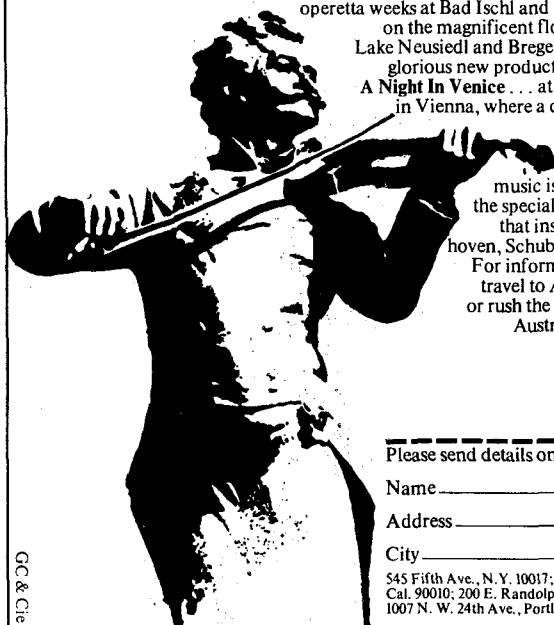
He asks for the green stick and the fresh bark, and with them he makes a torch. He lights it, and moves it close to the bottom of the canoe. He takes a deep breath and steadily blows flame into and around one of the punctures. Gradually, the bark there lightens in tone and becomes bone-dry. Henri says it is not impatience but necessity that causes him to use the torch. Even if he were to wait many hours, the rent bark would not completely dry; and "if bark is not absolutely dry the pitch won't stick."

It is now too dark for him to see. He calls for the flashlight, and I get it from my pack and shine it on the canoe as he works. He removes the pot from the fire and—with a flat stick—paints the entire damaged area with pitch while the Blanchettes, one at each end, hold the canoe level. Henri pulls out the tail of his shirt and cuts it off. It is broadcloth, and he cuts out of it a circular piece, which he presses down onto the pitch. Calling for the pot again, he paints on more pitch, until the cloth is completely covered. Then, as the pitch cools, he presses it repeatedly with his thumb, licking his thumb as he goes along to keep it from sticking. The finished patch is a black circle, about six inches in diameter. It is in the center of the bottom of the canoe. "At home I'll cut an eye of bark and put a rim around it," Henri says. "Then the patch, you know, will look better."

It is too late to move now. We sleep beside the canoes and get up at five-thirty to continue the repair. The pitch, heating up in the morning fire, bursts into flame. Henri runs to it and

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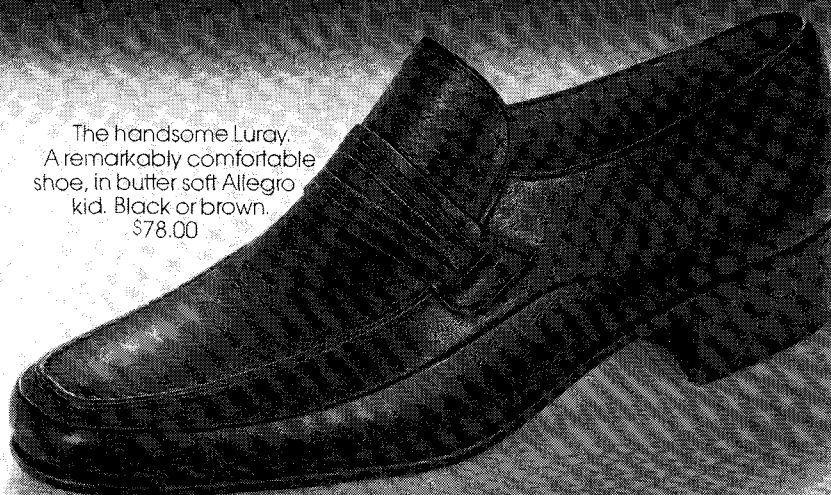
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smothers it with a coffeepot lid, but some is lost. Minutes later, the pitch catches fire again.

"Our pitch after this is going to be nil," Henri says. "That's no problem, though. I should have brought more pitch, but we can always get spruce gum. There's plenty of it around here."

Applying what is left to the other rip in the canoe, he says casually, "I've never had this happen before. I've never had to patch a canoe before." He pauses, and licks his thumb. "You could break a whole end off in the woods and still fix the canoe—that is, if you'd built a canoe before," he says. "If you hadn't, I think you'd be in trouble."

Mike says, "I wonder what will happen if those patches let go in the middle of the lake."

And Henri says, "I don't think they will."

THE lake is flat calm—mirror condition—and the sky cloudless. It is seven-thirty. We load up and go. Early in the trip, we tied almost nothing to the canoes, but now every pack is secured with thongs, ropes, and strings. Our boots are tied to the thwarts, since we launch and paddle without them.

The canoe is dry, and sound, and it seems to slide on oil. It cuts an arrow of a wake directly north across the open water—four, five miles—with an ease that launches jokes again, canoe to canoe.

"So. How are you?"

"And how are your wife and camels?"

Now, though, in the last half mile before the end of Eagle, a cruising loon leans forward and gives its long, lamentful cry. When, on a dead-calm day, a loon breaks a silence with such a cry, it is almost invariably a signal that a wind—not a breeze but a sudden, heavy wind—is coming. A minute passes. Two. There is no sign of it. Three. Four. On the last stretch of lake before us, the surface suddenly appears scratched, like rubber prepared for a patch. Moments later, a stiff wind ruffles our shirts. It is not a puff but a steady push. Waves rise quickly, and minutes later they are capped white.

"Mother."

"God."

"Damn."

"Bitch."

We have to fight to finish the lake.

Fortunately, narrow waters lead on to the north for three miles—dam-

drowned stretches, actually, of the Alagash River. The riparian forests temper the wind somewhat, but still it comes at us hard down the alley.

"What a—"

"Bummer."

Long before we reach and slide through them, the wind brings the sweet scent of a rich purple grove of pickerelweed.

Henri has begun to bail with exceptional vigor. His canoe is showing trouble—taking in more water than before. The land widens again to either side, and we move onto Churchill Lake, where the waves are as high and the wind as strong as they were at any time on Chamberlain. The lake inclines to the northeast, and the wind is quartering on us now. A thousand yards out, Henri turns to face it. He cannot take even the small amount of extra water that comes with quartering waves. His canoe is filling up. Racing a serious leak, he and Warren cut straight through the wind. Ahead of them is a strip of sand-and-pebble beach. Bailing as they go, they make it. We are two and a half hours, and nine miles, from breakfast—not bad against a rising head wind and with another sick canoe.

We eat an early lunch—Rick, Warren, Mike, and I—and lie on the beach and take the sun, and watch Henri fix the canoe. He is collected and professional. He does not rail at his canoes as he rails at the wind. His problem now is no less serious than the one after the accident last night, and in the repair the degree of difficulty appears to be, if anything, greater. A longitudinal seam connecting two pieces of bark below the waterline has broken its sewing, and a gap has opened. When he made the canoe, he sewed that area too close to the edge of the bark, and the root stitching has now broken through to the edge. It is a wonder the canoe did not founder.

Henri's confidence is undisturbed, and he goes into the forest for a fresh root. He digs a spruce root—five or six feet, which is more than he needs—and returns to the beach. With his crooked knife he rubs the bark off the root until it looks, and wriggles, like a cord of white rubber. (Indians used roots for fishing lines.) He bites one end, splitting it, and then—with a shaking, shivery manipulation—pulls the root into halves from one end to the other. The splitting, as it goes along, will tend to favor one side. The idea is to sense which way it wants to go and to correct the split in favor of the other side. A novice could dig up roots by the

dozen and not split one successfully, but Henri refuses to be praised for his swift execution of the trick. "There's nothing to it," he says. "You get the knack quickly. You feel them going one way or the other and you just correct it." Around Greenville, he has found white-pine roots twenty-five feet long. Like the roots of the red and black spruce, they run close to the surface and are easy to collect. White spruce will not do. Joe Polis once said of the roots of white spruce, "No good, break, can't split 'em." And they run too deep in the ground.

Henri takes a close look at the position of the break in the seam and is pleased to find that it is directly under a rib. "Good," he says. "The repair won't show." And he taps the rib aside. His awls are at home, but he has picked up a nail somewhere, and he uses it now to bore holes through the planking and the bark. The root is soon moving through the planking and out through the bark and back again in a set of cobbler's stitches—Henri reaching around the canoe, hugging it, to draw the sewing tight. He is sewing not only bark to bark (near the original seam) but also bark to planking, to give the repair increased authority. When the sewing is finished and tied off, bright sutures mar the planking, but Henri taps the rib back in, and—as he said it would—it completely hides the job.

Warren, sitting up on one elbow, tugs his beard, looks at me, and says, "I have a question. What in the name of hell would we ever do without him?"

We are about as far north as we are going to go. On Thoreau's canoe trips in the Maine woods, his most northern campsite was on Pillsbury Island, in Eagle Lake. "We did not intend to go far down the Allegash," he wrote in his journal, "but merely to get a view of the great lakes which are its source." Henri may have taken his cue from this, for his own intention has been much the same: to scour the scenes of the big Allagash lakes and then to bend off in another direction and go upstream to the highest sources of the river—and to Allagash Lake itself, the best and remotest of them all.

To the north, meanwhile, we have some five more miles to paddle—to Churchill Dam, which raised the water here enough to boom logs, there to see (but not to shoot) the Chase Rapids of the Allagash River. We shove off and round a point and buck the head wind all the way. Henri's canoe is as good as ever; that is to say, it takes



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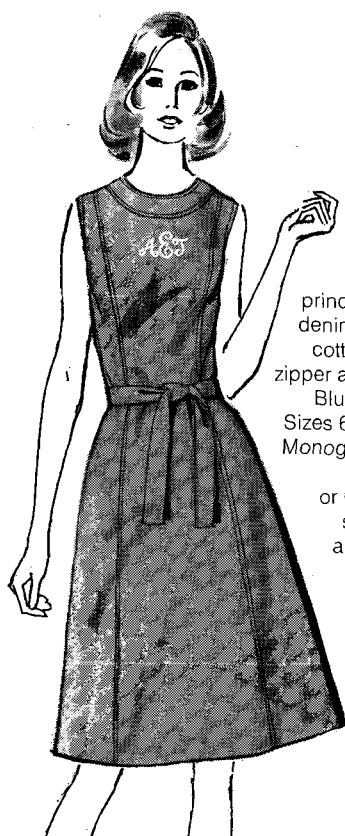
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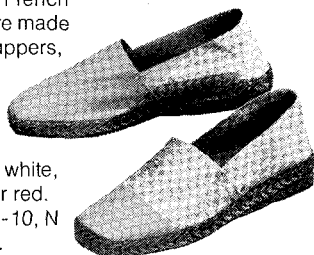
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in the usual amount of wave lap but nothing through the re-sewn seam.

There is a Maine state ranger station at Churchill Dam. The ranger comes out and looks in wonder at the two birch-bark canoes. He is short and dark, with a creased face and a quick smile. He says that he has seen thousands of canoes in his time on the Allagash Wilderness Waterway but none, ever, like these. The canoes are exquisite, he agrees. Those paddles, though, those little Indian paddles—"now, they would drive you foolish." He, in his turn, has something to show—three fresh bullet holes in his cabin door, through which, last night, he fired three fresh bullets at bears that were crowding his porch trying to claw their way in.

In broad bends of white water, the Allagash River flows away from the dam and the cabin. The rapids, continuous for several miles, are not heavy but are broad, shallow, and rocky. Henri says if he were going on downriver he would portage around them.

I ask him why.

"The canoes would be all right," he says. "I'd trust them. I just wouldn't trust myself. I've never been in rapids before."

The ranger controls the river. Each evening around five, he says, when people downriver are presumably camped for the night, he closes the gates—turns off the water. Suddenly, the Chase Rapids are no longer white or rapid. They become a set of island pools, as does the rest of the river. In the morning at six, before the campers are up, the ranger opens the gates. The river fills while the campers are cooking breakfast. When they are ready to shove off, there is water to float them. We ourselves shove off—heading back, for the time being, in the direction from which we have come.

For a while, we sail down Churchill Lake, pleased to have foxed the wind, but the wind, the anthropomorphic wind, will not be so tricked and cheated. It quickly dies behind the sail—dies as fast as it rose in the morning—and leaves us to paddle under the glare of the sun. Three, four, five hours we paddle, until the sun is almost down. The rate of jokes flying between the canoes declines steadily with the lengthening of the afternoon. We hint, suggest, urge, and ultimately beg Henri to stop for the day, which he does, with good grace, at sundown. Even with the time spent patching and sewing two disabled canoes, we have paddled twenty-five miles since we slept. There is an

ice-cold spring in the woods near the campsite. The spring water gives altitude to gin in a way that the tepid water of these shallow lakes can never do. Even before the stars are bright, we are half asleep. The canoes are overturned by the shore. I remember that books say never to leave canoes overturned in bear country, because a bear wondering what's inside may smash its way in. Too late, too tired, to worry about bears. Warren snores through the night like a bear—a bass to the treble of the loons.

ALLAGASH STREAM, the highest reach of the river, drops to the head of Chamberlain Lake from the west-northwest. Recrossing the isthmus carry, we go in the morning to the mouth of the stream. By noon, we are literally in the water. As it pours toward us, it is too shallow to be paddled, too shallow to be poled. There is nothing to do but frog it—get out of the canoes and walk them up the current. If it is this shallow here, it is not in all likelihood going to get any deeper as we go along; therefore, as the map informs us, the best we can hope for is a seven-mile walk in the water.

Alternative routes are, for various reasons, less attractive, and do not include Allagash Lake, whose remoteness is written in its approaches: from the east, seven miles' sloshing up a rocky stream; from the west, a portage of three miles, by far the longest in the Allagash woods. So we drag the canoes—in two, three inches of water, jumping, bubbling, rushing at us. We lift them at the gunwales to reduce the draw. Now and again, we slide and fall on rock shelves covered with algae. In pools, we go in to the hips, to the chest, all the way. The cool water feels good coming on. It feels good rushing around the ankles. It feels good closing overhead. I would prefer to frog fifty miles up a forest stream than paddle ten against a big lake head wind.

Often, it is necessary to heave rocks aside to create a channel wide enough for the canoes. On many of the rocks are heavy streaks of paint or aluminum left by hundreds of canoes that have come banging down this river in varying levels of water under the care of people who did not give a damn what they hit. What comes home once more at the sight of those aluminum-covered rocks is the world of difference in the way we feel toward our canoes, and it is the central pleasure of this trip: we care so much about them. We scrape a little, too, and it can't be helped. *Tant pis,*



as Henri says. Bark leaves no marks behind. Warren, leading, voraciously sculpts the river—kicking stones aside, lifting rocks so large they appear to be ledges and stuffing them into the banks. Then he hauls the canoe up the free-ways he has made. Henri walks behind with a rope in his hand. It is tied to the stern, which he moves from side to side, as if the canoe were a horse on a halter.

The stream is a white-water primer, for it is flowing much like a riverine rapid, which is what it is, scaled down. All in miniature, the haystacks, the standing waves, the souse holes, the eddies, the satin-water pillows are here, and usually there is a place to go—a *fil d'eau*—that is deeper and better than anywhere else. One learns to read the stream. After four hours, we have gone two miles.

Henri remarks that he is now hungry enough to eat a moose, and wouldn't mind trying if one were to appear.

"You have to see one before you can eat one, Henri."

"And how are your wife and your cattle?"

"God bless you, well."

A windfall fir lies across the stream now and stops us altogether, but Henri unsheathes his axe and sends flotillas of chips down the current. The log drops into the water. We shove it out of the way. The air is chill. The sky, all but unnoticed by us, has clouded over, and the afternoon is almost gone. Even Henri is ready to stop. The map shows a waterfall ahead, a place to camp beside it. I see a clam, pick it up, and toss it into the canoe—another, another, beds of them in the eddies of the stream. I remember a time when I was hungry on the Susquehanna River and hunted it for miles for freshwater clams, peering down over the side of a canoe, finding nothing but an empty shell. These clams of the Allagash are squirting, vigorous, living, lovely freshwater clams. Warren and I have been eating freeze-dried food, which I, having had little of it before, was interested in trying; and, having tried it days on end, I look forward all the more to the clams.

"Why are you picking those things up?" Henri wants to know.

"We're going to eat them. Do you want some?"

"Not really."

Glances are exchanged between Vaillancourt and the Blanchettes. Madness will out, and they are sure they have seen it now.

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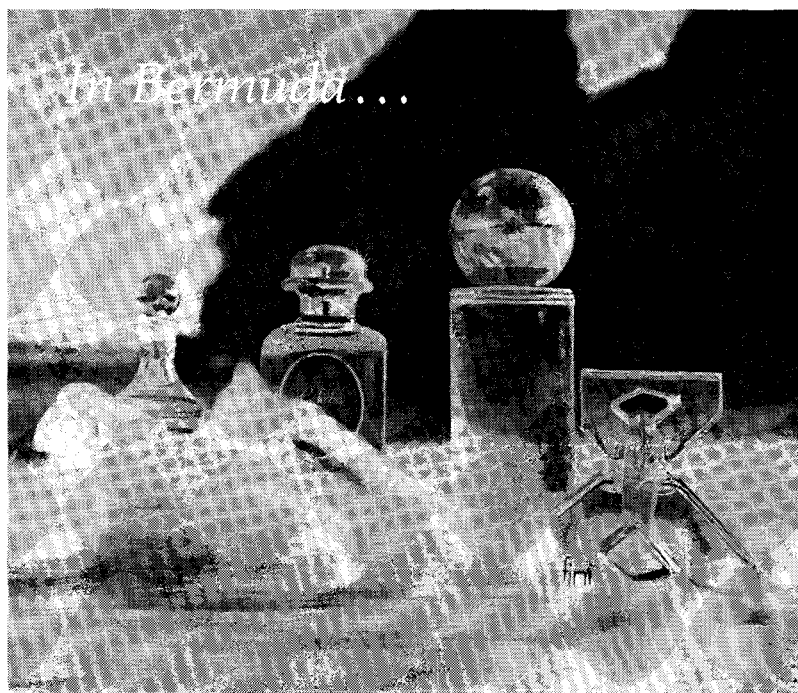
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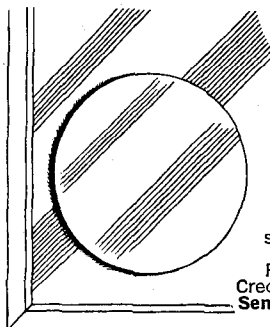
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Allagash Falls—a man in his twenties, his wife, their malamute puppy, and their twenty-foot wood-and-canvas Old Town canoe. It is new, green, undeniably beautiful. Twenty feet is a lot of canoe, and the hull has many fresh scratches, despite his care. He is in the wilderness business, he says, with an outfitting shop and a dealership in canoes—an interest that developed in his boyhood, when he made long canoe trips with Keewaydin in Canada in terrain where portages sometimes did not exist and had to be scouted and cut. Where on earth, he wonders, did we get those canoes?

"I make them."

"You make them?"

"Full time," Henri says, his eyes averted toward the falls.

"May I photograph them?"

"Oh, sure."

We carry around the falls and pitch our tents near the upstream side, before it begins to rain. It rains hard. Henri brings up one of the canoes and turns it over near the fire and runs his tarp from the canoe to a pair of trees. The shelter gives some protection to the fire and more than some to us, and we wait out the worst of the rain.

"Just a shower," I say.

"I don't know," Mike says. "I don't know" means "I disagree."

We steam the clams open in a four-quart pot, and remove them from their shells. We sprinkle them with salt and roll them in Bisquick and fry them in very hot Crisco. Henri says they are *moules frites*. "*Frites*," on his tongue, is "*frêtes*."

"Clam? Have a clam?"

Everyone is hungry. The Blanchettes are hungry and Henri is hungry, but they will have no part of the clams.

The larger clams are chewy, go down with resistance. But the smaller ones are crisp, succulent, tender, delicious, Allagash-Ipswich, golden brown.

"Clam?"

"Not really. Not yet, anyways."

"What are you waiting for—to see if we die?"

The three of them—Rick, Mike, Henri—are to varying extents wavering, but they still refuse. They eat their jerky and their boiled dinners. Warren and I alone are eating the clams. There are two left.

"I'll take one."

Out comes the hand of Henri. In all the culinary spectrum, there is not much he likes, but one great exception is clams. He has told us how he drives

to favorite places to buy pints and quarts of fried clams. Now he eats this one. He eats the other.

Rain again—heavy rain. We go into the tents at half past seven, and get into our bags to sleep it away. The rain sounds good, if nothing else, and it should put more water in the stream. It comes in torrents down through the trees.

Warren outsnores the sound of the rain. Henri, too. The harder the day, the more vibrant the snore. I kick them. I pick up a loose boot and hit them. The effort is wasted.

Lake, portage, and stream, we covered only ten miles today—in twelve hours of travel. I will confess that, on the whole, I don't mind these long days. I like the purpose in the motion, the clear possession of a course to follow, the sense of journey. I like to go to sleep early and rise with the sun. In these respects, I guess, I am much like Henri.

At eleven, there is a cry from Rick Blanchette—from out of the rain and the black. He wants to know—this politest of all people—if he can come to our tent, since his tent is not functioning to the end toward which it was designed. When he arrives, the flashlight discovers that he is totally soaked. His hair is matted and dripping. His clothes are as wet as they would be if he had fallen into a lake. He shivers. His brother's long frame now comes in as well, clothes and body equally drenched. They report that their sleeping

bags are soaked through, and all their personal gear.

The rain pours hard as ever. It is impossible for five people to lie down in our tent except in a stack, like cordwood. So the Blanchettes sit up through the night, silently. Hours go by. They doze on their haunches, and shiver. Henri, before returning

to sleep, observes with mild remonstrance in his voice that they made a mistake in bringing that tent, which has the appearance of something sent for with a hunk of a cereal box. It would have been much better, he says, to bring their other tent, no matter that it was larger and heavier. Toward five in the morning, with dawn breaking and the rain so light now it is almost mist, Warren and I get up and go out, putting the Blanchettes in our bags, where they drop at once to sleep.

They sleep until eight. Warren and I meanwhile nurse up the fire and bake bread for the day. Henri, up around



seven, pulls on his river-stiff leather shoes. (They are all he has, and he wears no socks.) He makes his breakfast. He then picks up a clamshell and rubs the bark off a cedar. He seems to be testing the effectiveness of the shell as a tool, and its score must be high, for he has swiftly denuded a part of the tree. Less than ten miles ahead of us, after Allagash Stream and at the far end of Allagash Lake, is the long carry. Rick, who is determined to carry his canoe himself all the way, will need something more than the paddles on his shoulders to absorb the weight. With cedar bark, Henri makes for him a tumpline. It is eight feet long and is broad and soft in the center, where it will cross his forehead. "When the canoe was lifted upon his head bottom up," wrote Thoreau, describing Polis on a carry, "a band of cedar-bark, tied to the crossbar... passed round his breast, and another longer one, outside of the last, round his forehead."

By nine, we are back in the stream, which must have been helped by the rain but is nonetheless shallower than it was below the falls, so the going is slower. It is necessary to stop more often to make a channel among the shelves and gravels and small cascades. Conversation is scarce and inclined to be snappish. The rain has stopped, though. The overcast is cracking, and we are more than halfway up the stream. Three more miles will kill it.

In late morning, as a kind of energizer, I eat some freeze-dried vanilla ice cream. It sticks in my teeth like white cement. As candy, it is not bad, despite its texture—tough meringue—but, no matter what its origins may have been, it is bunkum to call it ice cream. With breakfast, Warren and I had freeze-dried pears. Semi-permeable, they had soaked for hours, but the water got through only halfway, so what we ate might have been pear-covered chewing gum. Freeze-dried peaches, a day or so ago, had the consistency of garden slugs. The ecological insurrection has yielded some pyrrhic triumphs, and one of them is commercial freeze-dried food. Whose idea of wilderness travel could be embodied, enhanced, or even faintly expressed in Mountain House Freeze Dried Raspberry Apple Crunch? Mountain House Freeze Dried Tuna Salad? Rich-Moor "Astro" Freeze-Dried Eggs? Yet it moves. Moves off the shelf and into the wilderness, sold. It creates, apparently, a sense of hardtack and pemmican within a gourmet context. On a

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canoe trip, the weight of food is not of crucial importance. There is something to be said for the lighter weight of freeze-dried food on the trail, but not enough to justify Mountain House Freeze Dried Shrimp Creole, Mountain House Freeze Dried Beef Stroganoff, Tea Kettle Freeze Dried Turkey Tetrazzini—violations of the rites of the wild. They are expensive, these shining foil packets from the rugged boutiques. They represent a return to nature—with money. Next time out, I'm going back to beans and bacon, prunes, rice—macaroni, too. I have had enough for a lifetime of freeze-dried “chunk chicken” and freeze-dried “beef almonidine.” I would prefer to eat emerald jerky in peanut-butter sauce.

I appear to be the only one who likes Allagash Stream. Warren is cursing and hauling; so are the Blanchettes. Henri's vocabulary has collapsed, condensed; “bummer” is the only remaining word. We have covered three miles in five hours, but the sun is warm, and ahead is a break in the trees. The trip up the Rat, in the Northwest Territories, involves nine days of this—hauling canoes a foot at a time into oncoming water that is not merely cool, as it is here, but ice-cold, pouring from Arctic mountains. The yield is a remote and beautiful height of land among the mountains, then the short carry, the long run down the Pacific side. It may seem a strange way to travel, walking uphill with a canoe along as a kind of packhorse, but, given enough water to float the canoe, the experience is not disagreeable, and I wish we could all do it for those nine northern days.

The lake is close, and clams proliferate in the last bends of the stream. Henri, as he goes along, scoops them up, and so do we all, making piles of them in the canoes.

Now, after fourteen hours in the stream, a night of naps, and a soaking rain, we stand in the outlet of Allagash Lake. The most distant point we can see is perhaps four miles away—a clear shot down open water past a fleet of islands. The lake is broad in all directions, and is ringed with hills and minor mountains. Its pristine, unaltered shoreline is edged with rock—massive outcroppings, sloping into the water, interrupting the march of the forest. It is a reward, this lake—handsome, natural, serene, remote, the long stream and the long portage holding it aloof on either end.

We unload the canoes near a huge slope of rock, which has baked for some

hours in steady sun. Tents, sleeping bags, clothes, shoes—everything we have is soon spread out there like wash on a Spanish hillside. We swim with soap and then spread ourselves out, too. The heat in the rocks rises into the bones and drifts us into sleep. An hour dries it all. Even the Blanchettes' sodden sleeping bags are dry and warm and light as fluff.

Out on the lake is the glint of a metal canoe. It approaches unsteadily. The paddlers ask for Allagash Stream. They wear bathing suits, and their bellies are pale and fat. They appear to have stepped out of an airplane and into the canoe. Unbelievably, that is exactly what they have done. A float plane has set them down with their canoe on a pond near a corner of the lake, and they have come down a stream from there.

What a travesty! What a majestic bummer! It is the law of the state that no plane can land in this lake, an airplane being an affront to the Allagash Wilderness Waterway. At least, no airplane is going to help these two drag seven miles downstream to Chamberlain. More aluminum for the rocks.

Naturally, the wind has risen, for we have come into its purview again. No doubt because we are heading southwest, the wind is coming from that direction. We load and go. It is three in the afternoon. The wind accelerates, and the waves rise high. Now we are digging again, as hard as ever—more work than we might have hoped for. Henri informs us there is even more ahead. He wants to make the long carry today. He wants to paddle against this head wind the six miles to the end of the lake, take out the canoes, and portage three miles. Return trips included, the carry should take four hours. That would bring us to the far side—all going well—at 9 or 10 P.M. The great beauty of this lake apparently means nothing to him. He has worked for two days to get to it, and now wants to rush across it and portage away from it in the dusk and dark. He is paddling hard. He is piqued at the discord his plan evokes. Sentiment against it runs four to one.

The benevolent wind attempts the rescue, blasting us so hard it is all we can do to fight to the lee of an island. Henri's canoe nearly swamps. We dash to another island, and work its lee, and another. Wind and mutiny in the end prevail. We pitch our tents beside Allagash Lake.

Henri rigs the tarp over the Blanchettes' tent, and they dig a trench

around it that could divert a river. Warren and I steam open the clams. We fry them, as before, and this time Henri squats near, waiting for the clams to be done. The Blanchettes approach and wait beside him, also on their haunches, a little behind him. Onto a plate on the ground by the fire Warren tosses a clam. Henri picks it up and eats it. He praises it. Warren flips more clams onto the plate. Henri eats them. The eyes of the Blanchettes follow the clams from pan to plate to Henri's mouth. But toward the plate they do not make a move. Warren and I are not particularly hungry now, and, in any case, are too absorbed with this tableau to enter it and break it. Henri is the alpha wolf. The others in the pack, no matter how hungry they may be, will watch but not budge while the alpha dines. In time, the Blanchettes do get some clams—each about an eighth of the total—and they eat them hungrily, for they are running out of food.

Henri, after dinner, carves by the campfire, working on a piece of balsam and a piece of cedar until each is a lath that seems perfectly squared. He tests for tensile strength, slowly bending each length of wood until it strains and cracks. "The cedar is all right," he says. "But this balsam is nowhere. Hang it up."

THERE is a time of change in a wilderness trip when patterns that have been left behind fade beneath the immediacies of wind, sun, rain, and fire, and a different sense of distance, of shelter, of food. We made that change when we were still in the Penobscot valley, and by now I, for one, would like to keep going indefinitely; the change back will bring a feeling of loss, an absence of space, a nostalgia for the woods. The end has come, though. Henri has run out of Tang. Tang is his halazone, his palate's defense, his agent conversational for pure lakes and streams. Without Tang, he is without water.

The Caucomgomoc roadhead is about twenty miles away—prospectively a long day's journey, since three of the twenty miles are forest portage trail. We are up in the morning at half past four.

On the water, in the post-dawn light, the canoes slide across a mirror so nearly perfect that the image could be inverted without loss of detail. The lake is absolutely still, and mist thickens its distances and subdues in gray its islands and circumvallate hills. Warren and Henri are perhaps a hundred feet

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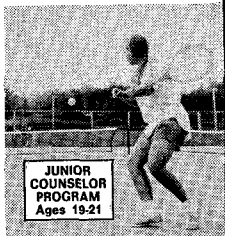
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farther out than we are, and appear to be gliding through the sky: Henri's back straight, his hand moving forward on the grip of his paddle, his dark knitted cap on his head, his profile French and aquiline; Warren under the bright tumble of hair, his back bending. Their canoe was alive in the forest only months ago, and now on the lake it is a miracle of beauty, of form and symmetry, of dark interstitial seams in mottled abstractions of bark. The time is the present, of course—effectively, and importantly, now—yet without changing a grain of the picture this could be the century before, or the century before that, or the century when the whites first came here in Indians' bark canoes. Two straight wakes trace the way in silence toward the southern end of the lake.

The silence, after a time, is torn apart by a congress of loons: ten loons, racing in circles on the surface of the water, screaming, splashing, squealing like dogs, taxiing in long half-flying runs. For a full ten minutes they keep it up—a ritual insanity, a rampant dance of madness, a convincing demonstration that every one of them is as crazy as a loon.

The long carry has about every obstacle a carry can have, short of German shepherds trained to kill. It has quagmires, slicks of rock, small hills, down trees, low branches, and, primarily, distance. Three miles, even on flat ground, is a long way. In sheer ooze and muck, this portage is as wretched as the Mud Pond Carry. Warren departs first, with a large pack and the tent, to cross, return, and cross again—nine miles. Moving alone, he escapes the compass of tension. Mike follows soon after. Henri tells me not to go on my own but to stay back with Rick and guide and help him. "Stay close to Rick. . . Stay with Rick. . . Help Rick," he keeps saying as the three of us go up the trail. The implication is that Rick may collapse, and this is not lost on Rick, who is tight in the throat but seems all the more determined to carry the canoe the whole distance alone. Henri's canoe weighs sixty pounds, Rick's seventy. It is not the weight but the bulk that brings difficulty. Light branches of balsam springily push the hulls, staggering the walker beneath. With the slightest stumble, the canoes lurch forward, straining the muscles of the legs, neck, and back.

"Help Rick!"
Henri shows no inclination to move

ahead by himself. To them both I call out the story of the terrain: "Watch a hole here! . . . The mud is a foot deep here! . . . Low branches here! . . . Step to the left of this little swamp!"

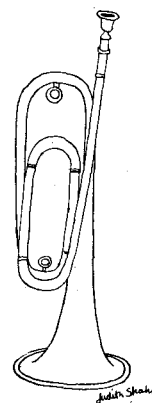
After a mile, Rick's resolve declines. He doubts if he can make it. He rests his canoe on an overhanging branch and asks me if at the halfway point I will give him my pack basket and other gear and take the canoe from there. With that to look forward to, he moves on.

Henri now steps into mud up to his knee and, with a cry, falls. On the way down, he twists his body and spreads his elbows to cushion—as far as is possible—the canoe. He does not seem to care if he cracks every bone in his body as long as he cracks not a rib of the canoe, which lands on top of him and squashes him into the mud.

He gets up cursing me. The fault is mine. I did not tell him where not to step.

I stay closer to him, the better to guide him. He lifts the canoe, moves on a short distance, then puts the canoe down. His Indian carrying board is hurting his head. "Give me your jacket," he says. I give him my jacket. "Get me some string." From my pocket I give him some cord. Terse, angry, he fashions a pad for his head. At this point, Henri seems frightened and shaken with doubt.

Rick, for his part, seems to be, if anything, stronger. Much of the strain has left his face. His vitality, his endurance seem to rise a bit with each part of Henri that comes unstuck.



Warren passes us, going the other way. It is Warren, really, who is defeating the portage—outwalking, outcarrying everyone else. He tells us we are more than halfway. The news is surprising and tonic. I look to Rick. My turn now? He has no thought of giving up his canoe.

After another half mile of narrating the trail, I have become both restless and guilty. I tell Henri I feel pinned down, leading him through the woods, slowly, while Warren is doing so much of the work.

"Well, I'm carrying my share," Henri answers emphatically. Apparently, he wants to believe it. "Anyways," he adds, "Warren is a back-packer. He likes what he is doing."

Not far from the portage end—two hours after the start—Henri calls a halt at a stream for a drink. I am about to go back to help Warren, but Henri

insists that I stay—that it is more important to guide the canoes safely to the end of the carry. Raspberry bushes are in fruit around the stream. At leisure, he eats from them. Now and again, he combs his hair. Rick notices moose tracks, large and fresh. We look around. No moose. Henri finds pin cherries and eats them, too. Twenty minutes go by. Warren by now is in his seventh mile. On his back is one of Henri's packs. The other is clutched in his arms.

Henri is a hero of the portage ends, for at such places we encounter other travellers passing through, and they are generally awestruck by the bark canoes. Henri overcomes his constitutional shyness. He moves in close. He fixes his eyes on one of his elbows and answers questions, quaffs the commentary, until the supply is gone.

"Your canoes look Indian, but you don't."

"Did you make them from a kit?"

"Is that real birch bark?"

"Where do you buy them?"

"They looked too fakey to be fake, so I figured they had to be the real thing."

"I've always thought it was painted on."

"Those are old ones, aren't they? All patched up like that?"

"They don't make them like that anymore."

"Congratulations. That's the best imitation of a birch-bark canoe I've ever seen."

("Our little canoe, so neat and strong, drew a favorable criticism from all the wiseacres among the tavern loungers along the road," wrote Thoreau as he approached the woods.)

Henri seems disappointed at portage ends if no one is there. He is not disappointed now. Six men in plastic canoes arrive to begin the carry.

"Are they real?" one of them asks.

"Do you mind if we look them over?"

"You made them?"

"Really?"

They, in turn, have something to tell us. In Ciss Stream, which lies between the long portage and Caucomgomoc Lake, they saw, thirty minutes ago, a cow moose. Warren arrives with the packs. We load and go.

Ciss Stream, from the portage to the lake, does not drop one inch, and is a deadwater with meanders so curving that they almost form oxbows. In near silence, we steal around its unending bendings through the sedge. Everything is right. The breeze is toward us. The bends conceal us. And the so-

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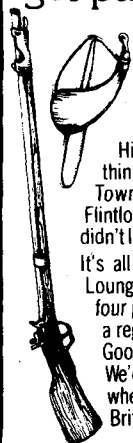
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called stream is a bog of dry-ki and water-standing grasses—a phreato-phytic meadowland, a magnification of Umbazooksus Stream. Our chances thus seem one in one. Another bend. Another scene. No moose. No moose—just the craggy spars of the dry-ki pointing lifeless into the sky. Thousands of trees, dead a century, fill the swamps here, and they are eerily beautiful, silver gray. The logging dams on Caucomgomoc destroyed them so long ago that they are now thought picturesque, their root structures webbing upward thirty feet above the sedge-meadow plain. People came here and killed these trees, and created this unearthly beauty. Another bend. No moose.

A mother merganser races squawking out of the sedge and starts down the stream before the two canoes. Screaming, feigning injury, displaying an awkward wing, she leads us around another bend. She will not give up. She will not shut up. She keeps her position, about a hundred feet in front of the canoes, for fully half a mile, raucous all the way. She wrecks the mooselook for good and all. At last, she rises flippantly into the air and flies back to her chicks where she left them.

We round the last bend, and swing into Caucomgomoc. It is two miles wide, and we have about six miles to go—to its far, northwestern corner. Coming directly at us across the lake are the highest waves we have seen yet, driven by a western wind. Henri, in his own drive for the finish, moves straight out onto the water and begins to plow headlong for the farther shore. His caution—what there was of it on Eagle and Chamberlain—is gone. To me, it seems a certainty that we are going to swamp, that we will complete the day with a long, slow swim, dragging the canoes to shore. I check my boots, my pack, to make sure they are firmly tied. I am ready to shrug and see what happens. Warren, however, is not. Having absorbed Henri in silence for something like a hundred and fifty miles, he now turns suddenly and shouts at the top of his lungs, "You God-damned lunatic, head for the shore!" The canoes turn, and head for the shore.

We are pinned down for the rest of the afternoon, squatting among boulders, eating chocolate in the wind—watching the whitecaps, the rolling, breaking, spraying waves. Then, with amazing suddenness after the fall of the sun, the wind subsides and dies. The lake becomes still, smooth, a corridor of glass. We venture out, timid, re-



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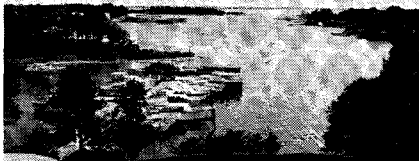
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membering the wind, then forget it and go straight down the middle the last six miles, mirrored as in the early morning, and under cumulus mountains, in alpenglow, scarlet.

As we touch shore, a young couple with a Grumman canoe are preparing to leave, to paddle into the evening to camp who knows where. She grips her paddle as if it were a baseball bat. He instructs her to separate her hands. Practicing paddling, she strokes the air, pulling the blade past her the narrow way. Stepping into the canoe, she sits in the bow seat, ready to go. But the canoe is beached, fifteen feet from the water. She gets out. He shoves it over the gravel. They get in and paddle off. They go down the lake half a mile, then turn around and come back. They have left standing open all the doors of their car, which is covered with fresh white letters: "JUST MARRIED. BUZZ ON."

Henri cuts poles to support both canoes on the rooftop of his car. Fifteen miles down the dirt-and-gravel road, in what is now the black of night, we are blinded by the oncoming headlights of a many-ton truck, a logging truck—the immense, roaring descendant of the West Branch Drive. The lights are so bright that Henri pulls to the side. On and on the truck approaches, an omnivorous machine, swallowing earth and sky. In the blackness, it dominates all—all light, all sound. Suddenly, though, there is another sound, distinct from the engine's churning. The truck is forcing something up the road, something moving in flight before it, that now, within inches of our windows, pounds by. A hoofbeat clatter, a shape as well, a stir of dust, a glimpse of a form, a terrored eye, a spreading rack—a moose. A bull moose.

It is many hours to the end of Maine. The last glimpse of Henri must wait until then. He has—in Greenville, New Hampshire—one final thing to say to Warren, one farewell remark. He says, "Thanks for taking care of the canoe."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," the Royal Shakespeare Company's second production at the Brooklyn Academy, is lavish and accomplished—Shakespeare's lines just pour out, sounding as they are meant to sound, and the actors have completely mastered all those rhymed couplets, which must be very tricky to speak. The play is a youthful frolic about the King of Navarre and three of his noble courtiers, who vow to lead a monastic life—no women, no good food and drink—for three years of study, just when the Princess of France and three of her noble ladies-in-waiting arrive for a visit. From then on, all is a matter of sexual play and nonsense, of disguises, sneaky courtships, switched letters, mistaken identity, fake accents—you name it. The jokes are visual as well as verbal, and they are jokes on pedantry, and on the elaborate expression of natural feelings, and on foolish goals, evasions, and, above all, hypocrisy. This last is summed up by clear-eyed Berowne—principal courtier and, in a sense, master of the revels—in a long, beautiful speech that reassures his perjured colleagues, and that contains the key lines of the comedy:

Have at you, then, affection's men-
at-arms:
Consider what you first did swear
unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no
woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state
of youth.

The goings on at court are echoed by a visiting Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado—the most elaborate expresser and polysyllabalist of all—and a group of locals: a schoolmaster called Holofernes, a sissy curate named Sir Nathaniel, a comical rube called Costard, and others. A lot of the foolishness gets wearing at times (a slapstick classical pageant presented by the locals to the court is very tedious indeed), but a lot of it is witty and affecting, too, and, as is always true in Shakespeare, there are the gleaming lines ("And what to me, my love? and what to me?") that seem to just spring out of the text and the set pieces of pure poetry and song. The play has been traditionally dis-

missed as a piece of youthful trivia, as if "youthful" were itself a pejorative! More important, though, it is a piece in which the delight of a young poet in the words he has chosen is always apparent.

The performance, under the direction of David Jones, is stylish and firm. Yet something is missing, and I'm not sure what it is. It may be relish or excitement—the relish and excitement of a production I once saw at Stratford, Ontario, with Paul Scofield, as a supremely funny, subtle, and altogether glorious Don Armado, whose acting, along with everyone else's, threw everything into an enchanting focus. That aside, there are many treats on hand. Ian Richardson is a polished tongue-in-cheek Berowne, warm-hearted but on to everybody, and his scenes with his chosen Lady Rosaline, very well played by Estelle Kohler, hint at Benedick and Beatrice to come. Mr. Richardson has eloquence, too, where eloquence is called for. Susan Fleetwood is regal and merry as the Princess of France, and David Suchet does well as the King of Navarre. Norman Rodway, as Holofernes, must be every English boy's idea of the Compleat Schoolmaster—fatuously preoccupied with idiotic word games and puzzles—and funniest of all is young Mike Gwilym, triumphant in the splendid role of Costard, hayseed and clown, first appearing in a kind of portable stocks as a punishment for his lecherous ways and, later, innocently switching two love letters and thereby setting off many of the shenanigans. The handsome settings and costumes are by Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth.

THERE is, I think, a theatrical imagination at work in Michael Weller's "Fishing," which opened last week at the Public (Newman Theatre). The play holds up to the end, whereas Mr. Weller's "Moonchildren" seemed to peter out long before then. The characters are plausible, and the actors do very well indeed, under Peter Gill's direction. There are some funny moments. As in "Moonchildren," the hero is a man who must conceal his feelings because of the cir-

cumstances in which he finds himself, and, as in "Moonchildren," the ending is tearful. (The plaintive undertone of both plays is hard to take.) This hero is named Robbie. He has been spending the years since college drifting around the country and staying with his former classmates and their wives or the women they live with. The action covers the events at and around a cabin in the Pacific Northwest, where Robbie is currently visiting one couple and another couple comes to join them, during a weekend when all of them take peyote and become variously, and at various times, high, low, touchy, callous, unreal, and, in one instance, dangerous. There is an important love scene spoken entirely in scatological terms. At the end, Robbie, although he wants to move along and perhaps accomplish something, gives his getaway money to his infantile, tantrummy, violent host (to buy a fishing boat), because he loves his hostess and realizes that he must stay and protect her, although she has made clear (in that scatological scene) that she is not in love with him.

Considered as a documentary on the (weekend) lives of a certain group of feckless well-educated drug takers, the way they speak to one another to express emotion or the lack of it, their vocabulary, with its "weird"s and "amazing"s and arcane references to life, death, and the teachings thereon by local swamis or whatever, "Fishing" is convincing enough. I believed Mr. Weller's characters. I just wish I found the way these people are greening their time away more interesting and their whimsical "high" spirits more contagious. (When I think, hypocrite that I am, of all the drunk scenes I've laughed at on the stage and in the movies!) An exception—a wild, hopped-up gravedigger named Rory is very entertaining to have around. He is admirably played by Raymond J. Barry. Among the other admirable actors are Lindsay Crouse, as Robbie's charming, troubled hostess; Tom Lee Jones, as his nasty host; Kathryn Grody and John Heard, as the visiting couple; Edward Seamon, as the owner of the fishing boat; and Guy Boyd, as Robbie. There is a serious flaw in the play that should be mentioned. We learn in one scene, in which Robbie almost jumps from a mountain lookout and then insists on riding back home alone on a motorcycle through fog, that he is suicidal. As the next scene opens, several people are sitting around and talking of a dead body on the road. The body

turns out to be that of a peripheral character, but the audience justifiably feels hoodwinked by a cheap, stagy trick.

AT the opening of "Kid Champion," at the Public (Anspacher Theatre), it was impossible not to remember the wonderful original production of "Hair" (same theatre) years ago, with all its excitement and youthfulness and tenderness and the freshness of its rock score. "Kid Champion" presents the rock scene as it is now, and at one point a waifish teenager named Alice (delicately played by Anna Levine), whose lover has been killed by a policeman, explains that she is leaving because the scene isn't beautiful anymore. And the play is a demonstration of what she means—of the beauty, if that is what it was, that has drained out of the drug-rock culture, the emotion that has turned rancid, and the excitement turned to nervous exhaustion and meanness. Thomas Babe, the dramatist (with what could be considered the collaboration of his director, John Pasquin), has presented in melodrama, comedy, drama, soliloquy, projected slides, movie clips, and blaring rock music the anatomy of a present-day rock singer, and in so doing has brought the whole failed, tawdry world of rock onto the stage. He has also, and incidentally, given to Christopher Walken the opportunity for a fascinating performance in the title role—although Kid Champion seemed as mysterious to me, and I suspect to himself, at the end as he did at the beginning, after almost three hours of quicksilver shifts of mood, sudden camaraderie and just as sudden treachery, cruelty and vindictiveness, humor and bleak country-boy cynicism, self-pity (all that celebrity "loneliness"), and impersonal sexuality. His brains, abused by years of dope and drink, still come to his service time after time, taking everybody by surprise. No one knows when his claws will scratch or which way he will leap. His own explanation for his behavior—that nobody has ever loved him—is far too pat and banal to fit the outlandish personality. Whatever the cause, he is a dangerous man, and those around him know it and fear him, except for one Jill McDill, a hardboiled type and mistress of the impersonal "dear," who completely takes him over, adding her own ingenuity and machinations to his. Much of the time, the stage is filled with people and noise and flashbulbs and general pandemonium, but there are some quiet scenes as well. One of



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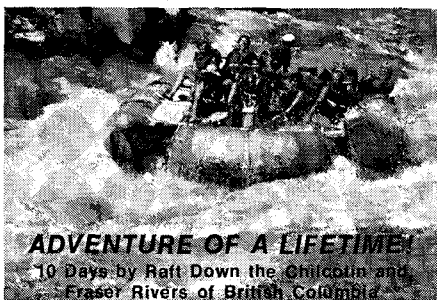
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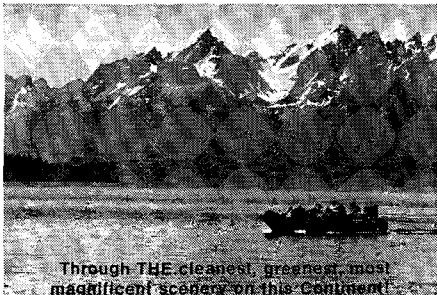
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the best of them takes place in a filthy public lavatory, where Kid Champion, at his own insistence, is interviewed by a professor who is writing a book about him, and where Champion's fellow-musicians, his manager, and a number of hangers-on act as a kind of jeering chorus, subjecting the professor to a merciless put-on. This professor, always appearing at the most sensitive moments, always insulted, and always imperturbable, is given an excellent performance by Kenneth McMillan. Perhaps the best scene of all takes place near the end: Kid Champion has gone home to Kansas for his father's funeral, and he sits at a kitchen table just talking with his tearful, tough mother, as puzzling in her way as he is in his, and beautifully performed by Sasha von Scherler. All the acting is of the quality that one has come to expect at the Public. Among the actors I haven't mentioned and especially enjoyed are David Margulies, as Champion's manager; Mary Elaine Monti, as a girl he deserts when she becomes pregnant; Jerry Zaks, as a hack writer; and Matthew Cowles, Christopher Allport, and Don Scardino, as the musicians in Champion's group. Complex settings by Douglas W. Schmidt; witty costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge.

—EDITH OLIVER

Dr. Athelstan Spilhaus, the "father of Sea Grant" and Texas A&M University's first Visiting University Professor, made two three-day visits to the campus during the spring semester, meeting with faculty, staff and students in classes and informal seminars...

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C'mon, now, Spilhaus! Don't forget the planet Earth, turning on its axis!

ERRATA BIOETHICS

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THE RACE TRACK

Oops!

RACING thrives on rivalry. But what promised to be an enthralling meeting between Susan's Girl and Tallahto, whose respective merits have been hotly discussed, didn't come off as expected in the Santa Maria Handicap at Santa Anita last Sunday. Susan's Girl finished third behind Gay Style and Tizna, and Tallahto ran sixth. Susan's Girl never looked better as she walked around in the paddock, nor did Tallahto, who is always a formidable sight, but Tallahto ran as though her extraordinary will to win was, for the moment, wavering slightly. Nevertheless, there wasn't a dull instant in the minute and forty-two seconds it took to run the mile and a sixteenth. Susan's Girl left the gate like a greyhound out of the slip and led past the quarter pole, with Tizna right behind her. As Tizna took command, a couple of furlongs farther on, Gay Style swung to the rails, and from there the two went dingdong to the wire, the field strung out behind them. Gay Style is a five-year-old bay mare by Sir Gaylord out of Style, a daughter of Traffic Judge. She had been racing abroad until John Sikura, Jr., a Canadian horseman, brought her to Santa Anita and turned her over to Charlie Whittingham, who also saddled Tallahto and has always believed that two arrows in your quiver are better than one when you're shooting at a \$57,150 purse.

Madison Palace, a French-bred seven-year-old who had a \$50,000 price tag on him the last time he ran in a claiming race, took the \$60,000 San Luis Obispo Handicap, at a mile and a half over the grass, on the Washington's Birthday holiday. A public trial for the richer San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano Handicaps, it brought out eight starters and was fascinating to watch, for Madison Palace was no better than sixth the first mile but finished like a runaway freight car to beat Toujours Pret, who isn't French (he's a Virginian), by a length and a quarter. Barclay Joy was third, four lengths behind.

NOW for the three-year-olds. Nominations for the spring classics closed last Saturday, and early reports from Churchill Downs, Pimlico, and Belmont Park indicate that they may top last year's total. At Santa Anita that afternoon, we had the San Vicente Stakes, a warmup gallop at seven furlongs for the Santa Anita

Derby hopefuls. Eight ran, and the winner turned up in Boomie S., a colt from New York. Lightly weighted and energetically ridden by Hawley, the Canadian boy who led the winning list in 1973, he beat George Navonod, who ranked third in the Experimental Free Handicap, the Jockey Club's rating of last season's two-year-olds. George Navonod gave Boomie S. eight pounds. The margin was a short neck. Udonegood—how's that for a name to hang on a Derby prospect?—was third, three lengths away. Boomie S. is a medium-sized dark bay by What Luck out of Some Landing, and Preston King, who trains him for Irwin Feiner, thinks he has the stuff Derby winners are made of. We'll see.

And while we are on the subject, William Haggin Perry has a smasher of a three-year-old filly in Sarsar, a powerfully built daughter of Damascus. In her first start of the season, the La Centinela Stakes, she was caught flat-footed at the break but picked up her field quickly and won by a couple of lengths. In her second, the Pasadena Stakes, a couple of weeks ago, she was away better and rolled in by eleven lengths in 1:10½, which was the best time (by a couple of seconds) for six furlongs that day. She'll be a short price in the \$50,000 Santa Susana Stakes, her next try.

A memo for the lads and lasses who bet on jockeys: On Lincoln's Birthday, Pincay rode the first seven favorites on the card at Santa Anita. Not one of them won.

FOREGO is on his way again, winning the Widener Handicap under 131 pounds—the highest weight ever carried to victory in that famous old Hialeah fixture. A year ago, he won it under 129 pounds. Closest of the eight other runners this time were Hat Full, to whom he gave twenty pounds, and Gold and Myrrh, to whom he gave sixteen. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01½. The crowd of nearly twenty-five thousand was the largest at Hialeah since 1971.

THIS old traditionalist is delighted that the Paumonok Handicap is back in its accustomed place as the first stakes race of the Metropolitan season. It will surely set off celebrations among graybeard members of that Brooklyn Democratic club if any are present at Aqueduct on opening day.

—AUDAX MINOR

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U.S. JOURNAL: BISBEE, ARIZONA

GROUND FLOOR

STEVE HUTCHISON arrived in Bisbee when it was predicted to be a year or two away from its death, and decided that he had finally found a place he could buy into before it really took off. Sausalito when it was still a fishing village. Tortilla Flat before you couldn't touch anything for under thirty thousand. The ground floor he had always dreamed of getting in on. That was in 1971. He began acquiring houses and buildings as fast as he could find out what was for sale and who was selling it. Finding out what was for sale slowed him down, since some people in Bisbee seemed to resent outsiders. Finding out who was selling it slowed him down even more, since a lot of owners had simply abandoned their property—the ground floor being in the eyes of the beholder. The buildings and houses Hutchison bought had not been left because many people in Bisbee thought the city was going to die; those predictions came from outside. The mountainsides and gulches of the original settlement—what Hutchison saw as the ground floor—had gradually lost some of their residents and many of their merchants because people had moved to flatter land in areas later annexed by the city, and Bisbee had never been the type of place that hustles around for urban-renewal money to rejuvenate its downtown. A lot of Bisbee residents had long before decided to leave hustling to the Phelps Dodge mining company, which, when Hutchison arrived, owned not only the copper mines that accounted for most of Bisbee's jobs but also the predominant retail store, the main hotel, the library, the newspaper, the hospital, a number of buildings, and the mining rights under everyone's house. Some people around the state

were saying that Bisbee would collapse when Phelps Dodge closed down its mining operations there. Most people in Bisbee did not believe that Bisbee would collapse, because they did not believe predictions that Phelps Dodge would close down its mining operations—even though one source of the predictions was Phelps Dodge.

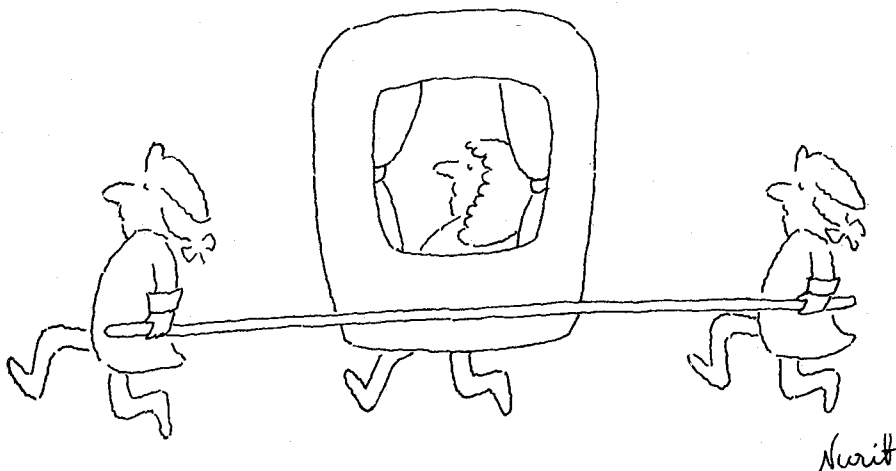
Bisbee had been a one-company copper town for more than thirty years; before that, there were more companies but the same copper. The town had been founded with the discovery of copper in the mountains of southeastern Arizona, in 1877, and it had always existed to mine copper. From the beginning, its prosperity varied not according to the enterprise shown by businessmen in Bisbee but according to the price paid for copper in New York or London. During the Depression, copper was hardly worth taking out of the ground, and times were hard in Bisbee. In 1951, Phelps Dodge began a new open-pit mine—the Lavender Pit—and a lot of people in Bisbee were able to build houses in an area called San José, which looks like a postwar suburb instead of a turn-of-the-century mining camp. People in Bisbee assumed that there would always be good times and bad times in copper mining, but they also assumed that there would always be copper mining. The Phelps Dodge underground mine, after all, was working essentially the same lode of copper that had been discovered in 1877.

Refusing to believe predictions of closing made by the company itself was not completely irrational. Phelps Dodge had often been wrong in the past. When the Lavender Pit was begun, its life expectancy was given as only eight or ten years. Beginning in 1967, when the Phelps Dodge annual

report first said that the end of the Bisbee operations was in sight, the company seemed to predict the imminent close of the Lavender Pit almost annually. It is not uncommon, of course, for mines whose closing has been anticipated to continue because of an increase in the price of copper or an improvement in technology or the discovery of a new vein of ore. But among many residents of Bisbee the certainty that the mine would always be there went beyond such considerations. For them, Bisbee existed only as a copper town. In their minds, copper seemed not merely the only logical industry for Bisbee but the only legitimate industry for Bisbee. They were suspicious of talk about anything else.

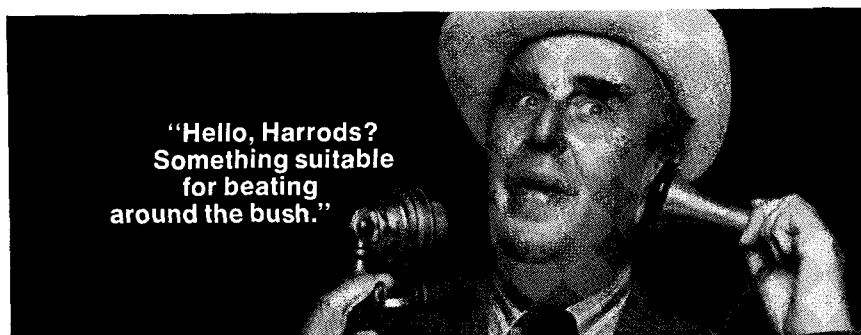
To the extent that Bisbee has been a company town, of course, it has lacked the entrepreneurial energy that might be found in a place where the residents have had to make decisions about what the town needs and how the resources will be found to get it. If a baseball park was needed, Phelps Dodge was asked. If a flagpole was needed for the baseball park, Phelps Dodge was asked for that. The only serious political and economic power in the town had traditionally been exercised by The Company; what was left amounted to the kind of petty matters that tend to be dealt with by petty bickering. After the announcement by Phelps Dodge in 1967, there were some people in town who did believe that planning for a non-mining future should begin; they formed an organization called BUILD, or Bisbee United in Lasting Development. A city manager said to be conversant with industrial-development techniques was hired. Bisbee's efforts at luring tourists had amounted to little more than a highway sign before the Lavender Pit saying "Scenic View," and one BUILD committee made some recommendations for the development of a tourist industry—such as finding a private operator to buy the old Copper Queen Hotel from Phelps Dodge. A group of businessmen formed a company to put together financing for a Holiday Inn. But the city manager left during a particularly acrimonious dispute over sewer rates, and the motel venture did not progress beyond a sign on the land. BUILD seemed to melt away during the bickering. A lot of residents felt that planning for a future other than copper mining was a waste of time and money, anyway.

The Copper Queen Hotel was finally sold to a private operator—Steve Hutchison. A large, volatile, bearded



man in his early forties, Hutchison had been a caricaturist by trade. For seventeen years, he had travelled through the West doing caricatures at college fraternity houses. He would do a caricature of every member of the fraternity—seven-fifty a shot, including frame. When he wasn't doing caricatures, he was looking at real estate. About the time fraternities started to fade—and about the time drawing caricatures of forty of the brothers started amounting to drawing twenty-five droopy mustaches and fifteen beards and forty sullen looks—Hutchison settled down in Oregon to sell off some land he had bought. Then he moved to Tucson and discovered, a hundred miles to the southeast, what he considered the ground floor. Miners' cottages built up the mountainside—white cottages that had tin roofs and gingerbread porches built to catch the breeze in the summer and the sun that is strong even on brisk winter days. Business streets like Brewery Gulch and O.K. Street lined with brick buildings that looked precisely the way they had looked in the first decade of the century—partly because Bisbee had a preservation society that valued them, but mostly because nobody had any reason to tear them down or modernize them with aluminum siding. "Bisbee was created out of fifty years of backwardness," Hutchison said recently. "None of the citizens thought of anything but holes. There was no private enterprise. There was no progress. There was no feeling of development or change. The lack of feeling of future froze it into a twilight zone. It was frozen in 1908." The regular residents of Bisbee told Hutchison that the abandoned buildings and houses of Old Bisbee were more or less worthless—which, of course, was just another way of telling him that he was in on the ground floor. "I've been in these areas before they've popped," he has said. "I've been involved in Sausalito and Laguna and Baja. I had half of Baja California in escrow fifteen years ago. And I think this place—this grubby little town—is it."

Within a year or two, Hutchison had company on the ground floor—a mining engineer and promoter named Ed Smart. Smart has lived in Aspen, Colorado, for twenty-five years—or, as he puts it, "I discovered Aspen twenty-five years ago." His conversation is sprinkled with the names of well-known acquaintances. He is a man who can begin a dinner conversation by dropping the name of Albert Schweitzer (who once visited Aspen) and work his way up to John Wayne



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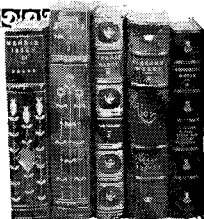
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by the time coffee has arrived. Hutchison had spoken of Bisbee as a sort of Williamsburg of the West; Smart spoke of it as "the new Aspen," the old Aspen having become too citified and commercialized for those who had been there in ground-floor days. Smart talked about starting an arts-and-crafts school in Bisbee and turning the town into an art colony. But, most of all, he spoke of Bisbee as becoming a place to be. A place to be does not require a specific industry. Most of the people who are interested in a place to be—particularly those people who are interested in *the* place to be—are not looking for jobs. What is the industry of Santa Fe, New Mexico? What do Americans do in San Miguel de Allende except talk about their renovations and each other? Smart bought some houses and buildings and the old town jail. ("He grabbed all the goodies I didn't get," says Hutchison, who bought the Knights of Pythias castle for a thousand dollars during the same auction at which Smart bought the jail for fifteen hundred.) Smart said John Wayne—Duke—would be a partner in restoring the jail, having decided to stock it with some of his Western-film memorabilia. Smart and Hutchison became allies sometimes, rivals other times. They were united when facing the townspeople who resented both of them—for being able to recognize value in property no local had been willing to invest in, they said—and divided when judging each other's motives. Each said that he had the best interests of Bisbee at heart while the other was a speculator who merely happened to be lucky enough to get in on the ground floor.

ED SMART brought a lot of people with him. He either let some of his Aspen friends in on the ground floor or, in another interpretation, brought in a market for his property. Hutchison also attracted some people. Around Bisbee, Hutchison and Smart generally became thought of as the source of bearded and oddly dressed outsiders, whether they knew them or not. "They both got roots elsewhere," Bill Epler, a local editor, has said. "And all of a sudden there's a bunch of hippies from Oregon and Colorado. So draw your own conclusions." Some of the newcomers bought property—some of it from Smart and Hutchison—and some of them just wandered in and out of town. Some of them were artists, and some of them described them-

selves as artists, and some of them just looked like artists.

By now, of course, what amounts to the counterculture includes just about as many types of people as straight society. There is a sort of landed class—the Hollywood Hippies who were able to buy their own communes in northern New Mexico and maybe even turn a profit on the land when they got tired of other people's dirty dishes and turned to Sufism. There is an obvious stratum of bourgeois shopkeepers—although the term would, naturally, hor-



rify them. The petite bourgeoisie run one-man silver-smith shops or leather stores. The haute bourgeoisie have a third interest in a bar in Aspen or an antique store near Taos or some houses

that are being renovated in northern California. Some of the street people of the counterculture are just a younger version of straight society's bums—panhandlers, petty thieves, drifters whose attraction to Bisbee may have to do with the availability of abandoned miners' cottages in the gulches or the availability of Mexican dope six miles away. To miners and merchants who had spent their lives in a small mining community a hundred miles from the nearest large city, of course, people with beards and headbands and greasy leather hats and blue jeans looked pretty much alike. A bunch of hippies.

Once the outsiders started to arrive in numbers, two or three years ago, Bisbee residents started locking their doors and complaining about stray dogs and making remarks about people who didn't bathe. An ordinance to prevent communal living was introduced in the Bisbee city council. Some Bisbee residents refused to go into the Copper Queen Hotel, although Hutchison himself was discouraging the presence of people who might frighten away the weekend tourists coming down from Tucson or Phoenix. Last year, there was a fierce dispute before Hutchison was finally given a liquor license for the old brewery he had bought in Brewery Gulch. At one point, Hutchison threatened to tear the building down. In the bar at the Copper Queen, a sign eventually went up that said, "We Sell Opium and Girls. If in doubt, ask local police, citizens, churches."

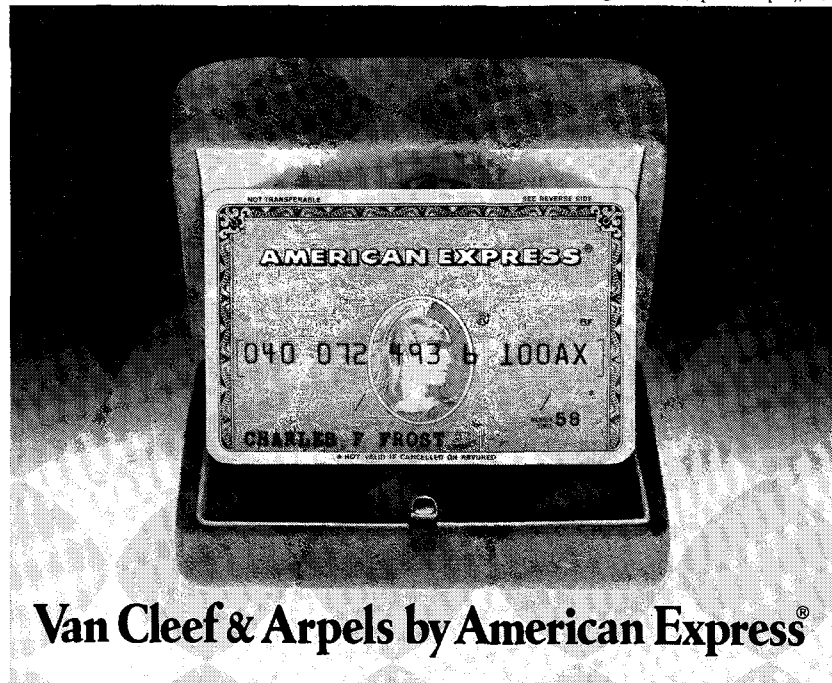
THE day before Thanksgiving, a sign went up on Phelps Dodge bulletin boards announcing that the Lavender Pit and the concentrator that processed ore from both the pit and the underground mine would close

after the graveyard shift, December 14th. Even then, a lot of people didn't believe it. The mayor of Bisbee, a contractor named Charles Eads, says a lot of miners continued not to believe in the closing until the day they went to the mine and found out they couldn't go to work. "It's like you'll always have Dad to help you, and all of a sudden he's gone," Eads says. Dad also announced that the life of the underground mine could probably be measured in months, and people in Bisbee, having just seen the town's Phelps Dodge payroll drop from thirteen hundred to nine hundred, began to believe it.

A number of people concerned about Bisbee's future got together to take stock of their non-copper resources. Bisbee was still the county seat of Cochise County. It also had, in the past several years, started to become something of a bedroom community for Fort Huachuca, twenty-five miles away, which has grown steadily since the Army put an intelligence operation there. There was talk of increasing retail trade from Mexico after a new road was finished, and talk of luring a plant interested in a twin-city program that permits part of a manufacturing process to be completed by cheaper labor in Mexico. There was a lot of talk about attracting retirees and about capturing some of the thousands of tourists who stop every year at Tombstone, just twenty-five miles up the road. Mayor Eads stressed unity, and even managed to include some of the newcomers on various committees planning for the future. In the past year or so, some old-time residents of Bisbee had begun to make distinctions among the newcomers anyway—separating those who inspired door-locking from those who set up shops and collected sales tax. In the spirit of unity, the *Bisbee Review* wrote that a new asset for the community to mine had become apparent at the first council meeting after the Lavender Pit closing—"that of what some would call 'long-haired hippie types.'" One of the newcomers, the *Review* said, had even volunteered to design a sign that would lure travelers from the Lavender Pit overlook into downtown. The volunteer was someone who in a *Tucson Daily Citizen* piece by Sam Negri last summer was described as "Damian, a 44-year-old artist who does not use a last name," and was quoted about how good the karma was in Bisbee. In the *Review* item, he was identified as "Art Damian . . . retired art director."

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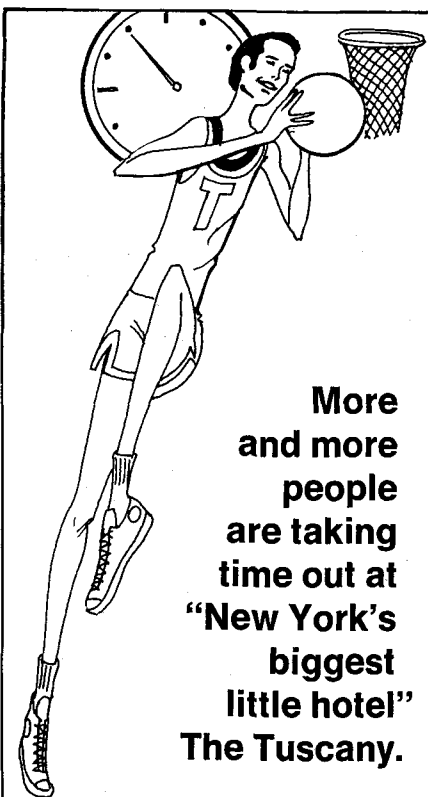
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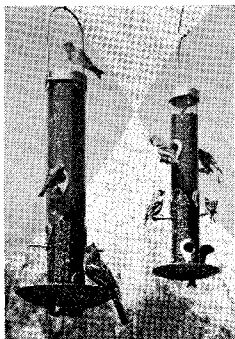
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time residents of Bisbee tend to emphasize copper mining. The Chamber of Commerce office is still out on the highway, at the Lavender Pit overlook. The latest idea Mayor Eads has come up with has to do with tours through some of the original hard-rock underground mines. There is not a lot of faith around town that Brewery Gulch and O.K. Street and the rest of Old Bisbee will be renovated into another Aspen or a Western Williamsburg. In fact, nothing much seems to be happening. Smart has renovated one building, and some people from Aspen who own a bar in Brewery Gulch are putting in a restaurant next door, and there are a couple of stores displaying plants hanging in macramé holders. But Hutchison has not taken advantage of his liquor license to put a bar in the old brewery and has announced that he would like to sell the Copper Queen. It is said in Bisbee that any property Smart owns is for sale. A lot of people in Bisbee think Hutchison may have burned himself out in the last four years and Smart may have been caught in the current cash squeeze—that, in other words, they may not be able to take advantage of being in on the ground floor even if it really is the ground floor. There is even a theory that the old-timers are right about Bisbee being a copper town or nothing; a study in the University of Arizona's business review a couple of years ago, before there was an energy crisis or a recession to damage tourism, said that the only sensible response to the closing of all Phelps Dodge mining in that part of Cochise County would be to relocate the population in a more promising place. What most people in Bisbee mention when the subject of the future comes up is not Aspen or twincity projects but some exploration being done by the Occidental Minerals Corporation in an area next to the Phelps Dodge claim. When the exploration started, the company's Tucson lawyer said, "This is just routine exploration at this time. I'm afraid of this getting blown out of proportion as a 'Save Your Bisbee' plan." But what many Bisbee residents think about the future is simple, a longtime resident said recently: "What they're hoping for is for OxyMin to hit the jackpot."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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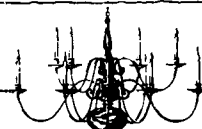
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Coming: "Nashville"

IS there such a thing as an orgy for movie-lovers—but an orgy without excess? At Robert Altman's new, almost-three-hour film, "Nashville," you don't get drunk on images, you're not overpowered—you get elated. I've never before seen a movie I loved in quite this way: I sat there smiling at the screen, in complete happiness. It's a pure emotional high, and you don't come down when the picture is over; you take it with you. In most cases, the studio heads can conjecture what a director's next picture will be like, and they feel safe that way—it's like an insurance policy. They can't with Altman, and after United Artists withdrew its backing from "Nashville," the picture had to be produced independently, because none of the other major companies would take it on. U.A.'s decision will probably rack up as a classic boner, because this picture is going to take off into the stratosphere—though it has first got to open. (Paramount has picked up the distribution rights but hasn't yet announced an opening date.) "Nashville" is a radical, evolutionary leap.

Altman has prepared us for it. If this film had been made earlier, it might have been too strange and new, but in the five years since he broke through with "M*A*S*H" he's experimented in so many directions that now, when it all comes together for him, it's not really a shock. From the first, packed frames of a recording studio, with Haven Hamilton (Henry Gibson), in bespangled, embroidered white cowboy clothes, like a short, horseless Roy Rogers, singing, "We must be doing somethin' right to last two hundred years," the picture is unmistakably Altman—as identifiable as a paragraph by Mailer when he's really racing. "Nashville" is simply "the ultimate Altman movie" we've been waiting for. Fused, the different styles of prankishness

of "M*A*S*H" and "Brewster McCord" and "California Split" become Jovian adolescent humor. Altman has already accustomed us to actors who don't look as if they're acting; he's attuned us to the comic subtleties of a multiple-track sound system that makes the sound more live than it ever was before; and he's evolved an organic style of moviemaking that tells a story without the clanking of plot. Now he dissolves the frame, so that we feel the continuity between what's on the screen and life off-camera.

"Nashville" isn't organized according to patterns that you're familiar with, yet you don't question the logic. You get it from the rhythms of the scenes. The picture is at once a "Grand Hotel"-style narrative, with twenty-four linked characters; a country-and-Western musical; a documentary essay on Nashville and American life; a meditation on the love affair between performers and audiences; and an Altman party. In the opening sequences, when Altman's people—the performers we associate with him because he has used them in ways no one else would think of, and they've been filtered through his sensibility—start arriving, and pile up in a traffic jam on the way from the airport to the

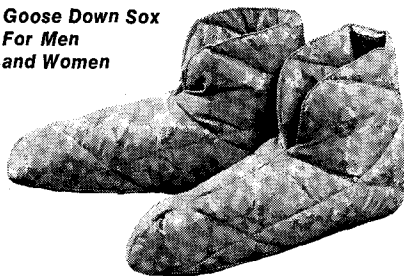
city, the movie suggests the circus procession at the non-ending of "8½." But Altman's clowns are far more autonomous; they move and intermingle freely, and the whole movie is their procession. "Nashville" is, above all, a celebration of its own performers. Like Bertolucci, Altman (he includes an homage to "Last Tango in Paris") gives the actors a chance to come out—to use more of themselves in their characters. The script is by Joan Tewkesbury, but the actors have been encouraged to work up material for their roles, and not only do they do their own singing but most of them wrote their own songs—and wrote them in character. The songs distill the singers' lives, as the mimes and theatrical performances did for the actors in "Children of Paradise." The impulse behind all Altman's innovations has been to work on more levels than the conventional film does, and now—despite the temporary sound mix and the not-quite-final edit of the print he ran recently, informally, for a few dozen people in New York, before even the Paramount executives had seen the picture—it's apparent that he needed the technical innovations in order to achieve this union of ideas and feelings. "Nashville" coalesces lightly and easily, as if it had just been tossed off. We float while watching, because Altman never lets us see the sweat. Altman's art, like Fred Astaire's, is the great Ameri-



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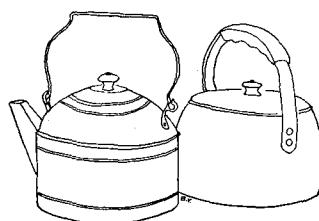
can art of making the impossible look easy.

Altman does for Nashville what he was trying to do for Houston in "Brewster McCloud," but he wasn't ready to fly then, and the script didn't have enough layers—he needs ideas that mutate, and characters who turn corners. Joan Tewkesbury has provided him with a great subject. Could there be a city with wilder metaphoric overtones than Nashville, the Hollywood of the C. & W. recording industry, the center of fundamentalist music and pop success? The country sound is a twang with longing in it; the ballads are about poor people with no hope. It's the simplistic music of the conquered South; the songs tell you that although you've failed and you've lived a terrible, degrading life, there's a place to come home to, and that's where you belong. Even the saddest song is meant to be reassuring to its audience: the insights never go beyond common poverty, job troubles, and heartaches, and the music never rises to a level that would require the audience to reinterpret its experience. Country stars are symbolic ordinary figures. In this, they're more like political demagogues than artists. The singer bears the burden of what he has become, and he keeps saying, "I may be driving an expensive car, but that doesn't mean I'm happier than you are." Neither he nor the politician dares to come right out and confess to the audience that what he's got is what he set out for from the beginning. Instead, he says, "It's only an accident that puts me here and you there—don't we talk the same language?" Listening to him, people can easily feel that he owes them, and everybody who can sing a little or who has written a tune tries to move in close to the performers as a way of getting up there into the fame business.

"Nashville" is about the insanity of a fundamentalist culture in which practically the whole population has been turned into groupies. The story spans the five days during which a political manager, played by Michael Murphy, lines up the talent for a Nashville rally to be used as a TV show promoting the Presidential candidacy of Hal Philip Walker. Walker's slogan is "New Roots for the Nation"—a great slogan for the South, since country music is about a longing for roots that don't exist. Because country singing isn't

complex, either musically or lyrically, Altman has been able to create a whole constellation of country stars out of actors. Some of them had actually cut records, but they're not primarily country singers, and their songs are never just numbers. The songs are the story being told, and even the way the singers stand—fluffing out a prom-queen dress, like Karen Black, or coolly staring down the audience, like the almond-eyed, slightly withdrawn Cristina Raines—is part of it. During this movie, we begin to realize that all that the people are is what we see. Nothing is held back from us, nothing is hidden.

When Altman—who is the most atmospheric of directors—discusses what his movies are about, he makes them sound stupid, and he's immediately attacked in the press by people who take his statements literally. (If pinned to the wall by publicity men, how would Joyce have explained the "Nighttown" sequence of "Ulysses"?) The complex outline of "Nashville" gives him the space he needs to work in, and he tells the story by suggestions, echoes, recurrences. It may be he's making a joke about how literally his explanations have been taken when in this picture the phony sentiments that turn up in the lyrics recur in other forms, where they ring true. Haven Hamilton, the bantam king of Nashville, with a red toupee for a crown, sings a maudlin piece of doggerel, with a heavy, churchy beat, about a married man's breaking up with his girl friend ("For the sake of the children, we must say goodbye"). Later,



it's almost a reprise when we see Lily Tomlin, as the gospel-singing wife of Haven's lawyer, Ned Beatty, leave Keith Carradine (the hot young singer in a trio) for exactly that reason. Throughout, there are valid observations made to seem fake by a slimy inflection. Geraldine Chaplin, as Opal, from the BBC, is doing a documentary on Nashville; she talks in flights of poetic gush, but nothing she says is as fatuous as she makes it sound. What's funny about Opal is that her affections are all wasted, since the hillbillies she's trying to impress don't know what she's talking about. Opal is always on the fringe of the action; her opposite is the figure that the plot threads converge on—Barbara Jean (Ronee Blakley), whose ballads are her only means of expressing her yearnings. Barbara Jean is the one

tragic character: her art comes from her belief in imaginary roots.

The movies often try to do portraits of artists, but their artistry must be asserted for them. When we see an actor playing a painter and then see the paintings, we don't feel the relation. And even when the portrait is of a performing artist, the story is almost always of how the artist achieves recognition rather than of what it is that has made him an artist. Here, with Ronee Blakley's Barbara Jean, we perceive what goes into the art, and we experience what the unbalance of life and art can do to a person. When she was a child, Barbara Jean memorized the words on a record and earned fifty cents in a contest, and she's been singing ever since; the artist has developed, but the woman hasn't. She has driven herself to the point of having no identity except as a performer. She's in and out of hospitals, and her manager husband (Allen Garfield) treats her as a child, yet she's a true folk artist; the Nashville audience knows she's the real thing and responds to the purity of her gift. She expresses the loneliness that is the central emotion in country music. But she isn't *using* the emotion, as the other singers do: it pours right out of her—softly. Arriving at the airport, coming home after a stretch of treatment—for burns, we're told—she's radiant, yet so breakable that it's hard to believe she has the strength to perform. A few days later, when she stands on the stage of the Opry Belle and sings "Dues," with the words "It hurts so bad, it gets me down," her fragility is so touching and her swaying movements are so seductively musical that, perhaps for the first time on the screen, one gets the sense of an artist's being consumed by her gift. This is Ronee Blakley's first movie, and she puts most movie hysteria to shame; she achieves her effects so simply that I wasn't surprised when someone near me started to cry during one of her songs. She has a long sequence on the stage of the Opry Belle when Barbara Jean's mind starts to wander and, instead of singing, she tells out-of-place, goofy stories about her childhood. They're the same sort of stories that have gone into her songs, but without the transformation they're just tatters that she clings to—and they're all she's got. Ronee Blakley, who wrote this scene, as well as the music and lyrics of all her songs, is a peachy, dimpled brunette, in the manner of the movie stars of an earlier era; as Barbara Jean, she's like the prettiest girl in high school, the one the people in town

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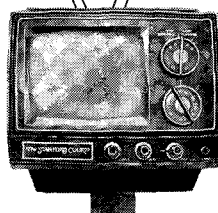


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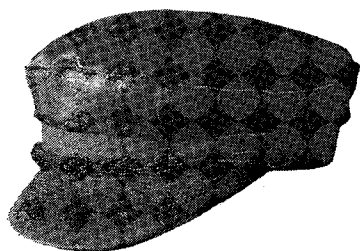
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say is just perfect-looking, like Linda Darnell. But she's more delicate; she's willowy and regal, tipping to one side like the Japanese ladies carved in ivory. At one point, she sings with the mike in one hand, the other hand tracing the movements of the music in the air, and it's an absolutely ecstatic moment.

"Nashville" isn't in its final shape yet, and all I can hope to do is suggest something of its achievement. Altman could make a film of this magnitude for under two million dollars because he works with actors whose range he understands. He sets them free to give their own pulse to their characters; inspired themselves, they inspire him. And so we get motifs that bounce off each other—tough-broad Barbara Baxley's drunken fix on the murdered Kennedys, Shelley Duvall's total absorption in celebrity, a high-school band of majorettes twirling rifles, and Robert Doqui's anger at a black singer for not being black enough. All the allusions tell the story of the great American popularity contest. Godard was trying to achieve a synthesis of documentary and fiction and personal essay in the early sixties, but Godard's Calvinist temperament was too cerebral. Altman, from a Catholic background, has what Joyce had: a love of the supreme juices of everyday life. He can put unhappy characters on the screen (Keenan Wynn plays a man who loses the wife he's devoted to) and you don't wish you didn't have to watch them; you accept their unhappiness as a piece of the day, as you do in "Ulysses." You don't recoil from the moody narcissism of Keith Carradine's character: there he is in his bedroom, listening to his own tapes, with one bed partner after another—with Geraldine Chaplin, whom he'll barely remember the next day, and with Lily Tomlin, whom he'll remember forever. You don't recoil, as you do in movies like "Blow-Up" or "Petulia," because Altman wants you to be part of the life he shows you and to feel the exhilaration of being alive. When you get caught up in his way of seeing, you no longer anticipate what's coming, because Altman doesn't deliver what years of moviegoing have led you to expect. You get something else. Even when you feel in your bones what has to happen—as you do toward the climax of "Nashville," when the characters assemble for the rally at the Parthenon and Barbara Jean, on the

stage, smiles ravishingly at her public—he delivers it in a way you didn't expect. Who watching the pious Haven Hamilton sing the evangelical "Keep A'Goin'," his eyes flashing with a paranoid gleam as he keeps the audience under surveillance, would guess that the song represented his true spirit, and that when injured he would think of the audience before himself? Who would expect that Barbara Harris, playing a runaway wife—a bombed-out groupie hovering around the action—would finally get her chance onstage, and that her sexy, sweetly shell-shocked look would, at last, fit in perfectly? For the viewer, "Nashville" is a constant discovery of overlapping connections. The picture says, This is what America is, and I'm part of it. "Nashville" arrives at a time when America is congratulating itself for

having got rid of the bad guys who were pulling the wool over people's eyes. The movie says that it isn't only the politicians who live the big lie—the big lie is something we're all capable of trying for. The candidate, Hal Phillip Walker, never appears on the screen; he doesn't need to—the screen is full of candidates. The name of Walker's party doesn't have to stand for anything: that's why it's the Replacement Party.

"Nashville" isn't full of resolutions, because Altman doesn't set up conflicts; the conflicts, as in Lily Tomlin's character, are barely visible. Her deepest tensions play out in the quietest scenes in the movie; she's a counterbalance to the people squabbling about whatever comes into their heads. There's no single reason why anybody does anything in this movie, and most of the characters' concerns are mundane. Altman uses a "Grand Hotel" mingling of characters without giving false importance to their unions and collisions, and the rally itself is barely pivotal. A lot happens in the five days, but a lot happens in any five days. There are no real dénouements, but there are no loose ends, either: Altman doesn't need to wrap it all up, because the people here are too busy being alive to be locked in place. Frauds who are halfway honest, they're true to their own characters. Even the stupidest among them, the luscious bimbo Sueleen (Gwen Welles), a tone-deaf waitress in the airport coffee shop, who wiggles and teases as she sings to the customers, and even the most ridiculous—Geraldine Chaplin's Opal—are

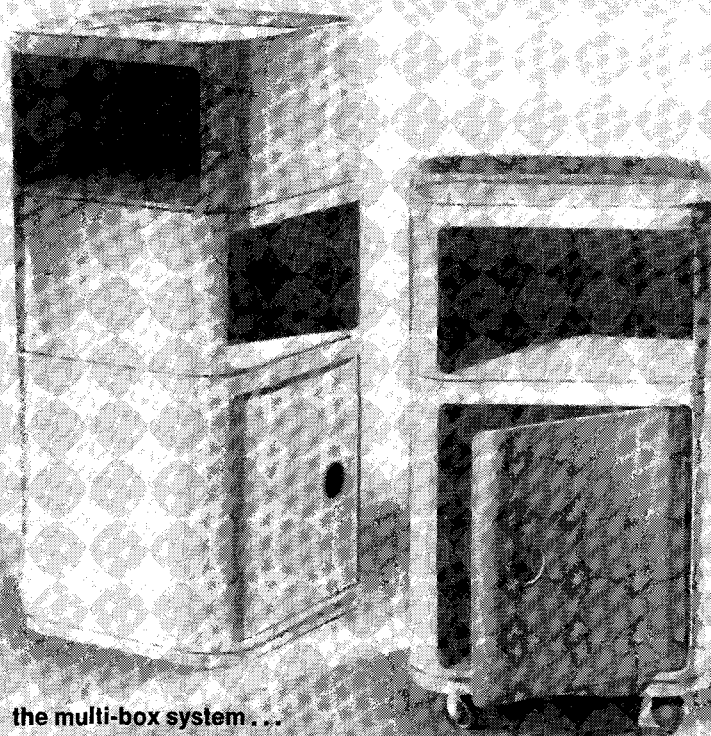


so completely what they are that they're irresistible. At an outdoor party at Haven Hamilton's log-cabin retreat, the chattering Opal remarks, "Pure, unadulterated Bergman," but then, looking around, she adds, "Of course, the people are all wrong for Bergman, aren't they?" "Nashville" is the funniest epic vision of America ever to reach the screen.

INSTEAD of the transparency characteristic of Vittorio De Sica at his greatest, his last film, "A Brief Vacation," has an opaque dignity. It's split between magisterial, grim realism and swoony romanticism, with one no more convincing than the other. The scenarist Cesare Zavattini has set the story—of a love that was not to be—among working-class people; in the opening sequences, the put-upon heroine, Clara (Florinda Bolkan), is the sole breadwinner for a southern-Italian peasant family living in Milan. She's exhausted by her factory job and fed up with her narrow-minded, suspicious-of-everything relatives. She has become so depressed and ignorant that she's even forgotten how to read. Her Cro-Magnon husband (Renato Salvatori) uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned, and she has sunk into a morose stupor, trudging to work, berating her husband and his mother and brother, sparing only her children. This section of the film is unrelieved: when Florinda Bolkan, with her strong shoulders and uniquely impersonal face, acts morose, it's as if the screen had gone blank. She's a handsome woman, in high-fashion terms, but her mask face doesn't take the light; she goes through the proper motions for her role, but her face says no to any curiosity we might have.

When Clara collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy, to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture turns into a novelettish "Magic Mountain," with the ideas left out. Clara makes friends among a group of suffering sophisticates, discovers a world of beauty and art which she has never known (and must soon relinquish—we can't forget that), and it's all much like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara's dewy-eyed newfound lover, Luigi (Daniel Quenard), who has also been sent to the resort by the National Health, drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Luigi, who looks like a frail cross between Montgomery Clift and Ian Holm, and acts like Richard Chamberlain, seems the aesthetic equivalent of impotence, but

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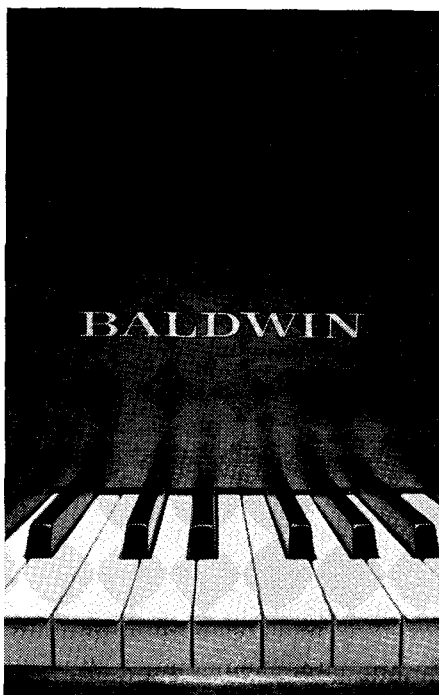
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In silent pictures, and in the early years of talkies, it was very common for heroines to discover bliss in a vaporous love affair with a sickly Luigi, and sometimes even "ladies of the evening" were redeemed by contact with a little high art (Clara reads "Anna Karenina" and goes to a concert), but it seemed as if movies had grown beyond this sort of transformation through the power of the ethereal. And hadn't they grown beyond thirties-movies characters like the feverishly frisky La Scanziani (Adriana Asti), a dying music-hall entertainer who will do anything for attention? Asti plays it to the hilt, in the gallant-waif Piaf style (she even sings "Milord"), and with that same frightened-chicken look of desperate gaiety. It's one of those atrocious grand performances that you become grateful for in a heartfelt renunciation drama. "A Brief Vacation" joins a modern, somewhat ideological view of an oppressed, resentful working-class woman with a familiar, earlier fantasy of escaping from brute sex to angel sex. The reverse of Lady Chatterley, Clara becomes a starry-eyed ingénue walking with a tony, disembodied John-Boy, who will never have dirt under his fingernails. The picture has some of the same lumpish uplift as the American "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." It gives one the sense that it is compromising between equally bad ideas.

—PAULINE KAEI

Fraternities and sororities are no longer allowed to discriminate along racial or religious lines when choosing members. A few even admit women.—*Boston Globe*.

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The 85 men and two women who attended a Palo Alto workshop Wednesday night were highly educated, articulate, nearly dressed and generally middle-aged.—*Palo Alto Times*.

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Three Bows to His String

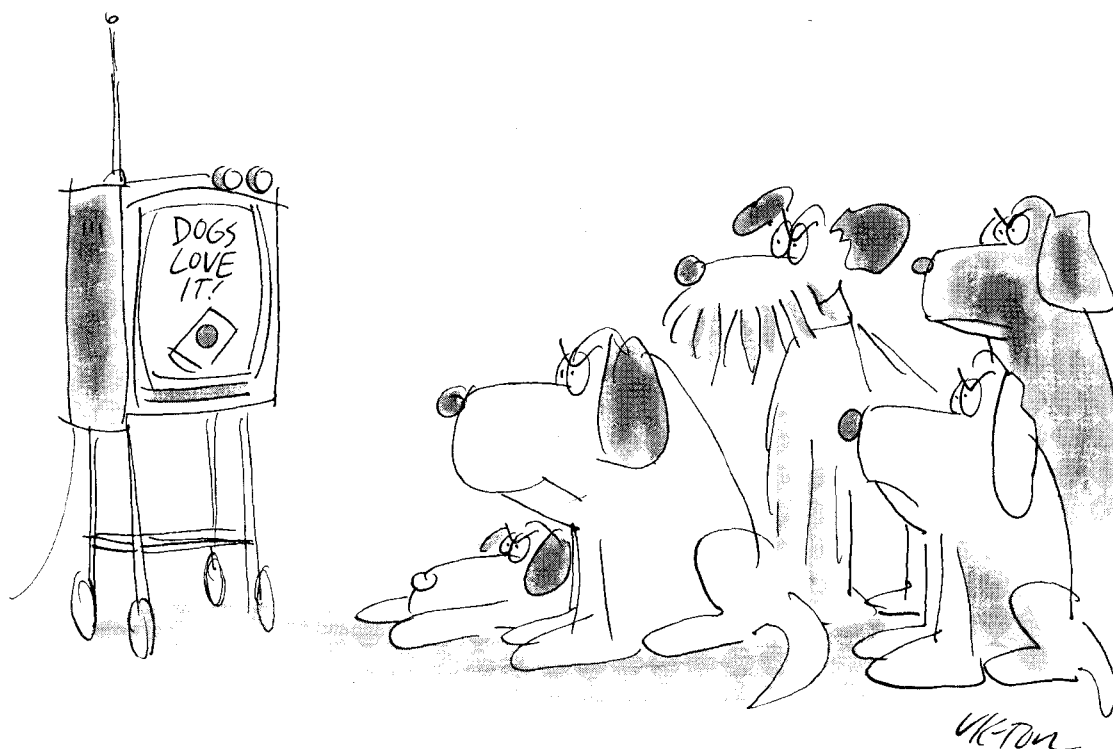
THERE is something winning about a performer who feels it necessary to confess to his audience, ruefully, that he has not examined the autograph of the next piece he's going to play. Sergiu Luca, who did so at his recital of eighteenth- and twentieth-century music for violin and keyboard, in Alice Tully Hall, is a "modern" interpreter of the best kind. That's to say, he likes to play on appropriate instruments, from correct texts. He played his Bach (the G-Major Sonata) on a 1740 "Peter of Venice" Guarnerius—gut strings, slackened tension, low pitch—with a 1720 bow; and he played his Mozart (the D-Major Sonata, K. 306) on the same instrument but with a late-eighteenth-century bow by John Betts. Busoni's Second Sonata, William Bolcom's "Duo Fantasy," and Ravel's "Tzigane" he played on his 1733 Carlo Bergonzi with the standard modern rig—metal strings, pitch screwed up, and a late-Peccate bow. In the Bach and Mozart duos, Albert Fuller played the harpsichord, a William Hyman copy of an early-eighteenth-century Blanchet. In the Busoni and the Ravel, David Golub played the piano (the only instrument whose date and maker remained unidentified). In the Bolcom, authenticity was further assured by the presence of the composer himself as pianist.

Care about instruments and care about texts in themselves provide no guarantee of musical merit, but they certainly enhance the achievement of as lively an interpreter and as spirited a fiddler as Mr. Luca is. An exceptionally dashing, even reckless performance of the "Tzigane" (this was the piece on which he admitted having done no musicological research) was the proof of his virtuosity and his temperament. In earlier works, said Mr. Luca (who spoke his informal program notes), the different bows, by defining what could not be done and suggesting what could be, gave the performer a

sense of freedom. The Bach was a gentle, poised dialogue. The Mozart was slightly out of balance—the treble of Mr. Fuller's harpsichord never quite let the first subject break clear of its jangling Alberti bass—but both performers brought grace and wit to the molding of their phrases, shaped the andantino cantabile as if it were a lyrical rhapsody invented while it went along, and sparkled in the surprises of the finale. The Busoni, a noble composition, received a moving performance—grave, powerfully articulated, and also sounded with a sensuous, affecting beauty of tone missed by performers intent only on its rigorously controlled structure. Mr. Golub is an admirable pianist. So is Mr. Bolcom. His "Duo Fantasy" (commissioned for the Portland Summer Concerts, 1973, and on this occasion given its New York premiere) is a kaleidoscope assembled with elegance and charm. It includes a parlor waltz and a fast rag; nimble ideas fall deftly into a series of teasing, entertaining—and coherent—patterns. The textures are limpid, and the rhythms chipper; the tone is light, the musical thought dapper and distinguished. A happy addition to the repertory. And, all in all, an exceptionally cultivated and satisfactory recital. Mr. Luca's nice sense of period styles faltered only in a late-Romantic encore, Josef Suk's "Love Song." Suk himself would certainly have played

the piece with a good deal more "soupy" portamento.

LAST week's major first performance was of George Perle's "Songs of Praise and Lamentation," an extended choral composition dedicated to the late Noah Greenberg. The first part is twelve verses of Psalm 18, set in Hebrew for four-part chorus with large orchestra. The second is four of Rilke's "Orpheus" sonnets set in the original German, two for single and two for double chorus, unaccompanied. The third, specifically an elegy for Mr. Greenberg, includes quotations from Ockeghem's lament on the death of Binchois, Josquin's on the death of Ockeghem, and Vinders' on the death of Josquin. Quatrains by John Hollander grow from them, with the refrain "*Timor mortis conturbat me*" (pronounced *all'italiana*: "me" rhymes with "allay;" in Dunbar's "Lament for the Makers," which has the same refrain, it rhymes with "flee"). There is a salute to Auden, Greenberg's collaborator, "the best shaper of words;" and, finally, the opening verses of Psalm 1 are refashioned: "His everfruitful life shall stand, A tree in a well-watered land; Winds through unwithered leaves will play; *Laus musicae componet me.*" This movement is for soloists, double chorus, a smaller orchestra, and, in the Renaissance *déplorations*, Renaissance instruments such as used to play in Mr. Greenberg's New York Pro Musica. It is a difficult work to hold together, and at its first performance—given, in Car-



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negie Hall, by the Dessoff Choirs, members of the Concordia Choir from Bronxville, and the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Michael Hammond—it fell to pieces. In fact, what reached the ear was but a dim, feeble approximation to the music the eye could perceive in Perle's vocal score. The composer had evidently overrated the abilities of the amateur choristers. They sang Hebrew, German, Latin, and English without feeling for words. The colorful sonorities were reduced to one drab hue. Phrases that were meant to leap proudly and phrases planned to flow in soft, supple curves became one plod. The only effect that succeeded was that of Perle's new music, on modern instruments, flowering from the Renaissance cadences—a fine image of the stimulus that Noah Greenberg's work brought to New York's musical life. It would be good to hear a performance of the "Songs" with a crack choir; the Chicago or the Cleveland orchestra, each of which maintains an adept chorus, might take up the work.

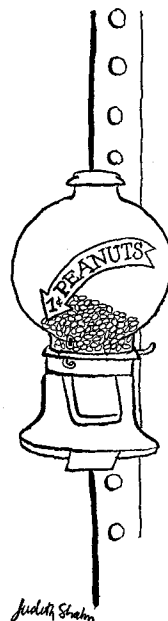
IN Carnegie Hall, Eve Queler, with her Opera Orchestra of New York, conducted a whizzing concert performance of Verdi's "I Masnadieri." Three Metropolitan singers—William Lewis, Matteo Manuguerra, and Paul Plishka (as Karl, Franz, and Maximilian Moor)—sounded twice as ringing there as ever they do in the big theatre. There was a new soprano, Giuliana Trombin, who arrived fresh from a series of "Masnadieri" performances in Parma. "No great shakes" is a phrase applicable in the literal sense—and Amalia is a role composed to display Jenny Lind's great shakes in profusion (seventeen of them in "Carlo vive!" alone, the last seven beats long, on the G above the staff, sustained through an orchestral tutti). Miss Trombin did not trill properly, but in other ways she was pleasing. The voice, although heavy and powerful, is wieldy. She has a sense of line. Her timbre is full and lustrous. A soft phrase or two was delicately floated; most of her effects were made by an ample, well-disciplined swell of excellent sound.

Schiller, whose "Die Räuber" provided the plot of "I Masnadieri," was once better known, throughout Europe, than he is now. When Jane Eyre ap-

proached Moor House, and peeped through the kitchen window, she heard a speech of Franz from Act V of that play, read by Mary Rivers, Diana's repetition of a line from it, and her comment: "Good! good! There you have a dim and mighty archangel, fitly set before you! The line is worth a hundred pages of fustian." "My God, Southey," Coleridge once exclaimed, "who is this Schiller, this convulser of the heart? . . . Why have we ever called Milton sublime?" To understand Verdi's four Schiller operas (and the Schiller episodes in two more, "Macbeth" and "La Forza del Destino"), we should remember how popular he was and how deep a print he left on the Romantic imagination. Among modern authors, says an editor of his "Collected Plays," done into Italian by Andrea Maffei and Carlo Rusconi, only Scott and Byron have been so widely translated and copied. "I Masnadieri" marks Verdi's first close encounter with the poet (since "Giovanna d'Arco" is a long, long way after "Die Jungfrau von Orleans"). There are affinities between the two men. Of each it could be said that he "made his appearance as a man endowed with all the qualifications necessary to produce a strong effect on the

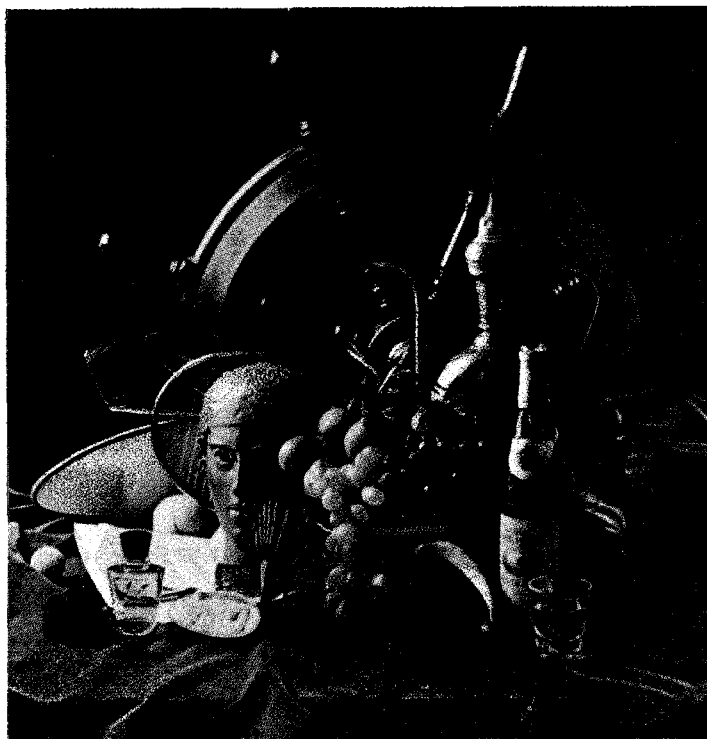
multitude as well as on nobler minds," and that "although a genius independent and boldly daring, he was nevertheless influenced in various ways by the models which he saw" (A. W. Schlegel on Schiller). Then comes a second period, in which "we can observe a greater depth in the delineation of character; the old tumid extravagance is not altogether lost, but merely clothed with choicer forms." Finally, in the late masterpieces, there is complete control but no waning of inventive fire. Of course, Verdi did not work through Schiller chronologically. "Die Räuber," Schiller's first play,

is ardent, impassioned, extravagant, wild; like Victor Hugo's "Hernani," fifty years later, it aroused immense enthusiasm among the young. "I Masnadieri," Verdi's eleventh opera, and his first to a foreign commission, has ardor and passion, but, unlike his "Ernani," three years earlier, it did not arouse immense enthusiasm. (Had London, where it was first performed, liked it better, and had the composer not found the British climate intoler-



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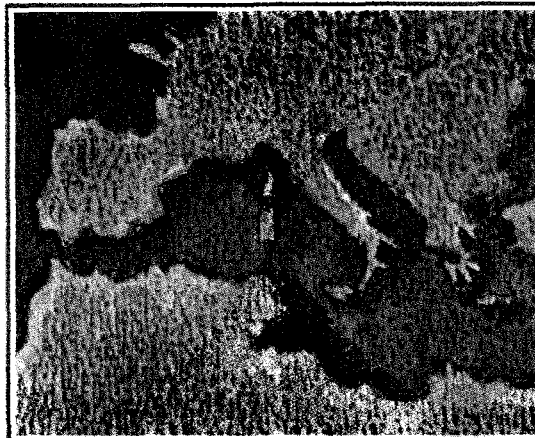
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able, we might have had a string of London operas from Verdi; he was offered a ten-year contract at Her Majesty's as house conductor and composer.) "Die Räuber" lives in its language, but Verdi received Schiller's "material sublime" tailored by the temperate Maffei, who, in a preface to the libretto, defined his task as "presenting to the maestro little more than a skeleton awaiting forms, warmth, and life from the notes, rather than from the words." Forms, warmth, and life it received. "I Masnadieri," contemporary with "Macbeth," shows Verdi moving from his first toward his second period. Two acts composed before "Macbeth" present him in bracing and brilliant or in tender, affecting veins; the last two, composed after it, are more ambitious, darker, more complicated in forms and in orchestration. They include the Meyerbeerian oath that ends Act III, and, at the start of Act IV, the speech that Mary and Diana so much admired, treated as a narrative aria—a bridge between Macbeth's "dagger" soliloquy and Rigoletto's "Pari siamo." Mr. Manuguerra, at this Carnegie performance, made much of it. A strict judge must note that a good deal of the singing, from all the principals, was louder than it need have been; nevertheless, such spirited singing, and Miss Queler's fiery conducting, were enough to turn the strictest of judges into an enthusiast, his scruples swept away by the surge of the music. The Schola Cantorum was good. The anonymous solo cellist was eloquent in the overture, composed for Alfredo Piatti, who led the section at Her Majesty's. The score was not mutilated by cuts. No libretto was on sale at the hall.

MASSENET's "Thaïs" seems to be becoming a vogue opera. New Orleans inaugurated its new opera house with it, two years ago; an unhappy recording is being widely advertised at the moment; several productions are announced. As a music drama, the piece is pretty rubbishy, and even distasteful—accomplished courtesan who becomes a saintly nun, handsome, sexy monk whose asceticism is worn like a hairshirt over his lust. Vincent d'Indy called Massenet's

music "discreet and semireligious eroticism," but in "Thaïs" there is little discretion. The "Méditation" symbolizes the workings of divine grace. Glamorous sopranos—Sybil Sanderson (the creator), Mary Garden, Lina Cavalieri, Maria Jeritza—once made "Thaïs" live. Good, solid singers, such as Helen Jepson and Marjorie Lawrence, at the Metropolitan, had less success. Only at the Paris Opera—where I first encountered "Thaïs," with Géori-Boué as a shrill but assured and even convincing heroine—did it survive. Yet Massenet's music is so damnably attractive that at almost any encounter with it one simply stops thinking, and is content to enjoy it.



In Baltimore's Lyric Theatre, a place with admirable acoustics, the name Gluck, prominent in a composers'

frieze that decks the hall, prompted reflections on the public taste that ignores the noblest products of the Paris Opera. Not one of the "Iphigénies," nor "Alceste," nor "Armide," but "Thaïs" was done there last week, by the Baltimore Opera Company. It was a pretty production, in simple but striking décor by Allen Charles Klein, carefully lit by Robert Brand, and intelligently staged by Bliss Hebert. Incense rolling from the stage tickled Protestant nostrils with a whiff of wickedness and glamour. The Baltimore Symphony's playing was colorful. The chorus was strong. Emerson Buckley's conducting was dramatic. The opera was sung in French, which is surely not a tongue of common converse in Maryland—but perhaps everyone in the audience had studied the libretto in advance. The singers, however, did not have that forwardness of focus and pure, distinct projection of the words that are the special pleasures of sung French. Otherwise, Carol Neblett made an alluring heroine. Thaïs's mirror air, "Dis-moi que je suis belle," defeated her, as it does most sopranos (Sybil Sanderson must have been able with uncommon ease to fly to an exposed G, A-flat, or B-flat above the staff, on any vowel and at any dynamics); in the more comfortably written "Qui te fait si sévère" and "L'amour est une vertu rare" Miss Neblett's tone was smooth, rich, and beautiful. In the New Orleans production, she achieved notoriety by taking

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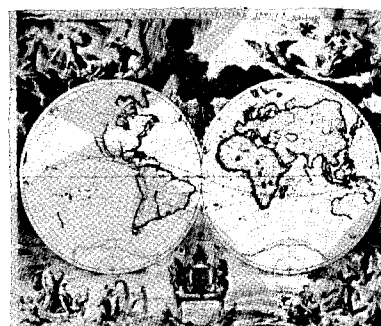


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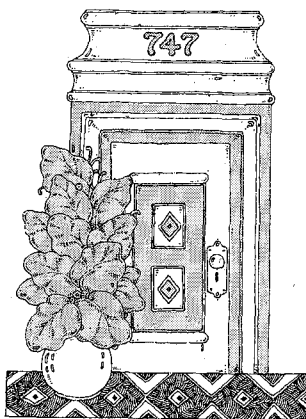
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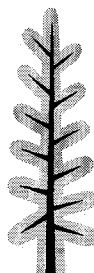
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all her clothes off to the high C that ends Act I; in Baltimore, a delicate suggestion proved sufficient. Her portrayal of both courtesan and nun was sensitively achieved (but surely the former would not have walked through the streets of Alexandria in bare feet). Ryan Edwards' baritone was not keen and bright enough to project Athanaël's fanaticism and passion; his timbre sounded "enriched" rather than naturally forceful and forward. Nicias, the young sybaritic philosopher, has the catchiest tune in all the opera, his "Ne t'offense pas" in the Act I quartet; it was liltily sung by Robert Johnson.

—ANDREW PORTER

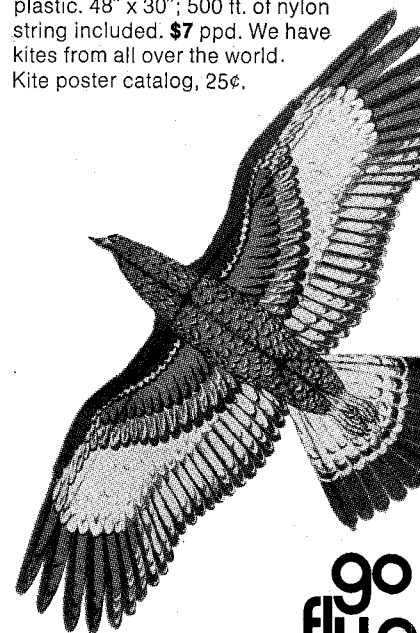
POPULAR RECORDS

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THE recent release of "Noël Coward: The Great Shows" (Monmouth-Evergreen), a collection of English recordings made when "Bitter Sweet," "Conversation Piece," "Operette," "Ace of Clubs," and "Cavalcade" were first produced, rounds out a spate of Coward releases over the last year or so that has included "Oh Coward!" (Bell), "Cowardly Custard" (R.C.A.), and "Bobby Short Is Mad About Noël Coward" (Atlantic). Coward, with the same nice regard for design that characterized his writings, died while enjoying one of those renewals of popularity which marked a career that, after his string of early stage successes, swung back and forth between almost total neglect (in the late nineteen-forties, he was invited to perform for a weekly gathering of theatre reporters in a room above an undistinguished Times Square eatery, and the turnout was embarrassingly small) and princely favor (his triumphant series of supper-club engagements in the early nineteen-fifties ranged from London to Las Vegas, where his act must have nonplussed a good many blackjack players), almost as if he himself were regulating the pendulum. In a writing career that spanned close to five decades, Coward produced an astonishing number of songs, most of them pieces of some quality. A man never at a loss for words, he was a master of the intricate and literate lyric, and, though not a formally trained musician (he could play comfortably in only one key), a popular composer of originality and charm. As Benny Green, a British musicologist, observes in the notes accompanying "Cowardly Custard," "Of all the popular musical figures of this

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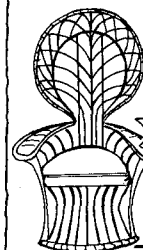
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century, Cole Porter alone can claim a comparable mastery of both halves of the songwriting art."

Porter and Coward good-naturedly parodied one another in Coward's "Nina" and Porter's "What Am I to Do?" (the latter was written for a character patterned after Coward in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and Porter signed the song "Noël Porter"), and Coward added several outrageous new lyrics to Porter's "Let's Do It" for his night-club appearances. It seems particularly interesting, though, to consider Coward's position as the one foreign songwriter to capture the imagination of American theatregoers, whose musical tastes were being shaped by the bountiful contributions of Kern, Rodgers, Gershwin, and their few peers. True, Coward was indebted to the European operetta tradition (the waltzes "I'll See You Again," "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," and "Zigeuner" derive unmistakably, though with fresh touches, from the Viennese school, as do such jaunty toy marches as "Tokay" and "Dear Little Soldiers"), but then Broadway tunesmiths were frequently beholden to the same source. And Coward's ear very early picked up the distinctive American sounds that began to revitalize Broadway theatre music around the time of the First World War, so that a considerable body of his work—songs like "Mad About the Boy," "Twentieth Century Blues," "World Weary," "A Room with a View," and many more—were West End expressions of Broadway song-speech. Only Ivor Novello, who was also both a playwright and a songwriter, rivalled Coward on the London stage, and his work was almost exclusively for English consumption. (Coward, whose most successful operetta, "Bitter Sweet," was introduced in London with the American star Peggy Wood in the lead, and to Broadway the same year with the British star Evelyn Laye playing the part, bridged the two theatres, Broadway and the West End.)

BROWSING through this latest batch of Coward releases, one experiences both familiar and unexpected pleasures. Among the former is "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," from "Conversation Piece," which appears on both "Oh Coward" and "Cowardy Custard" (Bobby Short passes up the show altogether), and among the latter is the "Great Shows" investigation of two other prime Coward compositions from that operetta—the male

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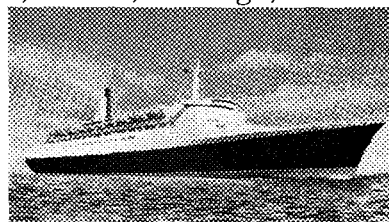


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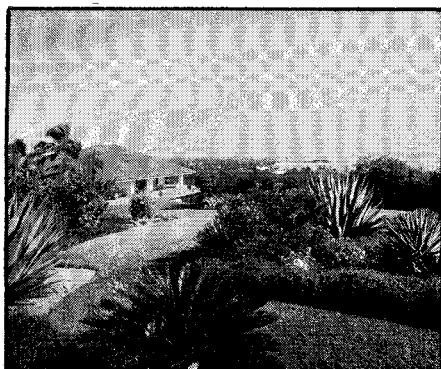
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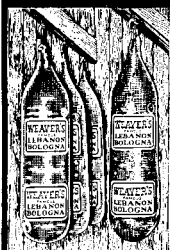
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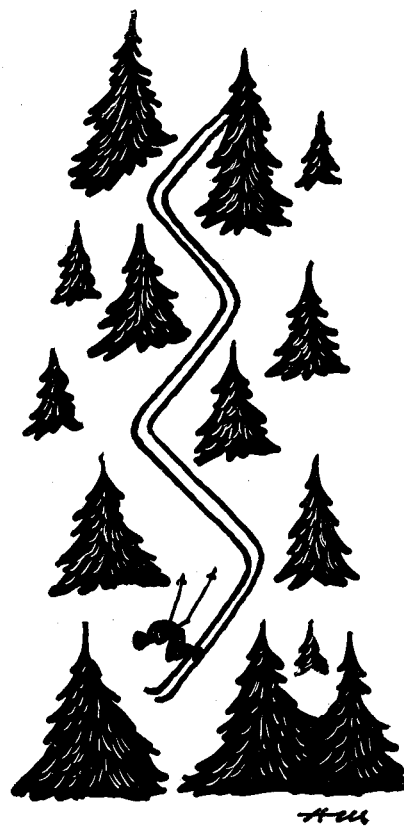
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quartet "Regency Rakes," with its almost Gilbertian patter choruses, and the limpid "Nevermore," as exquisite a waltz as can be found in the entire Coward canon. These last-named selections are part of a generous sampling of the "Conversation Piece" music by the British cast, headed by Yvonne Printemps (Mlle. Printemps's husband, Pierre Fresnay, appeared opposite her), and by Coward himself, who was prevented by illness from appearing onstage. The other Great Shows drawn from are "Bitter Sweet," with Peggy Wood and George Metaxa (one learns that the much-quoted phrase "a talent to amuse" was used not by Coward as a modest description of his own gifts, but by a jaded disease to describe herself in the verse to "If Love Were All"); "Operette," again with Miss Wood, and with a European favorite, Fritz Massary, come out of retirement to appear in a play-within-the-play (the male quartet "The Stately Homes of England," and the waltzes "Dearest Love" and "Where Are the Songs We Sung?," the latter two delivered by Miss Wood, are the outstanding pieces here); "Ace of Clubs," in which Pat Kirkwood and Graham Payn had the romantic leads, and from which stem the broadly beckoning "Chase Me, Charlie" and the carefree "Sail Away," and "Cavalcade," which is remembered in this country from the film version, and which boasted, along with many evocative period songs by others, Coward's stridently effective "Twentieth Century Blues." In all but one of the selections ("Zigeuner" is offered by Miss Wood with piano), there is orchestral accompaniment, and in the case of "Cavalcade" Coward does all the singing. The sound ("electronically adapted to simulate stereo," the record notes say) is surprisingly good.

It is hard to choose between "Cowardy Custard" and "Oh Coward!," since both contain impeccable performances—very often of the same material and employing between the musical numbers scraps of narrative and dialogue taken from Coward's writings—and both are wonderfully engaging. The British effort might be said to possess one advantage, however, in its employment of larger and more varied forces. Whereas "Oh Coward!" is in the hands of just three splendid performers supported by two pianos and a small rhythm section, "Cowardy Custard" enlists twelve gifted interpreters and a small orchestra. Most Coward admirers, though, will prob-

ably have acquired both sets by now, for the American one, without ever sacrificing authenticity of spirit, makes some especially imaginative use of the material. For example, the three performers—Roderick Cook (he devised and directed "Oh Coward!"), Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross—deliver "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington," one of the few Coward pieces not composed directly for the stage, with mounting annoyance. (There's been some artful retouching of the lyrics, incidentally, both here and elsewhere in this set.) Then, there's Cook's superb account of "I Went to a Marvellous Party," spoken against the graceful background strains of "The Party's Over Now" instead of the merely functional six-eight tune that goes with it. And there is a charming use of "I'll See You Again" at the close. On the other hand, the English revue, with its more plentiful cast, allows for all four choruses (society woman, schoolgirl, cockney, tart) of "Mad About the Boy," and a rowdy, partylike atmosphere in a medley of the music-hall pieces—"London Is a Little Bit of All Right," "What Ho, Mrs. Brisket," "Don't Take Our Charlie for the Army," and "Saturday Night at the Rose and Crown"—that Coward set down for Tessie O'Shea in the 1963 musical play "The Girl Who Came to Supper," for which Coward wrote his last songs. In this set, too, are most of

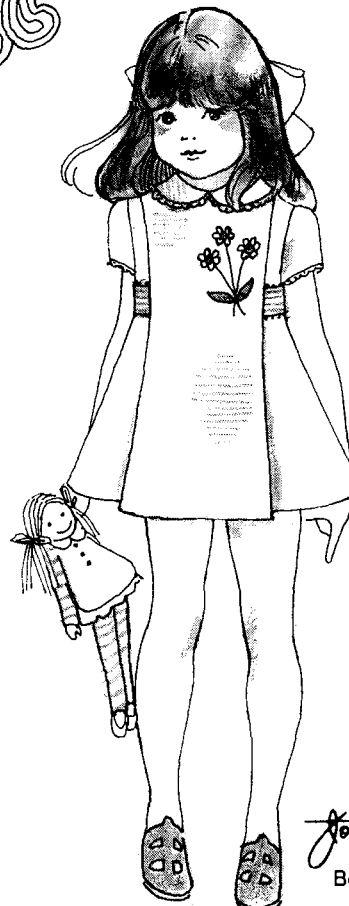


those unexpected pleasures I mentioned, including "Bronxville Darby and Joan," a sweet song of mutual loathing sung weakly but stubbornly by an elderly couple—a number that was dropped from the New York production of "Sail Away."

None of the three "Oh Coward!" performers—Cook, with his excellent diction; Miss Cason, coolly assured and with humor glinting from behind each note; and Ross, with the best singing voice of the three—is easy to forget. Nor are the twelve delightful people holding forth in the other set, and, in particular, Patricia Routledge, whom I wouldn't want to do without in the "Shadow Play" dialogue (with the admirable Derek Waring) leading into the song "You Were There," and Elaine Delmar, the lustiest voice of the lot, whose rendition of "Twentieth Century Blues" is stirring indeed. This set, by the way, opens and closes with "If Love Were All."

Bobby Short is, surprisingly, much less happy singing Coward than he was with Porter in an earlier set. This is partly because the Coward melodic line, tentative and lingering in the more sentimental pieces, lies poorly for his voice, which is heard to best advantage when it is not required to sustain tones—especially in highly rhythmic sorties. Then, too, things have been so arranged here that he is repeatedly yanked out of his accustomed forefront position in the Short trio, in which his voice and piano are customarily enhanced by the skillful and sympathetic work of bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Richard Sheridan. The songs "Matelot," "Nina," "Any Little Fish," "If Love Were All," and "I'll See You Again" find Short singing to the accompaniment of pianist William Roy, which is fluent enough but not entirely apposite. The Short set embraces pieces not to be found in any of the others, among them Porter's "Let's Fly Away," equipped, like the revamped "Let's Do It" (which, by the way, is done on "Oh Coward!" with a gentle and not in the least troublesome rock beat), with Coward lyrics occasionally even brighter than the original ones.

IT might be added that Coward himself, in partnership with Gertrude Lawrence, can be heard on another Monmouth-Evergreen release, "We Were Dancing," in what is claimed to be all the recordings the two made together (they were done in the nineteen-thirties), and that Painted Smiles Records offers yet another Coward

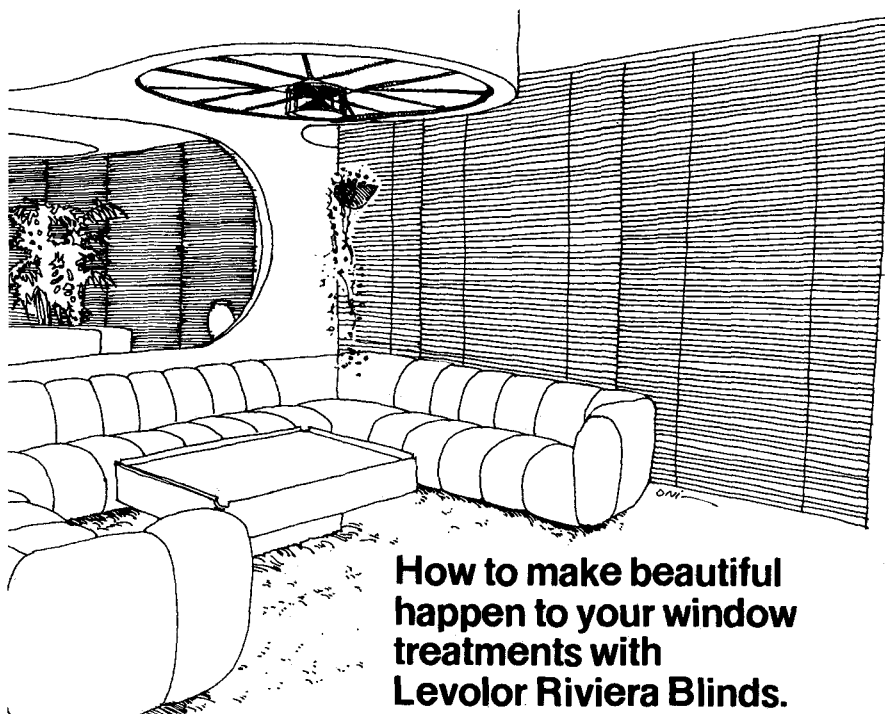


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collection, in "Ben Bagley's Noël Coward Revisited." The Coward-Lawrence exchanges, which include dialogue as well as songs, and which have been quite well preserved, consist of excerpts from "Private Lives" and "Tonight at 8:30," two of the three Coward entertainments in which they appeared together, and they are engaging not only because of the material itself but because of the exquisite interplay of the pair, not the least attractive element of which is Miss Lawrence's rippling voice. They are heard in such songs as "You Were There," "Play, Orchestra, Play," "Has Anybody Seen Our Ship?," and "Men About Town" as they explore the ultra-sophisticated humors of the playlets "We Were Dancing" and "Shadow Play" and the Cockney ones of "Red Peppers," and they are assisted by several other players in lines and songs from "Family Album." There is also an excerpt, obviously included as filler, by Miss Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from a 1934 Clemence Dane play, "Moonlight Is Silver," in which they appeared together. The Ben Bagley recording enlists such vocal soloists as Hermione Gingold, the late Laurence Harvey, Dorothy Loudon, Edward Earle, and, best of all, Nancy Andrews. There are fourteen numbers, several not to be found elsewhere, and all are to the accompaniment of a small orchestra smartly directed from the piano by Norman Paris.

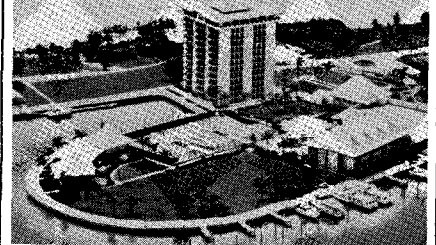
TWO things seem worth mentioning in passing. One is that Coward's songs, as well as the plays and musicals most of them spring from, lean heavily on nostalgia, on remembrances of an imagined past which seem—to me, at any rate—to betray a deep-seated ache for a carefully structured and mannered society, basically Victorian in nature, even while it is being kidded. The other has to do with what might be termed the homosexual aesthetic, and I bring it up now only because since Coward's death references to it as discerned in his work seem to have come out of the closet, so to speak. It is possible, of course, to single it out in certain speech cadences and turns of dialogue, and I suppose one could detect it most strongly in Coward, as in Cole Porter, in the more extravagant song statements about women. But the point is that the two worlds, the homosexual and heterosexual ones, tend to lose their separate identities in the breezy environment of musical comedy. The song poking fun at the female was for long a musical-

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comedy staple ("I Cain't Say No" and "Take Back Your Mink" come quickly to mind), and the love song, however varied in the hands of different writers, is always a convincingly addressed statement to a member of the opposite sex.

It is still risky to conjecture, fifty years after he began writing, which will survive longer—Coward's plays or his songs, though songs often have a way of outlasting literary efforts. Both are expressions of a man who seems to have been so thoroughly immersed in theatre from his earliest years that it is only through his works that we, as outsiders, can gain any inkling of the intelligence behind them. These works, which include hundreds of songs, dozens of plays, and volumes of autobiography, fiction, and poetry, occasionally incline to the garrulous, tremblingly sentimental, gossipy quality one might associate with a bright busybody. Often naughty in their time, they are likely to strike us as a bit quaint in their outspokenness today. But they are always well formed and, at their best, have genuine wit and musical individuality. Coward's songs are bright ornaments in a form of music that the emergence of rock has almost completely isolated—a form of music that may well be forgotten a generation hence.

—DOUGLAS WATKINS

A LETTER FROM THE SNOW

My stomach is flat
as the sky
and the sky is a wall of snow
without any windows.
I can't get over it.
I have only my thin breath
here inside.

The ground swells forward
gripping the house
and ice moves down
across the doors
sealing them tight.

This is the long cold sleep
after the mind's death
when even the light
is exhausted.

I grope for it
under the sill
but my arms lock over my own ribs.

If only you'd speak.
If only you'd shovel back
the dark.

—SHIRLEY KAUFMAN

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BOOKS

Woman's Lot

IN "Female Friends" (St. Martin's), Fay Weldon, an English novelist who is also a writer of television plays (she was responsible for two episodes of "Upstairs, Downstairs"), has made a statement about the female condition which deals touchingly and freshly with its age-old subject. The most radical feminist could not possibly equal the picture of injustice she paints with wry, cool, concise words. Her characters rival Ivy Compton-Burnett's in perversity and even monstrosity, yet every one of them is all too humanly believable. The plot moves in sympathy with a cruel and antic fate that, like Hardy's and Waugh's, falls as though it were a hawk on the heads of its unsuspecting victims. Despite all this, "Female Friends" amuses while it horrifies. It is the story of three friends, in their forties, who grew up together in wartime in a small village in Essex. One is Chloe, who, like her mother, is an evacuee from the London Blitz; they have taken up a precarious residence in the village, and the mother has become a willingly downtrodden barmaid, exploited by her cheeseparing employers. Marjorie, another evacuee, the daughter of the social, selfish Helen, whose husband is a prisoner of war, lives in the hamlet as a paying guest of Esther and Edwin Songford. The third friend is Grace, the Songfords' pretty daughter; she and Marjorie are witnesses to the brutal browbeating of Grace's timid mother by her choleric ex-Army father. Later, in present-day London, Grace is living with a successful young pornographer who is in his twenties; she has long been separated from Christie, an inattentive architect whose buildings collapsed on their tenants, and who died himself in an automobile accident brought on, in part, by her tauntings on the occasion of his third marriage. To add to the complexity of the story and the intricate tangle of the women's lives, Grace has had a son by the Gullay Jimsonish painter Patrick Bates, who has been involved with each of the three friends ever since he was a young airman stationed near their village during the war. The son, Stanhope, and four other children of various parentages live with Chloe and her irascible husband, Oliver, a screenwriter and a failed novelist. Marjorie, whose one love died young (and partly through her doing), has become an unhappy career woman—a producer for the BBC. Oliver and Patrick—the failed artist

and the real one—are indifferent to the needs and wishes of the women they casually make love to and have children by: Patrick so neglects the mother of two of his children that she kills herself; Oliver takes Françoise, a French *au-pair* girl, to bed in front of his wife.

As the novel progresses—with frequent flashbacks to the forties and fifties—we begin to realize that the author is making Chloe embody womankind's sole hope for self-betterment. Grace has by her own admission become like Marjorie's awful mother—a brittle, selfish parasite with hardly a thought for others; Stanhope, whose pompous name is Grace's taunt to the world, lives with Chloe largely because his mother refuses to take his existence seriously. Marjorie, too, has opted out of responsibility, and, in a way, of life: her career fills the void, but unsatisfactorily. Chloe, though she has so far been almost as docile and biddable as her mother, is the one woman still susceptible to change.

Chloe decides to come up to London for a day. She lunches with Marjorie in a squalid restaurant in Shepherd's Bush. Marjorie's choice of this place, as well as the fact that she brings along a bundle of Patrick Bates's laundry, ex-

presses her masochism and dependency. The conversation, like so much of the talk in "Female Friends," is light, tart, and deep. Then Chloe visits Grace; the two women get on in spite of Grace's lack of interest in anyone but herself. Chloe returns to the country, and Oliver, for the first time in months, decides to make love to her. He further decides that Françoise shall take part in the lovemaking. After this has come to an end, he accuses Chloe of lesbianism.

It is clear that Grace and Marjorie, on the verge of the menopause, are moving in ever-narrowing circles; there is little likelihood that they will break free. And Chloe must determine whether she will spend the rest of her life in servitude to Oliver. Chloe is in some ways the weakest of the three friends—she lacks Grace's and Marjorie's stubborn insistence on following their own noses to their disparate dead ends—but we at last find her moving, with the children, into a house Marjorie owns in the suburbs, and we want to cheer.

Yet the real triumph of "Female Friends" is the gritty replication of the gross texture of everyday life, placed in perspective and made universal; the



perfectly recorded dialogue, precisely differentiated for each character; the shocking progression of events that, however rude, seem real; and the flat matter-of-factness in reporting disasters that makes them both funny and appalling. Fay Weldon has added an important volume to the short shelf of good writing about women.

I CANNOT praise the American novelist Diane Johnson quite so highly for "The Shadow Knows" (Knopf), her new novel on similar themes; her view of the life of a California mother and divorcée is a bit too tricky and modish, and it indulges itself a bit too freely in the kind of wit-craziness that has marred too many American novels of neo-absurdist humor. Nonetheless, she is a fine writer with a fine ear, and her conversations among blacks are the truest, I feel, that any white novelist has done in years. "The Shadow Knows" tells what happens to a young woman living in a housing project with her children after her divorce. Besides her problems—her realization that she made a mistake in marrying her infantile ex-husband; her struggle to complete her education and hold the family together; her dreamy and rootless affair with one of her husband's law partners; her dread of the three-hundred-and-forty-pound black woman who was once her maid—she is transfixed by a nameless fear of death. It is not simply the American paranoia of the seventies, though there is much of that; she has real reasons for concern. Her phone rings frequently at night; when she answers, there is no one on the line. The door of her apartment is hacked, smeared with grease and what appears to be blood. And someone fouls the windshield of her car. In a way, this is a detective story: Will she be the victim of a crime, and who among her circle of friends and acquaintances will the criminal be? This engrossing and sometimes perverse novel deserves to be read not only for its fresh insights into woman's estate and its excellent dialogue but also for the characterization of the heroine. In contrast to too many of her sisters in modern fiction, she really lives and breathes.

—L. E. SISSMAN

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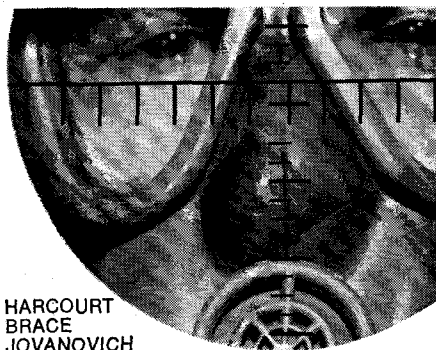
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whom were guillotined by the French Revolution, offers a revision of received ideas so striking that it must be called "radical." The kindest twentieth-century view of the couple sees him as a dolt whose sexual inadequacies drove his dopey wife to hysterical spending and sexual adventure, while the revolutionaries who condemned them regarded the pair as fiends bent on restoring tyranny. The author, an eminent British student of French culture, starts all over again, reviewing the evidence—much of it previously neglected—and comes up with a persuasive new family. His Louis is an estimable, intelligent reformer in a revolutionary age; Marie Antoinette is a *Hausfrau*, and that led to misunderstandings when the *Haus* was Versailles. They were lost, Cronin thinks, because they lacked grandeur and terribleness; they were killed for their simplicities, not their stupidities. They were completely the opposite of their ruthless opponents, such as Robespierre, and their equally ruthless successor, Napoleon. This is exceptionally interesting stuff, made even more so by Mr. Cronin's critical sense, particularly when he shows how the arts reflected this best and worst of times.

POPULAR CULTURE AND HIGH CULTURE: AN ANALYSIS AND EVALUATION OF TASTE, by Herbert J. Gans (Basic Books). Professor Gans (sociology, Columbia) counterattacks the assaults on mass, or popular, culture that have originated among right- and left-wing highbrows. Critics on the right have feared mass culture as a threat to high culture, and foretold the swamping of the good, the true, and the beautiful in a deluge of commercial garbage. Critics on the left object that mass culture deadens the revolutionary impulse by offering diversions that reflect the values of society as it is. (Nobody quoted by Mr. Gans ever argues straightforwardly that Mozart is better than Muzak.) Argument is not enough for Mr. Gans, though he is good at it; he wants action, and he presents an elaborate plan for government subvention of every imaginable taste, from the lowest (wrestling, maybe) to the highest (chamber music, perhaps), whether these tastes are self-supporting (soap opera) or not (opera).

NAKED NOMADS: UNMARRIED MEN IN AMERICA, by George Gilder (Quadrangle). Bad news for the

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single male—bachelor, divorcé, or widower. His troubles are myriad. Single men are more prone than married men to crime, to drugs, to alcoholism, to violence, to debt, to disease (acute and chronic and psychosomatic), to low-paying jobs (they tend to earn no more than single women), to “unhappiness,” to suicide, to early death. They even have less active sex lives than married males. Mr. Gilder makes his allegations in an attractively even-tempered tone of voice, and he supports them with a solid documentation of reason and reference. He also offers these unfortunate victims of “freedom” a way out: fall in love. “Love,” he says, “infuses reason and experience with the power to change a man, caught in a morbid present, into a man passionately engaged with the future.” And by “love” he means marriage: “Marriage is the crucial institution. It mobilizes biology, economics, psychology, love, aggression, aspiration, optimism, to transfigure the man and his sexuality.” A most interesting book.

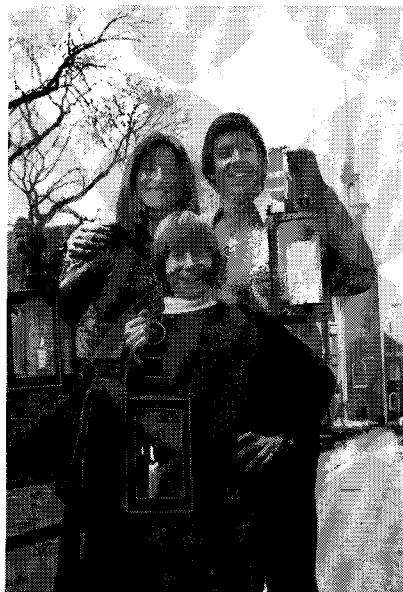
AN INDIAN SUMMER, by James Cameron (McGraw-Hill). The well-known English foreign correspondent has written a book about his visit to India in the summer of 1971. He travelled for three reasons: to meet his Indian wife's family, to write about the abolition of the last privileges of the Indian princes, and to see once more a country he had known and loved. At the end, he was caught up in the disasters of Bangladesh, and that was nearly fatal for him. Like the skilled journalist he is, Mr. Cameron manages to impart a lot of information along with his impressions, anecdotes, and recollections of bygone figures, such as Nehru, whom he once knew well. He also writes about living men and women—authors and filmmakers and government officials—and an entertaining, lively, creative, and intelligent lot they are.

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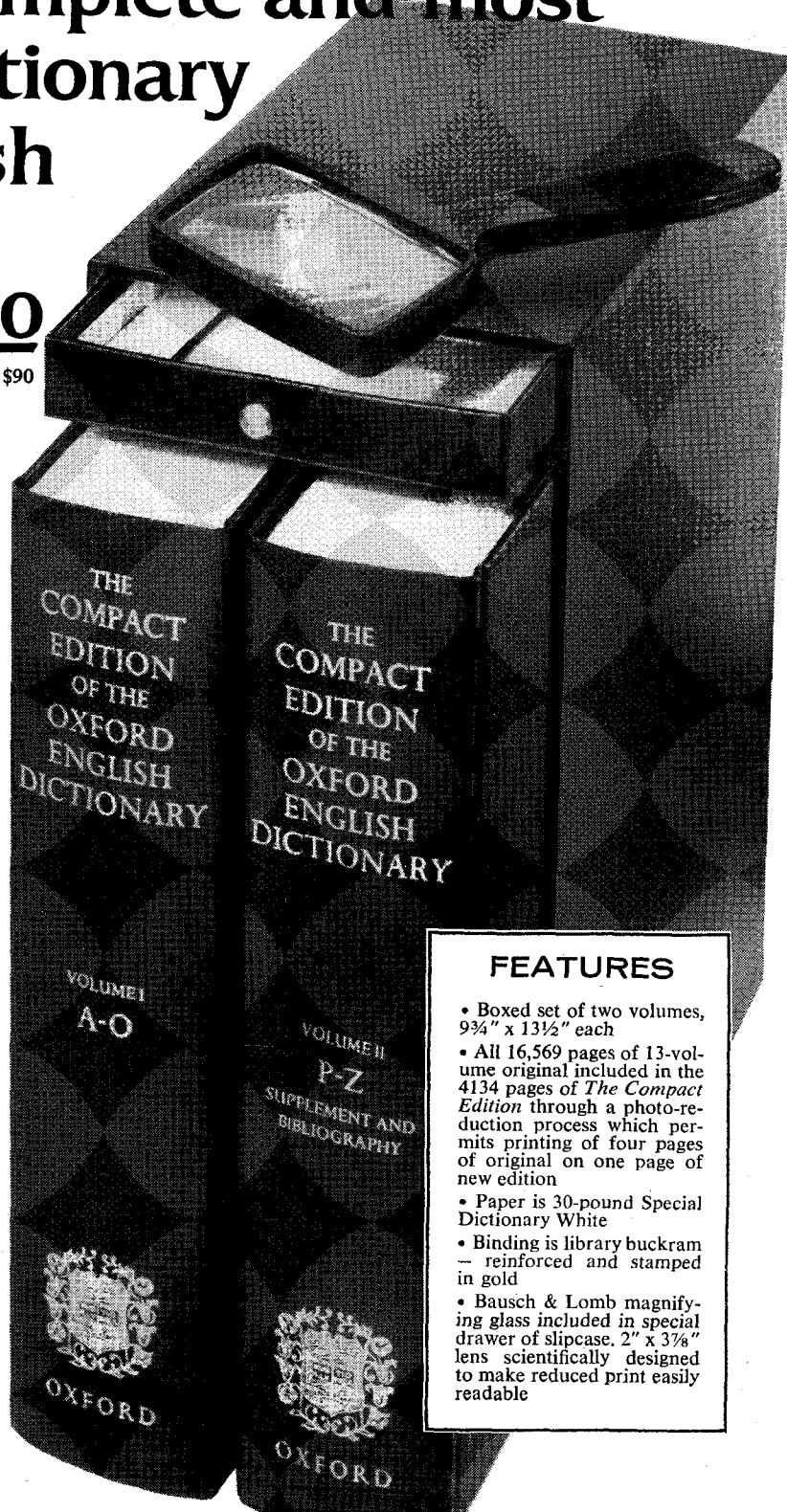
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